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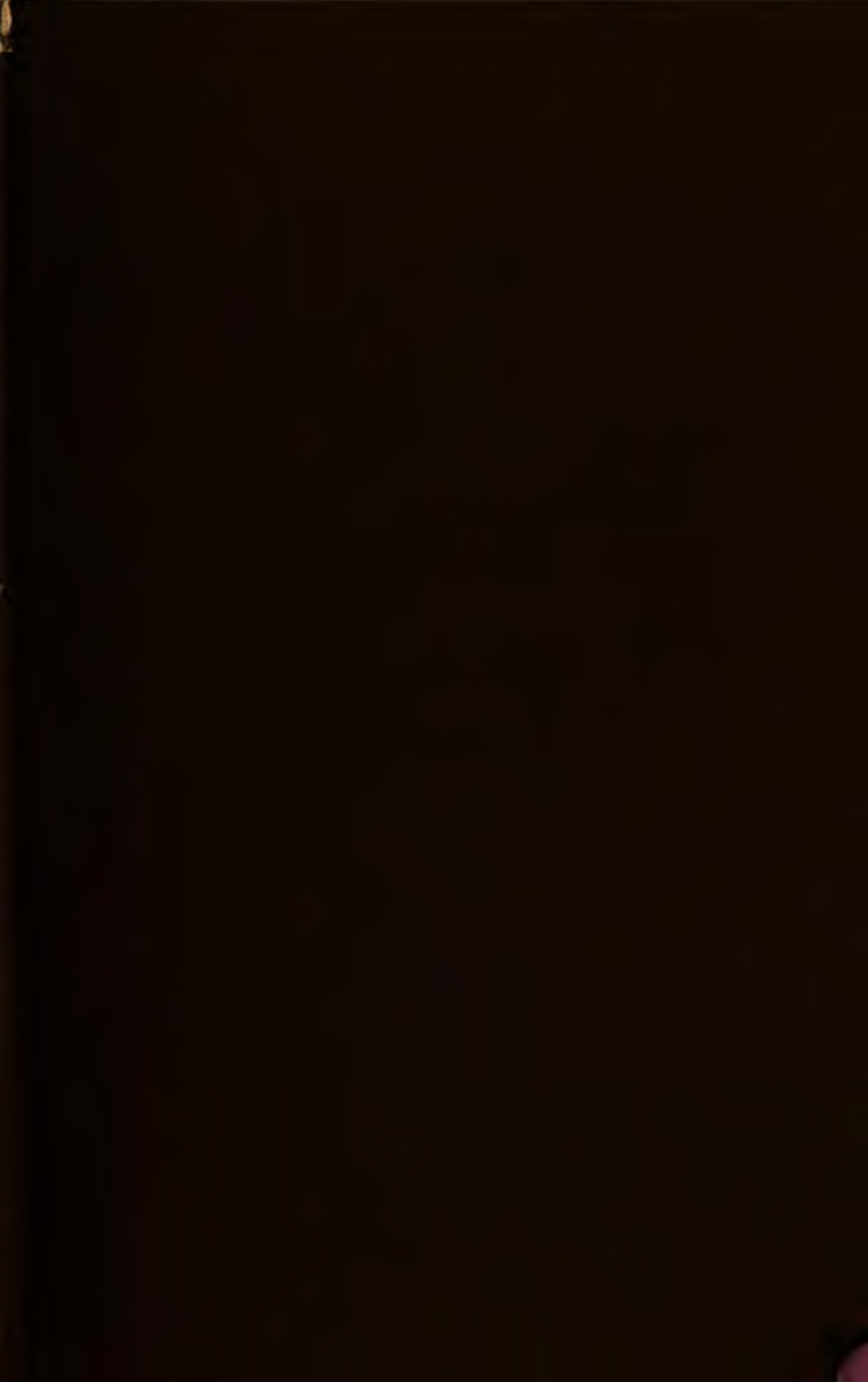
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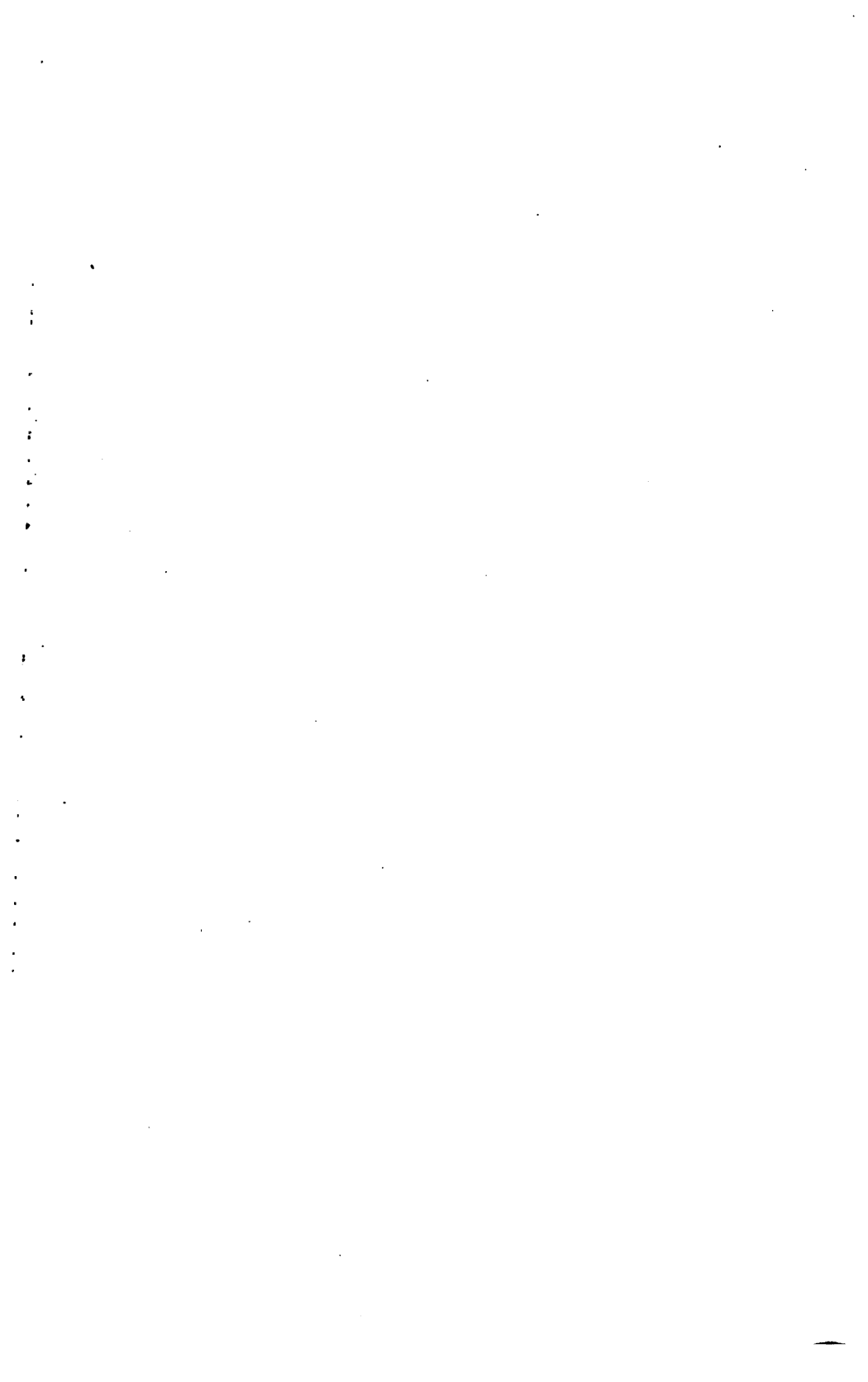




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W. J. L. S.







J. DUNBAR HYLTON, M. D.



# ABOVE THE GRAVE

OF

JOHN ODENSWURGE,

A COSMOPOLITE.

BY

J. DUNBAR HUTTON, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEF OF GLITZSBURG," "PARADISE," "THE CHIEF OF  
"THE PRESIDENT," "THE HEIR OF ELYSIA," "THE CHIEF OF

NEW YORK:

HOWARD CHAMBERLAIN,

715 BROADWAY.

1884.

AND THE AUTHOR, PATENTED, &c.



W. R. RYLFON, M. D.

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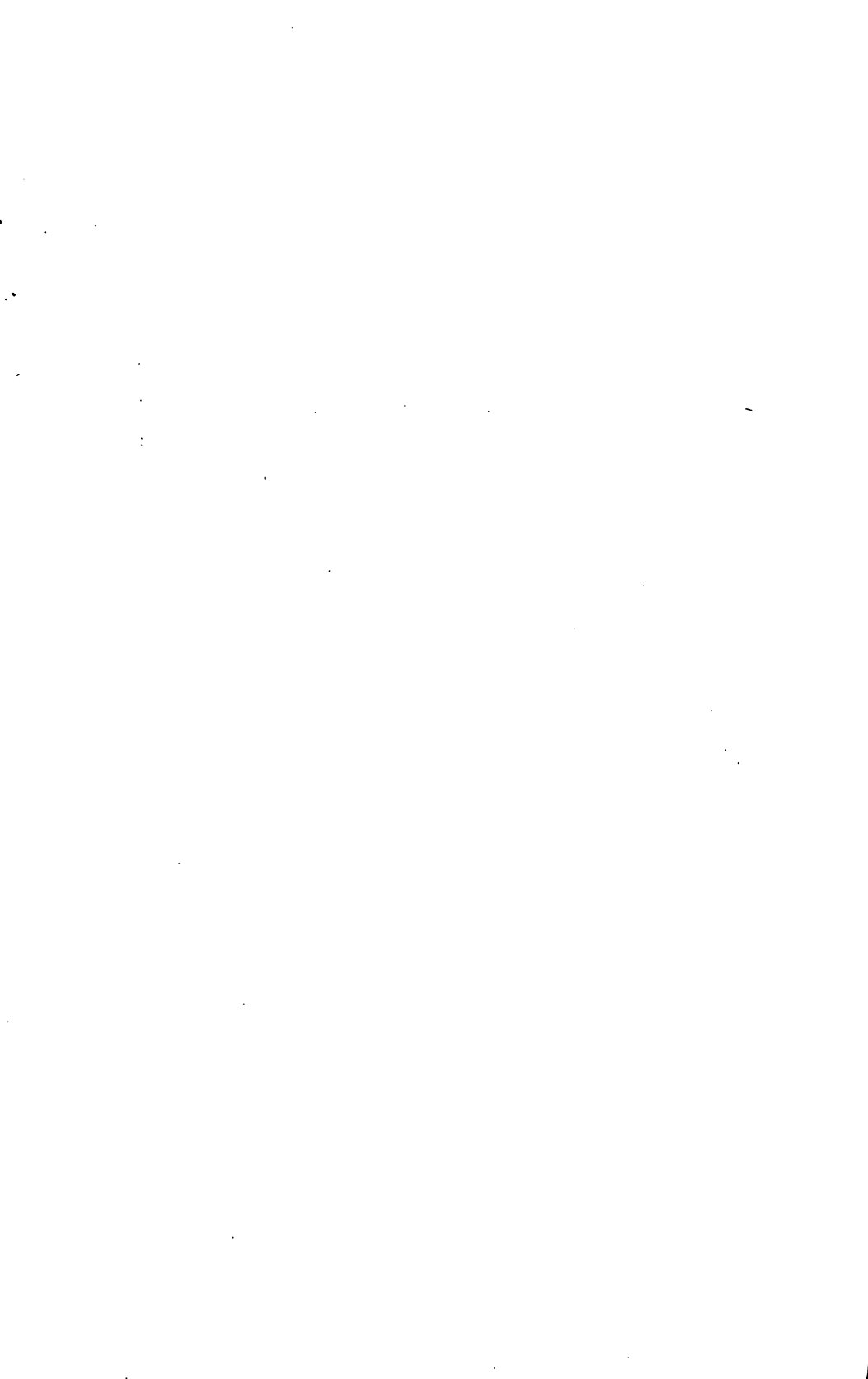
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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE LAY OF MT. VESUVIUS     -   -   -   -   -   -   -	5
LAY OF THE RIVER EUPHRATES     -   -   -   -   -   -	9
THE BATTLE OF THE DOGS AND CATS     -   -   -   -   -	23
MY JERSEY GIRL     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	37
SHE WAITS FOR ME     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	41
TO JACK     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	42
I SAW HER     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	43
MY YANKEE MAID. ( <i>The original version</i> )     -   -   -	45
LOST     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	50
THE EAGLE     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	51
A DRUNKARD'S VISION     -   -   -   -   -   -   -	54
SHE     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	66
HE     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	67
LEAP YEAR     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	69
AGAIN     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	70
SONG OF THE SEA     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	72
HOMER     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	75
BLIND OLD OSSIAN     -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -	76



# ABOVE THE GRAVE.

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## THE LAY OF MT. VESUVIUS.

FROM awful caves where discord raves  
    With never-ending ire,  
From the roaring womb where thunders boom,  
    While flames with flames aspire,  
From hills and glens and crypts and dens  
    Of never-ending fire—  
Deep in the earth, I draw my birth,  
    And all my tumult dire,  
While lasts the flame in earth's vast frame  
    I'll ne'er from her retire.  
With awful glow my lights I throw  
    O'er ocean's sounding waves ;  
To ocean's flow and realms below  
    My burning lava raves  
And roars, while cast in billows vast  
    Adown my reeking sides  
It clears its path and fears no wrath  
    From ought that there abides.  
It covers o'er forever more  
    The forest, hill and glen ;  
The landscape green no more is seen,  
    Nor homes of mortal men.  
It buries deep in lasting sleep  
    All things that earthlings rear,  
The robe I throw on their works below

No time away shall wear.  
O'er many a hall of stately wall  
My burning waves have roll'd,  
And many a town of great renown,  
Known in the days of old;  
And o'er the world my fame is hurl'd,  
In every land 'tis told.  
Queens and Kings and mightier things,  
The bards of deathless song,  
Have heard my name and all my fame  
As years have rolled along.  
The poet's eye my deeds descry,  
He sees my lava roll,  
He sees it fly to the starry sky,  
And move from pole to pole.  
He sees me gleam with pomp supreme  
Beyond all earth's control,  
He sees my stream in every dream,  
And wonder fills his soul.  
He sees me throw a tingeing glow  
On night's unfathomed gloom,  
The robe it wears straight disappears,  
It with lustre I illumine.  
With wild delight the realms of night  
My gaudy robes assume,  
I make them bright, as man at night  
His chamber and his room.  
Of terrors free, he goes with me  
Into my dens of fire,  
Far down my cone he walks alone,  
Nor fears to meet its ire.  
Nor does he dread the least, to tread  
The centre of the world,  
Nor roaring tracts of cataracts  
Whence floods of flame are hurl'd.



To fear unknown, explores alone  
My catacombs of flame;  
Nor awful rim of my whirlpool grim  
His courage e'er can tame;  
Nor forms that swim with horrid limb  
Around that whirlpool's frame,  
That toss and roll with joy of soul,  
And shout my praise and name,  
The grisly source of all my force,  
And whence all my glory came.  
I lead him through caves where the fire king raves  
In his turbulent spirit of mirth,  
As he dances with glee and looks up to me  
From his throne in centre of earth.  
And the poet and me in friendship shall be  
As long as Dame Nature shall last,  
Be wedded through life, in peace and in strife,  
And our loves shall ever hold fast.  
I'll journey with him wherever he whim,  
On the flood, the fire and blast;  
And the poet and I together shall die,  
Together be thing of the past.  
But we shall remain and in triumph shall reign  
Heedless of decay and of death,  
While waters shall flow and breezes shall blow,  
And old Nature is teeming with breath.  
Until Father Time in his power sublime  
Shall lay her away in her grave,  
Away in the womb of mortality's tomb,  
That rests 'neath immortality's wave.  
And Time shall bow down with his hoary white crown  
With eyes fading, dimming with gloom,  
And render his breath to the monarch of death,  
And only God shall look on his tomb.  
But that tomb is immortality's womb,

And there shall Dame Nature and Time  
Engender amain, and come forth again—  
Be reborn more grand and sublime.  
I mount to the sky and the poet doth fly  
Through the regions of space with me,  
I carry his soul to the uttermost pole,  
And my heart delights in his glee.  
The joy of his soul through my spirit doth roll,  
And it makes me wild with delight;  
I hear his loved voice, it makes me rejoice,  
And I'll show my feelings to-night.  
To Etna I'll call, and my brethren all,  
Wherever those kindred be.  
Whether they stand with me on this land,  
Or over the turbulent sea,  
They must this night glow with delight,  
And rouse up their fires for me.  
We'll send forth a blast, make men look aghast  
At our wild and terrible glee.  
Stromboli I call, and Hecla the tall,  
And unto Orizaba the grim,  
Cotopaxi the strong, and all of the throng  
Whose entrails in lava do swim.  
We'll start up a light, and gladden the night,  
Nor heed how mortals shall quail,  
As over the world our banners unfurl'd  
We'll spread on the tempest and gale.  
With thunder and roar ne'er witness'd before  
Our flames to heaven shall sail;  
O'er sea and o'er land those flames shall expand,  
Cover ocean, mountain and vale.  
My brethren all, the great and the small,  
Who own a spirit of flame,  
Whose deeds stand sublime in annals of time,  
Nor blush at the sound of your name,

This glorious night, come out with your might,  
 Stream forth with your banners unfurl'd,  
 The flame of your strength shall grow in its length  
 Till round all earth it is curl'd.  
 My crater shall roar, as never before,  
 And vast shall my lava be hurl'd;  
 My furnaces glow, my fire-floods flow  
 Like the oceans below when the tempests do blow,  
 My thunders and flame that nothing can tame,  
 And nothing can shame in Nature's vast frame,  
 This night shall startle the world.  
 Wake in your ire, roaring fountains of fire,  
 In tempest expire when ruin most dire  
 Round the whole earth ye have twirl'd.  
 Through my dens, my chambers and caves  
 My pealing thunders shall rattle,  
 Such as for proud man never raves  
 In his fiercest roarings of battle.

### LAY OF THE RIVER EUPHRATES

Back in the past, midst ages vast,  
 While earth 'neath waters lay,  
 Midst rocky ground I being found,  
 And through it cut my way;  
 'Neath mighty waves, through winding caves,  
 I flowed for many a day.  
 Midst wondrous halls with coral walls  
 Where grisly monsters dwell;  
 Round hidden isles that stretched for miles  
 Where never sunlight fell;  
 Round serpents dread that make their bed  
 Down on the water's floor,  
 And creatures grim in form and limb

That midst those waters roar.  
Midst horrid caves, the awful graves  
Of monsters long ago,  
O'er wastes of bones the water owns  
Did long my currents flow.  
And while around the floods profound  
My roaring waters ran,  
With teeming brain, midst vast inane,  
God was creating Man—  
There came a time to me sublime,  
And all who did discern,  
High up the land, midst tumult grand,  
Terrific, wild and stern,  
Its lovely face to boundless space  
Did on one morning show,  
While waters roared, and rushing poured  
Down to the gulfs below ;  
The floods profound with rending sound  
To vast inane did flow,  
While there destroyed, or lost in void,  
Those rushing waters ran,  
With teeming mind, and spirit kind,  
God was creating Man.  
Joyous around, o'er rocky ground  
My eager gaze I threw ;  
The walls of white on mountain height  
Delighted I did view.  
The morning skies then met mine eyes  
All mirrored in my wave ;  
With crimson glows the sun arose  
And warmth my flood he gave.  
Up fields of blue he higher drew,  
And warmer he became ;  
I blushed with joy like maiden coy  
And gladdened with his flame ;

Down rocky hills in mighty rills  
I cut my course all day ;  
The softer ground I sought and found  
And down it made my way,  
And while my course through rocks I force  
He cheered me with his ray.  
As on I drew, I greater grew,  
Stronger and stronger still,  
For with his beam he warmed my stream  
And gave me nerve and will,  
And all the force to cut my course  
Through valley and o'er hill.  
Where'er I drew, where'er I flew,  
He ever poured his ray ;  
As I advanced his splendor glanced  
And seemed to lead the way ;  
In bright disport he me did court,  
And with my wavelets play.  
Perhaps the song that all day long  
I sang upon my course  
He'd chanced to hear—had charmed his ear,  
And drew him on perforce.  
While thus with him, o'er rock-lands grim,  
My babbling waters ran,  
Midst world unknown, and all alone,  
Was God creating Man.  
O'er rocky wall and mountain tall  
My laughing waters flew,  
And louder roared as down they poured  
O'er heights that steeper grew ;  
Yea, all day long I sang the song  
That only floods can sing,  
While my love on high, with glowing eye,  
Did splendor round me bring,  
Whose mighty arms about my charms

He did so wayward fling ;  
Who did embrace my blushing face—  
Made me wild with gladness ring.  
Who warmed me through with feelings new—  
Felt ne'er by me before,  
Which I through life shall keep up rife  
And never part with more ;  
Who cast his face in my embrace  
And woo'd me all day long ;  
Who in my wave his beams did lave  
While listening to my song,  
As over fells and craggy dells  
I cast my waters strong !  
Too swift the day, it past away—  
My lover left my sight,  
And over me, and hill and lea,  
Closed down the shades of night ;  
And while the gloom took sunlight's room,  
And did the new world span,  
And down rocky tracts in cataracts  
My roaring waters ran,  
In space profound, with none around,  
God was creating Man !  
Bright o'er the sky before mine eye  
The stars began to shine,  
And there afar by every star  
I saw a form divine ;  
And angels bright crowd to my sight  
With banners all unfurl'd ;  
With shout and song the angel throng  
Gaze down upon this world,  
And from above sweet tones of love  
Began to fill mine ear ;  
I heard a song of the angel throng  
And gladsome 'twas to hear.

The song they sang still louder rang—  
Did all other sounds destroy ;  
From my bed I sprang with a mighty pang  
Of triumph and of joy,  
For the song I heard, yes, every word,  
Through all mine ears it rang ;  
O'er all this world their voice was hurl'd,  
And this is what was sang :  
In ages past our Maker cast  
In floods an igneous mass,  
Saying, Give birth to a world called Earth  
In ages yet to pass.  
The voice of the Lord has gone abroad  
And done what he foretold ;  
A mighty world from the flood is hurl'd,  
And joyous we behold.  
All hail to Earth, its wondrous birth,  
And all its wondrous plan !  
It shall be the place of a wondrous race,  
Whom God shall christen Man.  
Hail to Thee, Lord, Thou All-adored !  
Now let Thy work begin ;  
Create Thou man, his being plan,  
And make him free of sin !  
While thus they sang the moon up sprang  
Moved up the starry sky ;  
Her glowing beam lit up my stream,  
And charmed me soul and eye ;  
Where o'er my bed my waters sped  
She followed me along,  
And all that night she gave me light  
And listened to my song.  
Beneath her glow the world below  
Gleamed ever glad and bright ;  
Each lofty wall of mountain tall

Shone splendid 'neath her light;  
And every star that gleamed afar  
Seem'd wild with joy and mirth:  
Gazed from above with looks of love  
Upon the world called Earth;  
While angels sang and joyous pang  
Through all my pulses ran;  
Midst boundless space, with smiling face,  
God was creating Man.  
With deeper strength and greater length  
I grew along my shore;  
Toss'd wild my arms around its charms,  
And laved its beauties o'er,  
And its dear face in my embrace  
Shall sleep forever more  
While caverns broad my floods explored,  
And did their secrets scan,  
And searching waves viewed unknown caves,  
Delighted at their plan,  
And planets bright their glowing light  
Across this new world ran,  
Midst chaos broad the secret Lord  
Was fast creating Man.  
Day succeeded day, ages wore away,  
And with them I grew strong;  
And my loved shore I smoother wore,  
As rolled my floods along,  
Yet came no sound the world around,  
Save echoes of my song.  
No sound was hurled from out the world  
Save where my waters ran,  
And all the while with beaming smile  
God was creating Man.  
A stillness reigned, all else remained  
Though it were smitten dead;



Mountains, plains, rocky domains,  
 Round me in silence spread;  
 No stir of life, nor yet of strife  
 Save out of me was sped,  
 It seem'd all round was void of sound  
 And unto silence wed.  
 Each starry night I roll'd in light  
 The moon-beams o'er me shed;  
 For still with me she wished to be  
 And followed where I led;  
 And every day the sun's kind ray  
 With warmth my bosom fed,  
 My love on high with glowing eye  
 Did ever with me tread;  
 Cast over me his glory free,  
 His lustre warm and red,  
 Wrapped up his face in my embrace  
 And lay upon my bed;  
 Tost his strong arms around my charms,  
 On my bosom press'd his head,  
 Nor from his press and fond caress  
 For kingdoms I had fled.  
 Each day my wave his image gave  
 In lustre and in form;  
 And he looked to see himself in me,  
 And blushed upon me warin.  
 And all the while his glowing smile  
 Did thus my beauties scan,  
 And all my life, with vigor rife,  
 Lay pulsing in his span,  
 And o'er the lands of golden sands  
 My throbbing waters ran.  
 Midst boundless void with soul o'erjoyed,  
 Was God creating Man.  
 No matter where my floods career,

And round the mountains twist,  
With smiles of glee he followed me,  
And all my dimples kissed.  
Round rocks I toil'd in foam wreaths boil'd,  
With everlasting strain,  
My wreaths of foam o'er boulders roam  
Like spirits all insane;  
They crest my wave and o'er it rave,  
Though they can feel no pain;  
They tost like steeds of fiercest breeds  
When first they feel the rein,  
While thus they did his fingers slid  
And dallied with my mane.  
His tingeing glow did o'er them flow,  
On wave and foamy crest,  
His smiles of yore forever more  
By them shall still be blest.  
Yet all the while his courting smile  
Was chasing me along,  
No sound was heard and nothing stirr'd  
Except myself and song.  
But loud its rhyme and stormy chime  
Did with my numbers throng,  
Across that clime of wastes sublime  
'Twas thundered deep and strong.  
Yea, over dells and rocky fells  
Its pealing ever ran,  
Though rocky bar would often mar  
The smoothness of its plan.  
Yet all things round that heard its sound,  
Wherever I could scan,  
Seem'd pleased full well to hear it swell  
By the silence that they wore.  
A grand respect I did detect  
In all my path before;

Love deep, profound, to hear it sound  
It seemed that all things bore  
And I calculate I'll fascinate  
Those lands forever more.  
But while of yore their love I bore,  
And with such numbers ran,  
In some blest isle with beaming smile  
Was God creating Man.  
One night I ween, no moon was seen,  
Nor stars as nights before;  
Midst darkness round I heard a sound,  
Terrific was the roar;  
A tempest dread the world o'erspread,  
And rain began to pour,  
The driving storm did me deform,  
And made me lash my shore.  
There came a flash and deafening crash,  
For thunders peal'd around,  
With gladden'd soul I heard it roll  
And gloried in the sound.  
With greater force adown my course  
I tost my brawny arms;  
I swifter poured and louder roared:  
My soul the thunder charms,  
And leaping forth with seas of froth  
I bounded o'er my shore,  
For swell'd amain with floods of rain  
I was vaster than before;  
O'er lofty wall of mountain tall  
My swollen flood I bore;  
And lower down each mountain crown  
My wearing waters wore;  
That driving storm that swell'd my form  
I remember as of yore;  
How overhill I swept at will,

I'll think of evermore.  
Yet, while the storms the world deforms  
And I so swollen ran,  
While all my breast to dread unrest  
The roaring whirlwinds fan,  
In secret place, midst boundless space,  
Where could no angel scan,  
In likeness of His face, His form and grace,  
God was creating Man!  
The night had past, sped darkness vast,  
Ceased was the thunders' chime;  
But no smiling sun that day begun,  
And the air was stiff with rime;  
Cold o'er the land the breezes fann'd,  
And bleak o'er me they roar'd;  
My floods they crost and turn'd to frost,  
As down their heights they poured.  
Thus fettered grim, body and limb,  
Stirless and silent I stood.  
Though icy blast the world o'erblast  
To me it seem'd all good.  
Closed in the day, the breezes lay  
On earth in sweet repose;  
Not e'en from me did whisper flee,  
Nor breath of music rose;  
And every star that beamed afar  
On the new world below  
Turn'd his bright eye, gazed from on high  
On a region all of snow.  
Long was the night, but stars gave light  
And made it sweet to me,  
And while I flow that night of snow  
Shall ne'er forgotten be;  
On mountains tall did moonbeams fall  
In one unceasing glow;

O'er valley's gleam and frozen stream,  
All wrapt in virgin snow,  
And o'er the world no sound was hurl'd,  
Not e'en a whisper low.  
And while 'neath frost the world was lost,  
And ice was all the stars could scan,  
In hidden place, with smiling face,  
God was creating Man.  
While sleep profound my senses bound,  
And held them thus in thrall,  
And no throe of life, nor yet of strife,  
Throbbed through my pulses all,  
And my great heart in every part,  
Where once the currents ran,  
Was cold and still and void of will,  
Through all its wondrous plan,  
To all unknown in space alone  
God was creating Man.  
The night had past and day had cast  
Its sunshine on the world,  
And icy frost its strength had lost  
And was to ruin hurl'd ;  
My love on high, with glowing eye,  
His flags o'er me unfurl'd ;  
For heavy mist began to twist  
In shapes grotesque and grand  
Above my stream, and 'neath his beam  
Fill'd all the air and land ;  
The ices melt, for keen they felt  
The power of his hand.  
The ice and snow began to flow  
And in warm rivers ran,  
And all this time in some blest clime  
God was creating Man!  
The ice and frost from earth was tost,

Or melted out of sight ;  
My waters o'er were ice no more ;  
The world no longer white.  
The teeming earth had given birth  
Unto a glowing green ;  
O'er all the land, o'er rock and sand,  
Was moss and grasses seen ;  
O'er all the ground was virtue found,  
That cast a welcome shade ;  
And breezes warm, all free of storm,  
Did all the air pervade ;  
And teeming earth through all its girth  
Felt being bound and thrill ;  
Felt throbbing rife the pulse of life,  
Its nerve, its force and will,  
And its great heart in every part  
Increasing action fill !  
As through its frame life's currents came  
Expanding every hour,  
The motions wrought, and they were fraught  
With all-creative power.  
O'er all her form the breezes warm  
Did life and virtue fan ;  
On me they blew their sweetness, too,  
As down my slopes I ran ;  
And all these years in other spheres  
God was creating Man.  
As down my shore my waters tore,  
Kiss'd by the laughing sun,  
I looked around, and, lo, I found  
All vintage had begun,  
And stately trees waved in the breeze—  
I watered well their root ;  
And from the earth in sudden birth  
I saw the flowers shoot ;

Flowers and green, before unseen,  
The gentle breezes fan,  
And all these days in wondrous ways  
God was creating Man.  
And merry things on little wings,  
That sang a sprightly lay,  
'Mongst roses fair and in the air  
Right soon I did survey.  
The merry words of little birds  
Made still the world more gay ;  
The cheery notes of their frail throats  
Kept earth lively all the day ;  
Oft in my wave they came to lave  
Their small but glossy wing,  
And down their throat my waters float,  
Which makes them sweeter sing.  
While wings they dipped in floods they sipped  
That round them laughing ran—  
With joy of soul, beyond control,  
God was creating Man.  
Soon mighty herds, as well as birds,  
My roaming vision saw ;  
All o'er the earth they had their birth—  
Did to my waters draw ;  
Without a fear they gathered near  
And drank my waters free ;  
To creatures dry I did deny  
No drink, but gave with glee.  
They thronged my banks and played their pranks,  
Each with his kind and clan,  
And o'er the earth with perfect mirth  
The laughing hours ran,  
While in some world midst sunshine hurl'd  
God was creating Man.  
On, on I run ; the laughing sun

Was glowing on my breast,  
And everything that earth could bring  
From out her teeming nest  
Was gathered round in peace profound,  
In perfect joy and rest,  
When, lo, with awe, a form I saw  
Come moving to my shore,  
A form and face of godlike grace,  
Ne'er seen by me before ;  
He trod the sand upon my strand,  
And lordlike looked around ;  
He seemed the king of everything  
That on the world was found ;  
He trod my strand and by his hand  
Held a form with beauty rife ;  
I heard him speak and kiss her cheek,  
And fondly call her wife !  
Then with a start the world's great heart  
Throbbled with a joyous thrill,  
Through all the world that throb was hurl'd—  
Did it completely fill ;  
Through pulse and brain, through nerve and vein,  
Through all its force and will,  
Through germs of life all teeming rife,  
And it is felt throbbing still.  
Down fertile earth that reeked with mirth  
With joy my waters ran,  
And told the world where they were hurl'd  
God had created Man.



## THE BATTLE OF THE DOGS AND CATS.

Ho! sound the trumpet, blare the fife,  
Let all the war-horns bray ;  
Clang loud the gongs and beat the drums,  
With noises meet for fray !  
And gather round, ye young and old,  
And hear your poet's lay,  
For mighty deeds of blood and war  
Shall be my theme to-day.  
I sing not fights of angry men,  
Nor giants fierce and grim,  
But sing how dogs and cats can fight  
Just when they take the whim.  
In New Jersey a range of hills  
Their sandy summits rear,  
And by the Pensauken waters  
With woody slopes appear,  
Which waters empty in the river,  
Known as the Delaware,  
And in the Atlantic ocean  
Sweep those waters deep and clear ;  
Wherever else those waters go  
Your poet doth not say,  
Perhaps across the whole wide world  
Those waters take their way.  
On that range of hills Mount Pleasant stands,  
And also Cornus Hill ;  
Fair lands the ploughman loves to plough,  
The trucker loves to till,  
And Pensauken's banks are lovely  
When springtime brings the sun,  
And his warm splendor cheers the earth  
And vintage is begun.

There the flowers blow as lovely,  
The roses bloom as fair,  
The violets rise on its banks  
And fragrance give the air ;  
Marsh lilies rise from out the mud  
With equal splendor there,  
As journeying round the countries  
I've witnessed anywhere.  
And there the cats and dogs are found  
Of just as noble breed  
As ever sought for rats and mice  
Or ever disagreed.  
Sir Carlo at Mount Pleasant lived,  
A dog of mighty will,  
The prowess of his deeds in fray  
Did all that region fill ;  
And O'Brien, a Thomas cat,  
Dwelt at famed Comus Hill,  
And all that region knew full well  
How he dogs could whip and kill.  
The way O'Brien slew the dogs  
Was terrible to see ;  
The way Sir Carlo killed the cats  
Filled all the dogs with glee ;  
Sir Carlo had a youthful son,  
A playful little pup  
As e'er became a lady's pet,  
Or lapped milk from out a cup.  
And O'Brien had a daughter  
As young and playful too ;  
All tricks born in the feline race  
Right well that kitten knew.  
This little kit was Susan named  
By children large and small ;  
And Carlo's son was styled De Gale

By sire and by all.  
Now youthful Susan and De Gale  
It chanced one day did meet :  
The sun was in his summer glow,  
And sultry was the heat.  
In love at first sight this youthful twain  
With one another grew ;  
So sweet their chat they little dreamed  
How fast the moments flew ;  
The day wore on, the evening came,  
And yet this youthful pair  
Still in the shady arbor sat  
And did their love declare.  
The old ones missed their children dear,  
In search of them they went ;  
They found their children talking love  
And keen on courting bent.  
Right wrathful waxed the aged pair  
To see their offspring court ;  
With angry cries they filled the air  
And stopped the young ones' sport.  
Sir Carlo hit fair Susan's head  
A blow of mighty force—  
Not harder kicks a Western mule,  
Not harder kicks a horse.  
Prone on the earth young Susan fell  
And lay as still as death,  
Nor gave she for a weary time  
The slightest sign of breath.  
And long ere had O'Brien time  
To guess what Carlo meant  
The old dog seized his youthful son  
And off in haste he went.  
As lightnings burst from tempest clouds  
Where just have thunders spoke,

So from his stupor and surprise  
The fierce O'Brien woke.  
Flashed dread his eyes with rage as they  
Had never flashed before ;  
Loud roared his angry voice in air,  
And fearful oath he swore :  
That every dog amongst those hills,  
No matter what their breed,  
He with his paw and mighty claw  
To rats and mice would feed.  
Sir Carlo heard the angry vow  
Though distant far was he,  
And loud upon the yielding air  
He roared his feelings free :  
I swear each cat and kitten too  
That dwells within this realm  
Shall unto snakes and toads be fed,  
And ruin overwhelm !  
As swarm the flies at summer morn  
To where the honey lies,  
So vast and swift around their chiefs  
The yelling cats arise.  
They crowd the ground and loud resound  
The woods with feline cries.  
As throng the swine around the trough  
With grunt and squeal and roar,  
When there the swineherd casts the corn,  
Or there the swill doth pour,  
So round Sir Carlo thronged the dogs  
A thousand strong and more,  
And keen to fight and tear and bite,  
Down on the cats they bore.  
Dame McElroy, the pride and joy  
Of all the feline host,  
With bristling fur, soft gossamer,

And red as gory ghost,  
Upon the right displayed her might—  
Did well her cohorts post;  
Her mighty paw and savage jaw  
Of killing dogs could boast.  
Her sisters twain, Kate and Morain,  
One white, the other black,  
Did there abide on either side,  
Keen for the dogs' attack.  
Both knew full well how dogs could yell,  
And bark and growl and snarl,  
And oft their breath they'd hushed in death  
Upon those hills of marl.  
And thick, I ween, the cats were seen  
With teeth both sharp and long,  
With eyes of flame and hearts of game  
And muscles lithe and strong,  
That ready stood as felines should  
When dogs would work them wrong.  
In battle grim those armies trim  
Have met to do their worst;  
Mix'd yells and cries in air arise  
And from both armies burst.  
Beneath their feet the dust they beat  
And thick in air it flies;  
It grows so dark no foe can mark  
His foeman's form and size,  
So in the dark they battle stark,  
And gouge each other's eyes.  
Their skins they tear and bite severe,  
And pull out hair and fur,  
And cries of pain rise up amain  
From kitten and from cur.  
Many a jaw and claw and paw  
Is grim with fur and hair,

Most rudely torn with hate and scorn  
From off its native lair.  
Many a dog on earth is laid  
That ne'er shall rise again ;  
That ne'er will bark when nights are dark  
Or moon is on the wane ;  
That ne'er will hunt the chicken roost  
And steal from poultry yard,  
Nor in the cellars crawl at night  
When loosely they are barr'd,  
And steal their master's sausage meat,  
His butter and his lard ;  
And many a cat is stricken flat  
And lies in grim repose,  
For grisly death has stopped its breath  
And eased it of its throes.  
No more at night when moons are bright  
'Twill caterwauling go,  
And nights annoy and sleep destroy  
Of men and women so.  
No more on tables they will leap  
And steal their master's beef,  
In the pantry and the kitchen  
Sneak round and play the thief.  
No more up garden trees they'll climb,  
While birds are at their rest,  
And slay the old and eat the young  
Upon their little nest,  
To death condemn, nor injure them  
With such a cruel zest.  
By this the night was waning fast,  
The east was growing gray ;  
Yet still around with noise profound  
Those armies waged their fray.  
Sir Carlo's eyes fair Susan spies,

And straight at her he made;  
In angry fit her head he bit  
Clean from her shoulder-blade,  
And off afar like falling star  
He cast that kitten's head;  
Then on the ground with heavy sound  
Down dropped fair Susan dead.  
O'Brien's eye the deed did spy,  
And roused his wrath amain,  
And soon De Gale all limp and pale  
He laid amongst the slain.  
And soon that pup he'd quartered up,  
And unto shreds have torn,  
And spread a feast for every beast  
That did not dog-flesh scorn,  
Had not Sir Carlo seen the deed,  
And rushed to save his son,  
And show all those who round him fought  
How battles could be won.  
Down went Miss Black in the attack  
Beneath Sir Carlo dead;  
His mighty paw had smashed her jaw,  
And broken in her head.  
Then McElroy he seized with joy,  
And laid her grim in death,  
Left her with throat that did denote  
How sped her vital breath.  
And Mistress White a horrid sight  
Beneath him slaughtered lay;  
Swift as a colt or thunderbolt  
To his son he cleared his way.  
With piercing howl and savage growl,  
And eyes that shone like flame,  
With sharp long teeth most dread to see  
Right o'er his son he came;

While round with hate and fury  
That could no slaughter tame,  
Thronged cats and dogs amain to share  
Their leader's deady gamé.  
Dread grew the fighting, fierce the biteing  
Around the slain De Gale,  
And Carlo dragged him by the ears,  
And O'Brien by the tail ;  
And soon his torn hide resembled  
A rent and tattered sail.  
Then slain was many an old dog,  
Slain was many a pup,  
And many a cat and kitten  
Then gave existence up.  
Then no dog had time to bark,  
No cat had time to purr ;  
Then all the air was full of hair,  
And filled with flying fur.  
Silent they claw'd and bit and paw'd  
And strove the fray to win,  
Dread was the sound that rose around  
From tearing of the skin,  
Chawing of the angry teeth  
Upon the yielding bone ;  
Oh, ne'er before on flood or shore  
Was such a battle known.  
O'er all the ground the dead lay round  
As vast as Autumn's leaves,  
When winds are rife with force and strife  
And while the forest heaves ;  
Oh, never more on flood or shore  
While ages onward flow,  
While shines the sun or waters run,  
Or breezes deign to blow,  
Shall many a dog arise again



That fought within that fray,  
Nor growl nor bark at midnight dark,  
Nor in the light of day.  
Oh, many a cat is sleeping  
That long and deep repose  
Which none of breaking nor awaking  
The realm of nature knows.  
Oh, never more! oh, never more!  
While time is known to earth,  
Will they arise and yell their cries  
Of either joy or mirth.  
No more at night when moons are bright,  
And summer blooms in prime,  
A house around their noise shall sound  
With its melodious chime.  
No more when winter nights are long,  
And falls the fleecy snow,  
Shall we their caterwauling hear  
Above the storms that blow.  
As billows leap and fall when they  
A helpless ship assail,  
So rose and reel'd those cats and dogs  
Around the slain De Gale.  
Still the dead by the ears and head  
The savage Carlo lugged;  
Still by the cracking tail the while  
The fierce O'Brien tugged.  
A furious charge Sir Carlo made,  
Last hope to gain his son,  
In this attack I'll die, he thought,  
Or shall the prize be won.  
The rose shall blow, the lily grow  
From out the Polar frost,  
If I don't place O'Brien's race  
'Neath utter ruin tossed;

To do the deed I little heed  
What blood or life it cost ;  
In peace or wrath no more my path  
Shall by this foe be cross'd.  
With eyeballs red he dropped the head  
Of his dear, slaughtered son,  
And o'er his form like driving storm  
Through blood his way he won.  
With savage jaw and mighty paw,  
And body red with gore,  
With all their strength, a furlong's length,  
He back the felines bore.  
And by a fence he drove them hence,  
With all his force and wrath,  
And here a hive with bees alive  
They tumbled in their path.  
Out flew apace the buzzing race,  
Lit on each living thing ;  
No cat nor dog was there escaped  
Their sharp and piercing sting.  
Oh, never, never, until then,  
Since cats and dogs had birth,  
Was such a blended yelling known,  
Nor heard upon this earth.  
It seemed that all the cats and dogs  
That ever time did rear  
Were yelling, howling on the earth,  
And screaming in the air ;  
And ne'er before on flood or shore  
Was ever heard such sound,  
Since round the throne of Time the year  
Began their flight profound.  
So long as from the breath of God  
Shall the centuries be hurl'd  
To the ocean of Eternity,

Like rivers of this world  
 That sweep in everlasting flow  
 Into the oceans here,  
 No more the air such sound shall know  
 That circles round this sphere.  
 They made such noise they woke the boys  
 Who in the farm-house slept,  
 And forth with clubs to hush that noise  
 Those angered mortals leapt.  
 Through windows wide they soon espied  
 That cats and dogs did strive,  
 And that the bees the twain did tease.  
 For having dumped their hive,  
 With howlings dread the fighters sped  
 Swift as the northern breeze,  
 And o'er a fence they gathered hence  
 Still being stung with bees.  
 Upon her lair an old sow lay  
 And nurst her squealings young,  
 And down on these with all his bees  
 The lithe O'Brien sprung.  
 As dewdrops fall when winds arise  
 And shake the leaves and twigs,  
 So swift O'Brien shakes the bees  
 Upon her sucking pigs.  
 With piercing squeals the little ones  
 Rouse up their mother dear,  
 While still O'Brien fought the bees  
 And roll'd upon their lair.  
 Full well the old sow seem'd to ken  
 What made her young one squeal,  
 For on her flank she soon began  
 Those stinging bees to feel.  
 Up rose her anger red and hot  
 As any roaring flame,

And 'tween where head and shoulders join  
With force no force could tame  
She seized O'Brien with her jaws,  
And shook him by the same;  
A gory wreck with broken neck  
O'Brien soon became.  
Thus died this grisly fighting cat,  
And ended thus his race,  
Who like a czar ruled all the cats  
That lived around the place.  
Sir Carlo crost the stall-yard fence  
Where lay a stately ox,  
And 'gainst him 'gan to rub his bees,  
As might some cunning fox.  
The ox arose from his repose  
With anger lightning warm,  
And on his horn with mighty force  
He caught Sir Carlo's form;  
And void of breath, all grim in death,  
With body crushed and torn,  
The king of dogs Sir Carlo was  
When shaken from that horn.  
Thus did I say this king and czar  
Careers of glory close,  
Who aye were teaching cats and dogs  
To meet as deadly foes;  
So at their loss we will not pine,  
Nor feel the least of woes,  
For since they have been dead and gone,  
All doth in peace repose.  
Now glory to our president,  
God bless him heart and hand;  
Still loyal to his country's weal  
Forever may he stand,  
And every politician too

Who helps him rule this land.  
 Unto its weal may they be leal,  
 Nor rob the nation's purse,  
 Nor break the laws for any cause,  
 Nor learn to lie and curse,  
 Nor love pretend for any friend,  
 Nor do a deed that's worse.  
 May they have everything they crave  
 To either drink or eat;  
 May they ne'er become as some we see—  
 A bummer and a beat;  
 May they ne'er rise before the day  
 Within the east is born  
 And crave for ale, or beer, or wine,  
 Nor juice of rye or corn;  
 Or while the sun is arising,  
 Just coming from his bunk,  
 May they just be leaving bar-rooms  
 Or found on sidewalks drunk;  
 But ever plenty may they have  
 When these their needs command,  
 But may they never drink so much  
 They cannot walk or stand.  
 I wish the same to every one  
 Who dwells within this land.  
 And now glory to the poet  
 Who wrote this battle lay,  
 Still may he ever have enough  
 His daily debts to pay.  
 And when winter nights are weary,  
 And winter nights are long,  
 Thoughts alike both bright or dreary  
 Amidst my fancies throng,  
 And with feeling sad or cheery  
 I start to sing my song,

Perhaps caused by the storm without  
That howls its music strong,  
May still in my possession be  
Until the day I die  
A sound barrel full of whiskey  
And of the purest rye,  
So it can float adown my throat  
Whenever I am dry.  
Yes, have enough of real good stuff  
When I the muses woo,  
So I'll have nerve to never swerve  
From what they bid me do ;  
And have at hand a glass on stand  
To treat my neighbor too ;  
And may he live a thousand years  
All void of pain and woe,  
And when that time has past may I  
Unto his funeral go,  
If longer life to both of us  
Kind nature won't bestow.  
And may our wives and little ones  
Be ever blest with health,  
Have everything they wish on earth—  
Abundance of all wealth.  
I wish the same to all that breathe  
Within wide Nature's sway ;  
And whene'er next the dogs and cats  
Shall meet in mortal fray,  
May I and all the land be there  
The battle to survey ;  
And may my brain be sound and sane  
So I can write a lay.

## MY JERSEY GIRL.

My Jersey girl, my Jersey girl,  
All bright and beautiful was she,  
With ruby lips and teeth of pearl  
And cheeks more fair than roses be.  
Her lovely cheeks the ruddy hue  
Of flowers red and white did show :  
Those shades with every breath she drew—  
Did there in mingled glory glow.  
Her step was light as is the fall  
Of fleecy flake of autumn snow,  
But firm and swift, majestic all  
As any maid that earth can show.  
I met her 'neath a willow tree,  
Where the Pensauken waters flow ;  
I smiled at her, she blushed at me,  
In ways that bashful lovers know ;  
Warm on gauzy robes that hid her breast  
The fanning winds of heaven blew ;  
Kept round her neck in wild unrest  
Her waving curls of golden hue ;  
I took her by her snowy hand  
And plainly told her of my love,  
And swiftly made her understand  
I prized her all on earth above ;  
She smiled and hid her blushing face  
'Neath branches of the willow tree,  
But showed enough for me to trace  
Her eyes all loving gazed on me.  
I told her that I craved a kiss ;  
On her lips I gave one straight to her,  
Though to me she returned not this,  
From my embrace she did not stir ;

A thousand full and more, I ween,  
I placed upon her ruby lips;  
I tossed away the boughs of green  
That did from me her charms eclipse;  
I breathed my love within her ear,  
A love all deathless, firm and true,  
And from the words she whispered there  
I felt an equal love she knew.  
Oh, sweet Pensauken's waters flow;  
Lovely on his banks the roses bloom;  
All stately there the lilies grow;  
Violets give forth their sweet perfume.  
All is happy round his region  
No matter how the breezes blow,  
Pleasures throng in countless legion  
Through summer's shine or winter's snow.  
With joy we rowed along his stream  
And saw the stately flowers bud,  
Nor ever once did think nor dream  
They grew midst reeking wastes of mud.  
There blew a blast that chilled my blood,  
That covered all the earth with rime,  
Though summer warm'd Pensauken's flood  
And earth was decked with summer's prime.  
The parents of my Jersey girl  
Waxed wrathful as could anger be;  
They said their girl with golden curl  
Should have no lover such as me;  
They said that I was all too frisky,  
All too romantic and too wild,  
Too fond of a juice called whiskey  
To be the husband of their child.  
So off to France they banished her,  
And in a convent bade her pine,  
From there she never more shall stir,



And ne'er on earth will she be mine,  
 At least so would all those infer  
 Who do her parents' wills divine.  
 My Jersey girl, they tell me now  
 Thy face is full of wrinkles,  
 And thy once all-beauteous brow  
 Beauty's dew no more besprinkles;  
 And lost for aye thy teeth of pearl;  
 Thine eyes have doffed their sunny ray;  
 Thy hair no more a golden curl,  
 But straightened is, and thin and gray;  
 Thy voice has lost its angel tone;  
 Thy rosy face its seraph smile,  
 And all thy pretty ways are gone  
 That did all human hearts beguile.  
 But what care I for all they tell!  
 My fancy sees thee as of yore,  
 As when first on thee my vision fell  
 That day upon Pensauken's shore,  
 And love did through my spirit swell  
 With throes unknown to it before!  
 At morn, at noon, at eve, at night,  
 No matter where o'er earth I stray,  
 To thee my feelings wing their flight,  
 Though thou art distant, far away.  
 In dreams I meet thee on that shore  
 And cull the fragrant flowers for thee;  
 See thee move, hear thy voice once more  
 As oft I once did hear and see!  
 The same bright angel as of old—  
 The rosy cheeks and sunny eyes,  
 And curling locks the hue of gold  
 From out my dreaming fancies rise—  
 It seems my fancies can behold  
 My Jersey girl no otherwise!

Oh, Pensauken's banks are lonely,  
And, Jersey, all thy realm is drear;  
There grows thorn and briar only,  
And chilling snows fall all the year!  
Across thy dreary moors and hills  
My pining spirit wanders forth;  
Drifted snow field and valley fills,  
And freezing blasts from out the North.  
No sleigh-bells sound across the snow—  
All's silent as the frozen ground;  
Seems Pensauken's waters do not flow,  
Nor make the least of stir nor sound.  
All's sad and lonely as my soul,  
Desolate and gloomy as my heart;  
No more my life-blood seems to roll  
As erst through me and do its part,  
And never more 'neath joy's control  
'Twill from its frozen fountain start!  
Blow on, ye winds from out the North,  
And fall, ye blinding hills of snow;  
Stir up Pensauken's floods to froth,  
And freeze them stiff while they are so;  
I heed ye not; I'll wander forth  
In thought with her of long ago,  
And while those banks in mind I tread  
My fancy shall dispel their gloom;  
Those banks with lilies I shall spread,  
And deck them all with glowing bloom  
Trees and grass in midwinter dead  
Shall all their greening life assume;  
Again beneath that willow tree  
We meet as in the days gone by;  
My Jersey girl again I see  
With ruby lip and sunny eye.  
Blow on, ye winds, and pile the snow

O'er stream and valley, moor and hill,  
 In thought o'er these I sleighing go,  
 My Jersey girl beside me still!  
 Blow on, ye blasts, forever blow  
 Your icy tempests dank and chill,  
 Nor you nor fleeting time shall know  
 A source my love for her to kill.

SHE WAITS FOR ME.

A WOMAN waits for me—a maid  
 That's neither young nor old,  
 But I don't heed the years at all  
 That o'er her brow have rolled.  
 In woe or weal her soul is leal  
 To him who holds her heart,  
 And ne'er from it while time shall last  
 His image shall depart.  
 All modest, gentle and serene  
 She walks midst Folly's throng,  
 Nor heeds its empty, senseless mirth,  
 But majestic moves along;  
 And placid as the moon when clouds  
 Of darkness round her roll  
 She beams upon her paths through life  
 With pure womanhood of soul.  
 From head to feet she is superb—  
 Moulded as did Nature plan;  
 Through all her being flows the sense  
 That she was born for man;  
 And I shall ever cling to her  
 And wed her when I can!

## TO JACK.

If rest you seek and find it not,  
Why should grim sorrow be your lot?  
Make peace shine forth with steadfast ray  
Above dissension's stormy bay,  
Amidst it pour a cheering light,  
Nor let it roar in endless night,  
Unquailing midst contention come,  
And bravely quell its senseless hum;  
A word of clear and wise control  
Will still contention's stormy soul!  
God's mercies yet are manifold;  
Free now, as in the days of old,  
He leads us forth through depths of woe  
To where unnumbered pleasures glow!  
Let restless Time's corroding rust  
Wear down all mortal things to dust,  
Buoyed on Thought's aspiring wings  
We'll mount above decaying things,  
And from the furnaces of Thought  
Shall uncorroding ore be brought:  
From it we'll forge the breakless chain  
That binds down human woe and pain,  
And when sure fettered they shall be  
We'll cast them in Oblivion's sea!  
We're strong within and strong without,  
In us is none of fear nor doubt;  
Hope, our queen, doth with us bide,  
And Faith stands ever at her side,  
And fearless of all crumbling creeds  
We shall perform immortal deeds;  
We'll burst all theories, rend the mail  
That mysteries in darkness veil

Pour in the light, illumine their realm  
Till perfect day shall all o'erwhelm.  
No mine so deep, no height so tall,  
But we'll explore and search it all;  
No sea so wild, no flood so grim,  
But o'er it we can sail or swim!

## I SAW HER.

I saw her in a church one day  
When I was but a boy;  
I faces made at her—perhaps  
I wrought her much annoy;  
But in those days she knew full well  
I was but a simple boy;  
Yet she was beautiful as any  
Who e'er felt pain or joy;  
As ever looked with human eyes  
Upon this planet here;  
As ever gazed upon the sun  
Or any far off sphere!  
I lost all sight of her long time—  
For many weary years,  
And then a transient view I caught,  
But, lo, she disappears!  
But saw enough to know full well  
That she was sweet and fair;  
Her eyes sunny, bright as ever,  
And golden was her hair.  
Long years again had past away,  
A view of her I caught,  
Yet it was fleet as lightning flash  
Or as a ray of thought;  
And yet enough of her I saw

To know that she was fair :  
All lovely were her sunny eyes  
And golden was her hair.  
Now years since then have past away :  
I never see her more,  
But in fancy oft I see her,  
And lovely as of yore.  
I see the fair angelic brow,  
And eyes so blue and pure,  
That show the soul within is cased  
In virtue's mail secure.  
I do not know her name, nor where  
This lovely being lives,  
But many, many thoughts to her  
My musing spirit gives.  
She's the loveliest oasis  
My memory can find  
While travelling back o'er all the years  
That I have left behind.  
She's ever shrined amidst my thoughts,  
Illumines all my soul,  
As radiant star of heaven  
That lights the stormy pole.  
Perhaps she may be dead—the grass  
Be o'er her growing green,  
But ever young and lovely still  
She's in my spirit seen ;  
And no rude storms of fate, nor time,  
Nor all-corroding care,  
Shall ever drive her from my soul—  
She'll ever triumph there.  
That radiant robe of beauty  
Her brow shall ever wear,  
Yes, in my soul all sweet and lovely  
She'll evermore appear !

Perhaps she yet is living, and like  
Some comet of the spheres  
She may return again to view  
When time rolls round the years;  
Then may I have a longer view  
And take her by her hand,  
And may I hear her angel voice  
Ring music o'er the land;  
And though she may be aged,  
Not rosy as of yore,  
Yet I'll deem her far more lovely,  
And still I shall adore.  
Oh, shortly may that comet come  
From behind the hiding spheres!  
Oh, bring her to my view again,  
Ye swift revolving years!

### MY YANKEE MAID.

In the volume containing *My Heir of Lyolynn, Lays of Ancient Times*, etc., published in 1883, appeared a few verses headed *My Yankee Maid*. Now the fact of the case is this, the circumstance as here related is an episode in the life of John Odenswurg, my life-long friend and companion. To him the publication of the last twenty pages of that volume were entirely intrusted, for my time and attention was then wholly preoccupied with business of a far more important and profitable nature; nor was I aware that *My Yankee Maid* had been so abridged and altered from its original until my attention was drawn to the fact by the more than fulsome abuse of a Canadian editor; then I discerned that my friend John had endeavored to turn into a sort of burlesque what had been a very serious catastrophe in the history of his earthly career, and what I had intended as a pathetic poem.

My Yankee maid, my Yankee maid,  
Oh, she was fair as fair could be!  
The lily with its charms arrayed  
Was not one mite so sweet as she.  
I met her in the distant North,  
'Mongst the green hills of fair Vermont,

One sultry eve as I roamed forth  
Beside a panting, crystal font.  
I learn'd to love her from the first  
Most deeply, tenderly and true ;  
I thought my loving heart would burst,  
So wild, so deep my passion grew.  
One eve I told her of my love,  
How my heart for her was riven,  
And asked her if she'd be my dove  
And make to me this earth a heaven ;  
Then grasped her hand and kiss'd it free,  
For it was white as virgin snow,  
But she, only smiling, looked at me,  
Saying, How sweet the planets glow !  
Serene as cloud-compelling Jove,  
Midst lightning's flash and thunder's roll,  
When angry gods around him strove,  
She gazed in placidness of soul !  
I said, If stars could cease to shine,  
Nature herself from death divorce,  
Seas cease to ebb and flow their brine,  
The sun forsake his daily course,  
The storms and blasts in peace recline  
And evermore forget their force,  
And all the worlds that live in space  
And glow before their Maker's face  
Could shift from out their destined place  
By will of one of mortal race,  
Then only could I cease to love,  
And worship e'en the ground she trod ;  
Still she pointed to the sky above,  
Saying, Man should worship only God.  
So cool she treated me, that shame  
And indignation stirr'd my soul ;  
My wounded pride shot up like flame



When in the driving storm's control :  
For always through my life I thought  
That everything must yield to me—  
That every maiden that I sought  
My willing captive straight should be !  
But while I felt the billows roll  
Of indignation and of wrath,  
And wounded pride through all my soul  
Sweep like the simoom on its path,  
I gazed into her eyes again,  
And there I thought that I could see  
She meant not all the cool disdain  
Which seemed she did bestow to me.  
As speed the darksome clouds away  
Before the sun and scatter wide,  
So at smiles that on her sweet lips play  
Sped all my manhood's wounded pride.  
I told her that I craved a kiss—  
A mouth so sweet had one for me,  
And though she would not give me this,  
I on her warm lips dealt them free ;  
I saw she took them not amiss,  
So kiss'd I oft, though kiss'd not she.  
I told her boundless love was mine,  
And it to her should all be given  
If she her fate with me would twine,  
And heal the heart that she had riven.  
She smiled, sighed and dropped her head  
Upon my aching, throbbing breast ;  
I saw her blush like scarlet, red,  
As close to mine her cheek she press'd ;  
I saw the joy flash in her eye  
And dimple o'er her rosy cheek.  
Yes, I'll be thine, she made reply,  
In accents clear, distinct, though meek.

My Yankee maid, my Yankee maid,  
Oh, there are joys the spirit knows,  
Feelings that all the soul pervade,  
No mortal language can disclose !  
No human tongue has ever sung  
Through all the ceaseless flight of years,  
And from human lips shall ne'er be rung  
While restless time his car careers.  
That joy of bliss my spirit knew,  
As there my bride she said she'd be,  
And in my arms her form she threw,  
And her I kiss'd, though kiss'd not she.  
My Yankee maid, my Yankee maid,  
The years on lightning wings have flown  
Since last we 'neath the starlight strayed  
And I to her my love made known,  
Since my last parting kiss I laid  
On lips as fair as rose e'er grown.  
My Yankee maid, my Yankee maid,  
We parted for a year of time,  
Back to the western skies I strayed  
And left her in her Northern clime,  
Fair as some flower of its glade  
That blows and breathes with charms sublime.  
My Yankee maid, my Yankee maid,  
A month had past, no more,  
Since last on her my kiss I laid  
And to her deathless love I swore,  
Since last in mine her hand was laid,  
Said, Equal love for me she bore,  
Ere to me the awful tidings came  
That Death had ta'en her to his side,  
Mute were the lips, and cold the frame,  
The crimson, throbbing life-blood dried,  
The eye no more with mirth aflame

Of her who was to be my bride—  
Who was to share my fate, my name,  
My all, 'till death should us divide.  
As sounds that wake a sleeping world  
And grimly startle it from rest,  
So in my soul the news was hurl'd  
And left it evermore distress'd.  
My Yankee maid, my Yankee maid,  
Ten fleeting years have come and flown  
Since here her lovely form they laid  
Beneath this cold, white marble stone,  
That moulders 'neath the dreary shade  
Of the lone cypress o'er it grown,  
That bends like one whom griefs pervade  
And fate has left to mourn alone.  
When spring bursts from the winter snows  
Beside her lonely grave I'm seen,  
And summer opes the fragrant rose  
Above its stem of glowing green.  
When autumn comes with storm and blast,  
And nature dons her dreary robe,  
And winter clouds the skies o'er cast  
And spread their rime along the globe,  
I care not how the tempests stir,  
Nor do I heed the bitter frost,  
I seek the lonely grave of her  
Who years ago I loved and lost,  
And left me as some lonely tree  
That's blasted by the lightning's glow,  
Whose limbs are scattered o'er the lea  
And buried deep 'neath endless snow,  
On whose bole the woodman's axe falls free,  
And soon that axe shall overthrow.

## LOST.

THE tempests rave above the grave  
Of my loved Ellenore;  
Deep down below the freezing snow  
She moulders evermore,  
And ne'er again in joy or pain  
We'll meet upon life's shore!  
The seasons flow, they come and go,  
Alternate in their round,  
And ebb and flow the waters know  
That in the seas are found,  
But never more upon life's shore  
Her voice for me shall sound.  
The breezes blow and off they go  
A season unto rest;  
The moon on high wanes from the sky,  
Then comes a welcomed guest,  
But ne'er for me while time shall be  
Will life throb in her breast.  
Upon the face of boundless space  
The comet comes and glows,  
Then for long years he disappears—  
Again his face he shows,  
But ne'er again 'midst nature's reign  
Her form a shadow throws.  
The budding spring the winters bring  
Out of their realms of frost;  
To clear her way the sun's kind ray  
Aside the ice has tost,  
But no kind sun while ages run  
Will bring back her I lost.

## THE EAGLE.

ON loftiest crag of the mountain's crest,  
Where man ne'er trod, and ne'er shall tread,  
Secure to the rock I build my own nest,  
My palace, my home and my bed.  
Proudly I gaze on the regions around—  
On the skies, stars, moon and the sun;  
Silently gaze on the spaces profound  
Of azure that 'tween them are run.  
With eyes undimmed by their light and their sheen,  
I arise on the strength of my wing;  
I travel those glittering planets between  
While my songs I scream and I sing!  
As back to the earth I wheel in my flight  
Rending ether with the plumes of my breast,  
Earth below looks but a speck to my sight,  
So small, on it scarce an eagle might rest.  
Yet, midst all journeys midst planets afar,  
Whatever my vision has seen,  
Midst regions of space of moon or of star,  
Or midst the sun's splendor and sheen,  
Naught seems so beautiful ever and now,  
And is so loved in my toil and my rest,  
As that lone crag on the mountain's tall brow,  
Where securely hangs my home and my nest;  
Where fondly I gaze on the tempests below  
That roll round the mountains in wrath,  
Where far beneath I see red lightnings aglow,  
And hear the thunders boom on their path.  
From my high nest to where clouds never reach,  
Nor the gloom of blast nor of storm,  
My songs of freedom I scream and I screech,  
And exult in the strength of my form.

At midnight I go to the battle-field dread,  
Where beasts and men unnumbered lie slain,  
Where hawks with gore of proud mortals are red,  
And feasting lions are roaring amain.  
Above the grim waste of ruin and death  
I flap my wings and scream in the air,  
Fill it with the sounds that only the breath  
And the throat of an eagle can blare ;  
Hawks cease their feasting and quail at my scream :  
Fly with haste from the battle-field red ;  
And eyes of lions with terror do gleam,  
And straight they leave me alone with the dead ;  
They leave me alone on the field of the slain,  
Nor return while they deem I am nigh,  
And stricken with fear in secret remain  
E'en when I've flown to my eyry on high.  
Swift as the lightning I spring from my nest  
And dart to the black tempests below ;  
The clouds are torn by the plumes of my crest,  
And to me a cleft passage they show.  
By me the clouds are riven asunder ;  
I enter the womb of the lightning grim ;  
I attend at the birth of the thunder—  
See it engendered body and limb.  
Proudly I ride on the car of the storm  
And drink from the flood in the cloud ;  
Abreast of the lightning I bring my own form,  
And mock at the thunder-peals loud.  
I exult in my might, glory and strength,  
My freedom of mind and of soul ;  
Midst storms I spread my whole wings at their length  
And scoff at the tempest's control.  
At black night I descend to the ocean  
And ride on the crest of his wave ;  
I delight in his terrible motion

And whirlwinds that over him rave.  
Amidst the dense gloom I spy out the bark  
That storms have freed of sails and of mast,  
And while the poor pilot stands eying the dark,  
With features haggard, pale and aghast,  
Swifter than thought I swoop down on his deck,  
Fill his ears with a terrible scream;  
Like a flash I rise and soar from the wreck  
To the dens where the lightnings gleam,  
Through these I dart to my mountain-top nest—  
Clouds on my path asunder are torn  
As I journey to that mountain's tall crest  
Where my children are begotten and born!  
Where they are cradled, nurtured and fed  
Amidst liberty, sunlight and air,  
And joy in what nature round them has spread,  
And never feel a throe of despair.  
And though my children in numbers be few,  
They are eagles in mind and in form;  
No mongrel is there, in blood, nor in thew—  
Each is a rider of flood and of storm.  
Many the kindred of the poor and the slave:  
Their numbers are like sands on the shore,  
That with every coming swell of the wave  
Seem to increase and gather still more.  
Though few our numbers, we are strong and all free  
As ever a blast of tempest that blew,  
And wherever I fly forever I see  
Wisdom's and Freedom's sons are few.

## A DRUNKARD'S VISION,

AS TOLD TO ME BY JOHN ODENSWURG.

O, THE night was dark and dreary,  
The winds were wailing loud,  
And snow and hail were falling fast  
From the o'erhanging cloud ;  
Beside my fire, warm and bright,  
I sat within my chair,  
My feet were on the table thrown  
'Mongst glasses and pitchers there ;  
And there a large decanter stood  
Of good New England rum,  
From which with a liberal hand  
I had partaken some.  
While this I did, beside me came  
A spirit fair and bright,  
A sweet maiden I had courted  
Past years on many a night—  
A maiden who to be my wife  
Fate had denied to me,  
Who was wasting in her grave  
Across the stormy sea.  
Without one single word to me  
She took my decanter up,  
Poured all its contents within my stove  
As in a drinking-cup.  
Straight it made my fire burn with  
An all-unearthly hue,  
And fiends unnumbered on the flame  
Went flying up the flue ;  
Seemed that every shape infernal  
That hell's abyss yet reared  
With fearful face and glaring eyes



Within that flame appeared ;  
And snakes that hiss'd as coils they twist,  
While eyes all horrid glared,  
Swift rose anon the flame upon  
And up the flue career'd.  
I watched the horrid sight that there  
Arose within my stove,  
And while I saw a thrill of awe  
Did through my spirit rove,  
For I had never dreamed till then  
The stuff I loved so well  
Had in it rife such fearful life,  
Such serpents dread and fell,  
And every misbegotten fiend  
That yet was reared in hell,  
The foulest breath that ever death  
Has witness'd hiss or yell.  
And while I watched the horrid things  
That seem'd to writhe with pain,  
And mount upon the roaring flame  
With gestures all insane,  
That maiden's voice with accents sweet  
Thus sounded in mine ear !  
Out of my grave from o'er the sea,  
My love, I journey here  
To turn you from your evil ways,  
To alter your career ;  
The drink you love, and love too well,  
Far better than your life,  
Is teeming with destruction grim,  
With ruin throbbing rife ;  
Yet you love it, yes, you love it,  
A thousand times far more  
Than was the love in days of old  
You vowed for me you bore.

O, think of the forever gone!  
Think of the ne'er again;  
Think of what never more shall be  
While nature holds her reign!  
Think of all the seasons that have  
Gathered o'er your brow;  
Think of the seasons yet to pass—  
Think of the ever now.  
Think upon the years departed  
When I was at your side,  
When full of life and gladsome-hearted  
I said I'd be your bride.  
Think of your glorious manhood  
And your immortal soul,  
Nor let the love of such vile stuff  
Your nature thus control.  
Let it not hold you thus in bondage  
Like some poor, abject slave,  
That, cringing, wears his fetters grim,  
Nor strives himself to save,  
Who's lost to every noble thought  
That ever nature gave.  
Awake, and let your manhood bound  
Through pulse and form and limb,  
And, broken, dash upon the earth  
Your fetters foul and grim;  
For God and all His angels, too,  
Within their secret sphere  
Forever watch the deeds of those  
Upon this planet here;  
And they have sent me here to-night  
Upon this mortal shore  
To change the ways of him I loved,  
And shall love evermore.  
And I implore you now by all

That man doth sacred deem,  
That you henceforth no more will drink  
From out that cursed stream—  
That cursed stream from out which flows  
All human crime and ill,  
Grim broken health and ruined wealth,  
And pains that more than kill.  
While thus she spake upon the wall  
A panorama grew,  
And there in never-ending move  
Along the wall it drew.  
Oh, the horrid, horrid painting  
Before mine eyes she set,  
Though I should live a thousand years,  
I never could forget.  
I strove to turn mine eyes away  
And look at it no more,  
But turn mine eyes which way I would  
It kept my gaze before.  
I felt no matter what she limned  
That I must gaze on still,  
That all my force and being lay  
Beneath her potent will.  
That her forever more through life  
My nature must obey,  
And that my soul through good or ill  
Was bound beneath her sway.  
Again her voice in accents mild  
Thus broke upon mine ear:  
Some woes wrought all through drunkenness,  
Some horrors grim and drear,  
Some awful sights as ever yet  
Did on this world appear,  
I mean for you this very night  
To witness, see and hear.

While thus she spake, the painting moved  
Still faster on the wall—  
Many a sight was there that might  
The sternest soul appall.  
Unnumbered woes and miseries  
Moved on in endless round ;  
Woes of all kinds were witness'd there  
In every sight and sound ;  
The hands of sons 'gainst sires rais'd  
In grim and mortal fray ;  
Sons 'neath sires, sires 'neath sons,  
All gashed and murdered lay ;  
And brother there 'gainst brother fought  
Till either lost his life,  
And wives and husbands fought like fiends  
In grim, unearthly strife,  
And there a murdered husband lay,  
And here a murdered wife.  
And oft amidst the drunken broils  
A babe to death was done,  
While drunken parents laughed to see  
From it the life-blood run,  
And tortured it in every way  
Their fancies could conceive,  
Till some pitying fiend with blows  
Did it of life relieve.  
A burning building met my view,  
And in the attic high,  
On the floor, a drunken mother lay,  
Her five small children nigh.  
I saw the flames envelop them,  
Methought I heard them cry ;  
O God ! I screamed, when this I heard,  
And strove to close mine eye,  
But it would not my will obey—

I could not raise my arm ;  
I lay rigid 'neath that spirit's sway  
As 'neath a wizard's charm ;  
And straight I felt a creeping sense  
Through all my being thrill,  
That I henceforth through life or death  
Was subject to her will,  
And wheresoe'er she led mine eyes  
That they must follow still.  
A stately ship then met my view :  
She rode a tranquil sea,  
With sails all spread by gentle winds  
She cut the waters free.  
The jolly captain and his men  
In the cabin met my sight,  
They revelled round a spacious board  
Where glowed decanters bright.  
The while I heard, or seem'd to hear,  
Each seaman give his toast,  
And down inflaming liquid pour  
And of its virtues boast ;  
I saw them drink and drink again,  
Till 'neath that spacious board  
Down one by one they fell, and there  
In drunken stupor snored.  
I nowhere o'er that stately ship  
A sober man could see,  
E'en slept the pilot at the helm  
Dead drunk as drunk can be.  
Still onward o'er the floods profound  
That vessel cut her way,  
Still laughing sunbeams danced around,  
While gentle breezes play ;  
Still nearer to a shore she drew  
Of granite tall and gray,

Where rocks loom'd o'er the flood profound  
In terrible array,  
Yet still dead drunk upon that ship  
The crew and captain lay.  
I heard a crash of thunder sound,  
And on that rocky shore  
I saw that stately vessel strike ;  
Full on the heights before  
Saw her rebound, again, again,  
Then sink forever more,  
And with her to unfathomed depths  
She crew and captain bore.  
I saw them sleeping on the deck  
As closed the waters o'er !  
Then I saw a stately edifice—  
'Twas filled with mirth and song,  
And in it by the hundreds full  
Did youths and maidens throng.  
The night closed in and fleecy snow  
Fell inches deep o'er earth,  
Yet still the while within that hall  
Was feasting, drinking, mirth !  
Young men of tall and comely mien,  
And maids with smiles divine,  
Were feasting round the spacious boards  
And drinking ruddy wine.  
Each face look'd happy and serene  
As ever mortal's did,  
And fast adown their craving throats  
The ruddy liquid slid.  
The night was growing into morn  
Ere from that stately hall,  
Through blast and snow, those youths and maids  
Thronged homeward from the ball.  
Their ways were long through street and wynd,

And blinding was the blast,  
 And on the snow-enshrouded earth  
 Still snow was falling fast ;  
 I saw a gay and happy throng,  
 With wine-bewildered brain,  
 Halt, turn round, loose their way,  
 Then move down a winding lane ;  
 All arm-in-arm they walked along,  
 Unthinking where they go,  
 Unconscious that they neared a lake  
 All hidden by the snow.  
 I heard them in the waters plash  
 In headlong overthrow,  
 As each one dragged the other down  
 Beneath the waters' flow.  
 Their sudden wails of agony  
 Made all my senses reel,  
 As down they went—where soon, alas,  
 They'll no more think nor feel.  
 And then I saw a loving pair  
 Bewildered on their way,  
 In giddy darkness reel their brains  
 Beneath the red wine's sway ;  
 Upon their path they fall, and soon  
 With snow they're covered o'er :  
 A drowsy sleep o'ertakes the twain  
 And dream they evermore.  
 Next a broad stream I saw that cut  
 Its way through woody land :  
 A vast bridge with a spacious drawer  
 That roaring river spann'd ;  
 Dark midnight reigned around and loud  
 The winds those waters fann'd.  
 The spacious drawer wide open thrown  
 Right plainly there was seen,

And the horrid, horrid void that yawn'd  
The bridge's ends between ;  
I saw the ghastly, ghastly void  
Where waters roared below,  
That toil and strain by pier and pile,  
And on them foam-wreaths throw,  
And by them murmur with their wrath  
In everlasting flow.  
I saw the drawer wide open thrown—  
I looked from coast to coast :  
I saw the keeper sleeping there,  
Dead drunk beside his post ;  
There right between the railway tracks  
That o'er that bridge were laid,  
With head pillow'd on the rail, his bed  
That night the keeper made.  
I saw a train come roaring on  
Like lightning on its way,  
Fast drawing to the dread abyss  
That there before it lay.  
The engineer that eve before  
He'd started with his train  
Had with some jolly friends of his  
Tried juice of grape and grain,  
And now beside his fire sat  
With sleepy, giddy brain ;  
He knew not where he journeyed,  
And of signals took no heed,  
And let his train go flying on  
With more than whirlwind speed.  
I saw the train plunge down the void  
In headlong overthrow ;  
Car after car it roaring sped  
Into the floods below.  
Oh, God ! I cried when this I saw,



And strove mine eyes to close,  
But strove in vain, some greater force  
Did all my will oppose,  
And kept mine eyes still gazing on  
The scene of wreck and death,  
Though horror thrill'd through nerve and vein,  
And panting came my breath.  
Deep down below the water's breast  
The engine's fount of flame  
Sent its red glow with fearful flow,  
And bright all things became.  
I saw poor mortals struggling hard  
Beneath those waters grim,  
Still struggling to release themselves  
With all their force of limb,  
But vainly from those closed-up cars  
Those mortals strove to swim.  
Another sight methought I saw,  
And I went raving wild,  
For there amidst that horrid wreck  
Of ghastly ruin piled,  
Struggling midst the whelming waters, there  
I saw my wife and child.  
And with a horrid agony, that  
Pervaded all my soul,  
I vaulted in the air and burst  
That spirit's dread control.  
Yet still to me she clung, and seem'd  
That me in air she buoyed—  
Seem'd poised high up in air we stood  
Like worlds that dwell in void.  
Oh, God! I cried, if drunkenness  
These horrid scenes has wrought,  
If drinking of the stuff I love  
With such dread curse is fraught,

If to all these grim, horrid deeds  
    Drink has given birth,  
Then may God in his kind mercies  
    Straight banish it from earth.  
Oh, God! there are 'mongst thy children  
    That live upon this sphere  
Untold millions, men and women,  
    Old and young, foul and fair,  
Whose natures are too weak and frail  
    And soft to abstain from drink;  
Sooner the precipice they'd climb,  
    Or leap from off its brink,  
Or face the roaring cannon's flame  
    Than from glass of whiskey shrink;  
Through daily use they learn to crave  
    And seek for it still more and more;  
Soon they grow to love and seek for it  
    As ne'er they loved or sought before.  
Their minds and natures crave for it—  
    Their being and their soul;  
And for it their entrails riot  
    And war beyond control;  
And drunkenness will never cease  
    While distilleries are run;  
Stop these and then is drunkenness  
    Crushed, conquer'd and undone,  
And shall be hurl'd from off the world  
    Its most infernal ban,  
And peace and wealth and joy and health  
    We in its place shall scan!  
To this replied the spirit stern,  
    Truth hast thou spoken, man;  
Words true and wise as ever yet  
    From lips of mortal ran,  
And restless time will bring the day,

Nor is it far from here,  
 When every distillery and  
 Brewery shall disappear.  
 Man needs no alcohol nor malt  
 Nor any kind of wine,  
 Nor does any child nor woman  
 Amongst the human line;  
 And since ye mortals are so frail,  
 So soft, so weak, so blind,  
 And ever prone, alas, to be  
 Unto yourselves unkind,  
 Will aye persist to injure still  
 Your body, soul and mind;  
 Knowing this, perhaps your God some day  
 Will then be kind enough  
 To rid the world and man complete  
 Of all such baneful stuff.  
 Then men will cease to slay their wives,  
 And wives their husbands kill,  
 Brothers one another murder  
 With such a savage will;  
 And children cease to murder those  
 Who caused their earthly life,  
 And parents cease 'gainst their children  
 To wage their drunken strife.  
 And young and old of every sex  
 Will live in peace and joy  
 When once they cannot get the stuff  
 That does all sense destroy.  
 Nor will they see the snakes and toads,  
 The countless mice and rats,  
 Move o'er their tables, o'er their beds,  
 And throng from out their hats.  
 They will not see grim serpents crawl  
 Upon the winter's snow,

Nor monsters dread beside them roar  
Where only flowers blow,  
Nor see awful pits and fancy  
They into them must go—  
They all will live in harmony,  
Nor feel one-tenth their woe.  
Yes, peace and joy shall fill the souls  
Of every creed and race,  
Like air that floods the universe,  
Pervades unbounded space.

## SHE.

WRAPPED in the laughing sun's embrace,  
And buoyed by it in boundless space,  
The earth revolved its beaming face  
Until it to a focus drew  
Where sunbeams through a window flew  
And o'er a bed their glory threw,  
Where lay a form divinely fair  
As ever slept on mortal lair,  
Whose robes were sunbeams and balmy air;  
That looked like rich, ripe, luscious fruit,  
No particle howe'er minute  
But what the choicest taste might suit.  
Stem, skin and flesh and seeds and core,  
Where'er the searching sense explore,  
Was sweet as found on nature's shore.  
And with a hand as soft and fair  
As cloud that floats in moonlit air  
She lifted from her features rare  
Her wondrous hoards of wavy hair,  
That there disheveled made their lair  
And did all heavenly beauties bare.

And with eyes as pure and bright  
 As ever met Aurora's sight  
 She gazed upon the morning's light.  
 Her brow was fair as virgin snow,  
 Her cheeks wore all the lovely glow  
 That mingling red and white can show.  
 Her ruby lips revealed beneath  
 Her pearly rows of even teeth,  
 All white as frost on northern heath.  
 Her mouth did such a picture show  
 As rose-bud peeping out of snow,  
 But warm as ever mouth did glow,  
 Or healthy blood with hue did drape;  
 And all angelic in its shape,  
 And luscious as a rich, ripe grape,  
 From whose voluptuousness, Bliss  
 Could sip and find nought there amiss,  
 And dwell an age on every kiss.  
 The morn has come, she said, but wo  
 Nor heed if noon or eve it be,  
 Nor if the day nor night we see.  
 So let the sun upon us beam,  
 Content we rest beneath its gleam,  
 And here will love and sleep and dream.  
 Nor shall the ceaseless, busy stir  
 Of worlds without, their noise and whirl,  
 One moment us from bliss deter.

HE.

Oh, thou art fair as fair can be,  
 As bright as ever yet has breathed,  
 As ever being filled with glee,  
 Or ever death of life relieved,

As ever lived of labor free,  
Or any deed on earth achieved.  
Beauties of thy mouth no words can tell—  
It is a fountain all of bliss,  
Fill'd with ecstasy—I can dwell  
A century on every kiss.  
Beside thee life is only play,  
Earth a garden all of flowers,  
The sternest toil a holiday,  
Pleasures winging all the hours.  
Thy words are the perfumes of joy,  
The music of heaven astray,  
That floats down on earth to decoy  
Back souls that have wandered away.  
Fling thy white arms round me, my love,  
In thy sweet, pure, passionate play,  
We'll feel all the bliss of angels above,  
And all felt in nature's wide sway.  
I will take thy white foot in my hand,  
And I will buoy thee upright in air,  
As poised on it my angel shall stand  
I shall joy at her beauties all rare.  
The breeze with thy tresses shall play,  
Fan them round thy bosom of snow,  
O'er thy cheeks those tresses shall stray,  
But hide not the sweet dimples that glow.  
Clad in thy robe of sunshine and air,  
Thou, thou shalt all beautiful be,  
As when to banish mortal's despair  
Venus rose from the roar of the sea.

LEAP YEAR.

O WHY, my darling, why so late  
 In asking me to be your mate?  
 O do, my angel, let me know  
 If ever any feeling flow  
 Within the chambers of your mind  
 That are alone to me confined?  
 If ever o'er your heart and soul  
 Sweet thoughts of me e'er hold control?  
 Speak out, my angel, let me know,  
 So I my love for you may show!  
 O why need we now longer wait  
 When I so wish to be your mate?  
 O think what joys we might have had,  
 Each one the other making glad!  
 Had you but only years ago  
 In wedding me been not so slow,  
 Perhaps by this some boys we'd had  
 To style me ma, and call you dad.  
 Come, do you love me? tell me this,  
 And I will seal it with a kiss.  
 Around your neck I'll twine my arms,  
 And o'er your whiskers rub my charms!  
 I'll make this world so sweet for you  
 That wedding me you'll never rue.  
 I'll fill your heart with bliss so rife  
 You'll wish I'd sooner been your wife.  
 Our days shall pass so void of strife  
 That you will wish our wedded life  
 Would never any ending know  
 Till full a thousand years should go.

## AGAIN.

WAKE up from your lethargy, wake up from your sloth,  
For it is real ruination unto us both ;  
Oh, life is too short to be thus frittered away !  
Too fleet to be thus wasted day upon day.  
Oh, life is like an icicle placed in the sun,  
Ah, soon it is melted—into liquid is run !  
And beauty is as fleeting and unstable, too,  
Ah, when it is gone few come to love and to woo !  
Yes, yes, few seek the maiden whose beauty has fled,  
And o'er whose wrinkled brow many summers have sped.  
So ask me now while I am all lovely in prime,  
For I shall trifle away no longer my time ;  
Other youths will ask me with them shortly to wed,  
When once they know our love and courtship is dead.  
So make up your mind, and, oh, love, make me your mate ;  
I shall have my husband—I no longer will wait !

## SONG OF THE SEA.

WHAT on the earth can compare in wonder with me,  
The matchless in might, the all-unconquer'd and free?  
That nothing can fetter that is governed by Time,  
And nothing can ruin in all of nature's vast clime?  
The mountains decay and leave no traces behind,  
Not a vestige of them searching mortals can find.  
Vast islands that once the laughing sunbeams beheld,  
Where flourished every tree and ever fruitage excelled,  
Where proud man his empire of wisdom displayed,  
And the whole of those islands a paradise made,  
Now are but things of the past in history told,  
Long since my whelming waters have over them rolled.



By me evermore shall be those islands controlled :  
They shall remain but things of the ages of old,  
But wherever I dwell and all over my clime  
Is seen no wear of decay, nor traces of Time.  
The wrath of the whirlwind is the bliss of my soul,  
And I show my wild joy by the billows I roll.  
All space is filled with sound when I ever rejoice,  
And loud the caves of the shores resound with my voice.  
With pleasure I hear the tempest over me rave,  
Feel it toy with my bosom and sport with my wave,  
And all brimming with pleasure my billows I twist  
When caught in the strong arms of the cyclone and kiss'd.  
Like hills of the earth I bid my waters be tost  
When by the chariot of the hurricane crost.  
The fierce neigh of its steeds as it passes along  
To me is the pure essence of verse and of song.  
I fling my white arms round them with passionate love,  
Lave them with spray as they pass my bosom above.  
I feel my pulses throb through my limbs and my form  
Whenever comes unto me my true lover the storm ;  
Delighted I feel the warm breathings of his breath,  
And wake from my slumbers that were tranquil as death.  
He sends a wild joy throbbing through my body and soul,  
And on my loved shore my billows caressing I roll :  
I lave it with joy and gladly fondle its charms,  
Round it with love undying I toss my white arms.  
I feel it throbbing with bliss through all of its space  
As it yields to my kiss and my loving embrace.  
All things in nature I love whatever their plan,  
Except that haughty being the spirit of man.  
Him I war against ever by daylight or dark,  
And beneath my billows I whelm him and his bark.  
On his path from his view rock I hide 'neath my flow  
On which he shall strike and unto ruin shall go.  
Yes, long as I last, man I shall meet as my foe,

Ne'er unto him ought of pity or mercy I'll show.  
Though I gave him Beauty from the roar of my foam,  
To gladden his whole heart and to comfort his home.

### THE SUNSET AFTER-GLOW.

SOL has long departed from sight,  
Left earth to the mantle of night,  
Yet, around, above and below  
Western skies are burning with glow.  
O'er the skies a lustre is shed  
Of the deepest crimson and red,  
As that o'er the cloud-land he throws  
When just sinking unto repose.  
And through the robe the heavens wear  
Glittering stars of eve appear.  
Serenely shed on earth their light,  
Undimmed, unharmed in lustre bright—  
Though different hues those planets wear,  
Their brilliancies the same appear.  
The moon and stars at times are seen  
To wear a robe of gold and green,  
Yet still their rays through space they throw  
All undiminished in their glow.  
Now, ye men of science and brain,  
Come forth and this wonder explain,  
Tell us why those heavens are red,  
When there shades of night should be spread.  
Why do they such brilliancy show  
As an iron ore furnace aglow,  
When twilight dim, feeble and gray,  
Should only those heavens array?  
Tell us why such splendor is cast  
All over the universe vast,

Why oceans are crimson with glow,  
And red lustre tinges the snow,  
When all should be mantled in night,  
And the sun show no trace of his light.  
Is the tail of a comet now run  
Through space, 'tween the earth and the sun?  
And there as a mirror in space  
Reflects afar the beams of his face,  
Casts on earth the splendor that glows  
Where otherwise would darkness repose?  
Or caused by dust volcanoes have hurl'd  
Millions of leagues away from this world,  
That are floating through regions of space,  
And can find e'en in air not a place  
On which they can peacefully rest,  
And earth attracts them down to its breast?  
Or have some worlds midst boundless space  
In utter ruin ceased their race  
And crumbled into finest dust,  
And by some force terrific thrust  
Seek their way to earth's attracting crust?  
Has some new world just formed in space,  
Not yet discerned by mortal race,  
So midst the planets ta'en its place  
To thus reflect the sunset's glow,  
And o'er this world that lustre throw?  
Or has this world its cycle changed  
And all the systems disarranged,  
And neared some unknown planet's glow  
That would its light to earth bestow?  
Or has the air by mortals breathed  
Some all-wondrous change achieved,  
And lately donn'd some other shade  
And hue that doth all space pervade,  
That makes so strange the sunset's glow

And doth to it such sheen bestow ?  
Or has the sun himself been changed  
And his bright beams been so arranged  
They more of light on earth will throw  
Than erst his glory did bestow,  
Give morn and eve a richer glow,  
And all on which his beams shall flow ?  
A rich cosmetic lustre throws  
Which all through space and nature glows ?  
Or is it dust from some bright clime  
That dwells beyond the shores of Time,  
That roaring whirlwinds sweep amain  
And scatter through the vast inane,  
That onwards comes through boundless space  
Till earth gives it a resting-place ?  
Come, men of science and of brain,  
To us this mystery explain,  
And why the moon at night is seen  
Enveloped in a robe of green,  
Although she shines through space serene,  
No clouds her and this world between.  
Say, is it some contagion dread  
That doth throughout creation spread,  
That soon will grow more vast and grim,  
And through all space still denser swim,  
That yet will gather in such force  
'Twill carry all before its course ?  
Where pestilence shall all control,  
Pervade and agitate the whole,  
Adjust its forces with such skill  
That they shall all creation fill  
With pests and plagues—diseases rife  
Sweep from this world all mortal life ;  
Death mount his throne and reign as king  
O'er all supreme, and Life shall sing

No palinodia for man,  
Nor ought that breathes in Nature's span.

## HOMER.

I HAVE sang of hero, queen and king,  
All their deeds of glory told,  
Such as no other bard shall sing  
While her strong reign shall nature hold.  
The din of arms, the clash of shields,  
The flashing sword and gleaming spear,  
Embattled hosts on gory fields,  
With all the pomp that war can rear,  
Have been the theme that I have sang,  
And as my verse has rolled along  
The clash of steel and armor's clang  
Has thundered in my tide of song.  
But while amidst the wreck of fray,  
Where men and more than mortals fought,  
Where life as chaff was cast away,  
And men immortal prowess wrought,  
I ne'er forgot the poet's art  
By which shall every poet live,  
To limn aright the human heart  
As it to man did nature give;  
Its virtue, vice have been my theme,  
And I in man have drawn them true,  
Nor did I ever think nor dream  
For man a deed he could not do.  
The songs that I have sang shall live  
While mother Nature holds her reign,  
And man to me shall homage give  
While life and sense throb through his brain.

## ABOVE THE GRAVE.

As sounds above a torrent's flow,  
That ever on the air are rung,  
So shall my fame no ending know  
But ring upon this world's loud tongue.

## BLIND OLD OSSIAN.

ALL the deeds of my race of old,  
Those mighty kings and matchless chiefs,  
Live in the tales that bards have told,  
Their wars, their loves, their joys and griefs,  
And their fame on earth shall remain  
Graven deep on the rocks of time,  
And grow like the oaks of the plain  
Over the world in every clime;  
That lift on high their stately forms  
And spread their green heads to the air,  
And joy in the course of the storms  
No matter how fierce they career.  
I sit by the tombs of those dead  
That waving grass and moss o'er cast,  
Sit alone by each narrow bed  
And think of the days of the past,  
The ever gone, the never more—  
Where are those mighty of old?  
Where those valiant heroes of yore  
Whom did I in my youth behold?  
The sons of the conquering sword,  
The chiefs of the glittering spear,  
Of the bucklers bossy and broad,  
And the bosoms unknown to fear?  
Companions and friends of my youth,  
In peace, feasting, war and the chase,  
Who always in joy or in ruth  
Had in my hall and heart their place?

All those mighty heroes of yore,  
 Ay, those ever-valiant in fray,  
 'Neath this moss they sleep evermore—  
 Here are wasting, moulding away.  
 No more to the sound of my voice,  
 Sheathed in mail, they'll glitter again ;  
 On earth they no more shall rejoice  
 To hear, see me marshal my strain.  
 Their souls ride forth on the storm  
 And dwell on the watery cloud ;  
 Sheathed in gleaming steel is each form,  
 And flash their helms midst lightnings proud.  
 Blasts of the north open the door  
 That leads into their airy hall ;  
 Standing round on the misty floor  
 I see the steel-clad spirits all ;  
 I see the gleaming, airy spear,  
 And the flashing, shadowy sword ;  
 Through mail and form the stars appear,  
 Gleam dim behind their targes broad.  
 I see the ghosts of heroes there  
 Whom Time shall deathless fame accord.  
 They hide the sun with clouds in their wrath,  
 And gloom over the world is made ;  
 They send forth the storm on its path,  
 And the sons of men are afraid.  
 They pour showers over the vale,  
 And scatter them over the field,  
 The thirst of the desert assail,  
 And make it trees and flowers yield.  
 The roaring stream of the mountain  
 By them is swollen amain :  
 It rushes fierce from its fountain  
 And wild torrents deluge the plain.  
 They ride on the foam of the flood

To wherever those torrents swell,  
Wash from the rocks stains of the blood  
That were made when their kindred fell.  
The pale hunter trembles with fear,  
And the children of little men,  
When they see those spirits appear,  
And, quailing, they hide in their den.  
But the hero is filled with delight  
When he sees the ghosts on the storm,  
And he hears them shout in their flight  
Chasing the roe's shadowy form.  
With joy he sees those ghosts come forth  
Chasing hinds o'er valleys of green,  
Though vast as the clouds of the north  
From them no shadow on earth is seen :  
They cast not a shadow behind,  
And throw not a shadow before,  
The sun no more a shadow can bind  
From them on the sea nor the shore.  
Though loud as the voice of the wind  
They tread on the mountain and moor,  
No traces the hunter can find  
To show where earth their footsteps bore.  
And soon, too, to my airy hall  
Must the spirit of Ossian go,  
Where I shall meet my warriors all,  
And see again both friend and foe.  
And homage those spirits of men  
Shall pay to me ; I'll be revered,  
Esteemed and honored there as when  
In life the mightiest spear I reared.  
They shall all bend forward with mirth,  
And look forth from their airy hall,  
When they see me coming from earth  
The mightiest spirit of all.



With joy they shall look upon me  
Mount with the blast of the storm ;  
They round me shall gather with glee  
And welcome my shadowy form.  
At my coming they'll be overjoyed,  
As when in my days of renown  
My foes I conquered, destroyed,  
And gave away kingdom and crown.  
But ne'er 'gainst the feeble in arm  
Was ever the spear of Ossian reared :  
The weak I wrought never a harm,  
The oppressed I aided and cheered.  
But on each proud king of the world,  
On each haughty tyrant and lord,  
Ay, the strength of my spear was hurled,  
And he felt the keen edge of my sword.  
Many a grave with the form of a king  
I've filled by the strength of my arm,  
For when war they round me would bring  
I dealt them grim havoc and harm.  
But my strength has faded away  
As sounds of a tale that is told ;  
Years have made me feeble and gray,  
And time my arm wither'd and old ;  
All alone I sit in my hall  
The last of my race and my line ;  
The shadows creep over my wall  
As I sit in the sunbeam's shine,  
And there my dogs come at my call,  
The only friends now that are mine,  
With them I list to the waters fall  
And roar over their steep incline.  
They tell me the winter has past,  
That spring time is greening the vale,  
That leaves all the forest o'ercast

And violets breathe on the gale.  
They tell, for I see not if earth be  
With summer or winter assailed,  
The mountains no longer I see,  
For the eyes of Ossian have failed.  
Is it breaths of winds from the vale  
That lift my beard and sport with my hair?  
Or some ghost that rides on the gale  
Whose hand lifts it up on its lair?  
I hear a voice sound in mine ear,  
And it breathes like Fingal's of old,  
Ossian, it says, thy end is near,  
Thy race is done, thy tale is told.  
Come to thy father's airy hall—  
Cease thy journey on earth, my son,  
Thy place shall be the grandest of all  
'Mongst men who fame on earth have won.  
I come, thou king of men—spread wide  
The doors unto thy airy hall,  
I forth upon the blasts shall ride  
Rejoicing at my father's call.  
Hands of strangers shall rear my tomb  
Nigh the roar of my native streams,  
And flowers of Morven shall bloom  
O'er the grave where her warrior dreams.  
Strangers shall inhabit my halls  
And from bards my glory shall hear,  
They'll wonder look on my walls  
Where hang my sword, my shield and spear.  
My morion decked with its plume,  
Torn in Lochlin from eagles' wings,  
My harp that once drove away gloom  
From the soul with sounds from its strings,  
Ever green the glory shall bloom  
Of Ossian and all of Selma's kings.

# THE PRÆSIDICIDE

AND

## BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

BY  
J. DUNBAR HYLTON, M. D.,  
AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," ETC.

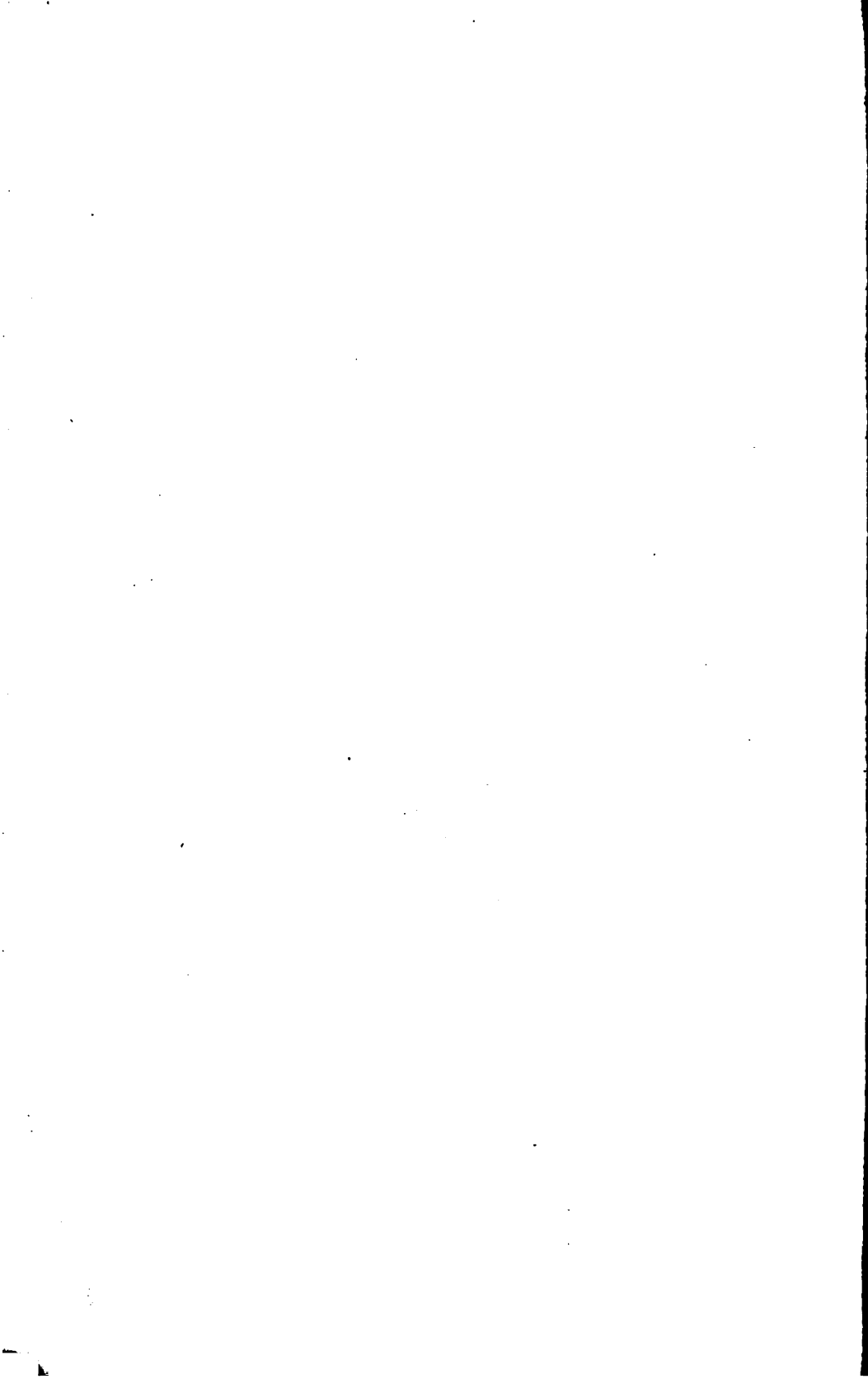
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SECOND EDITION.

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NEW YORK:  
HOWARD CHALLEN,  
744 BROADWAY.

1884.



## PREFACE.

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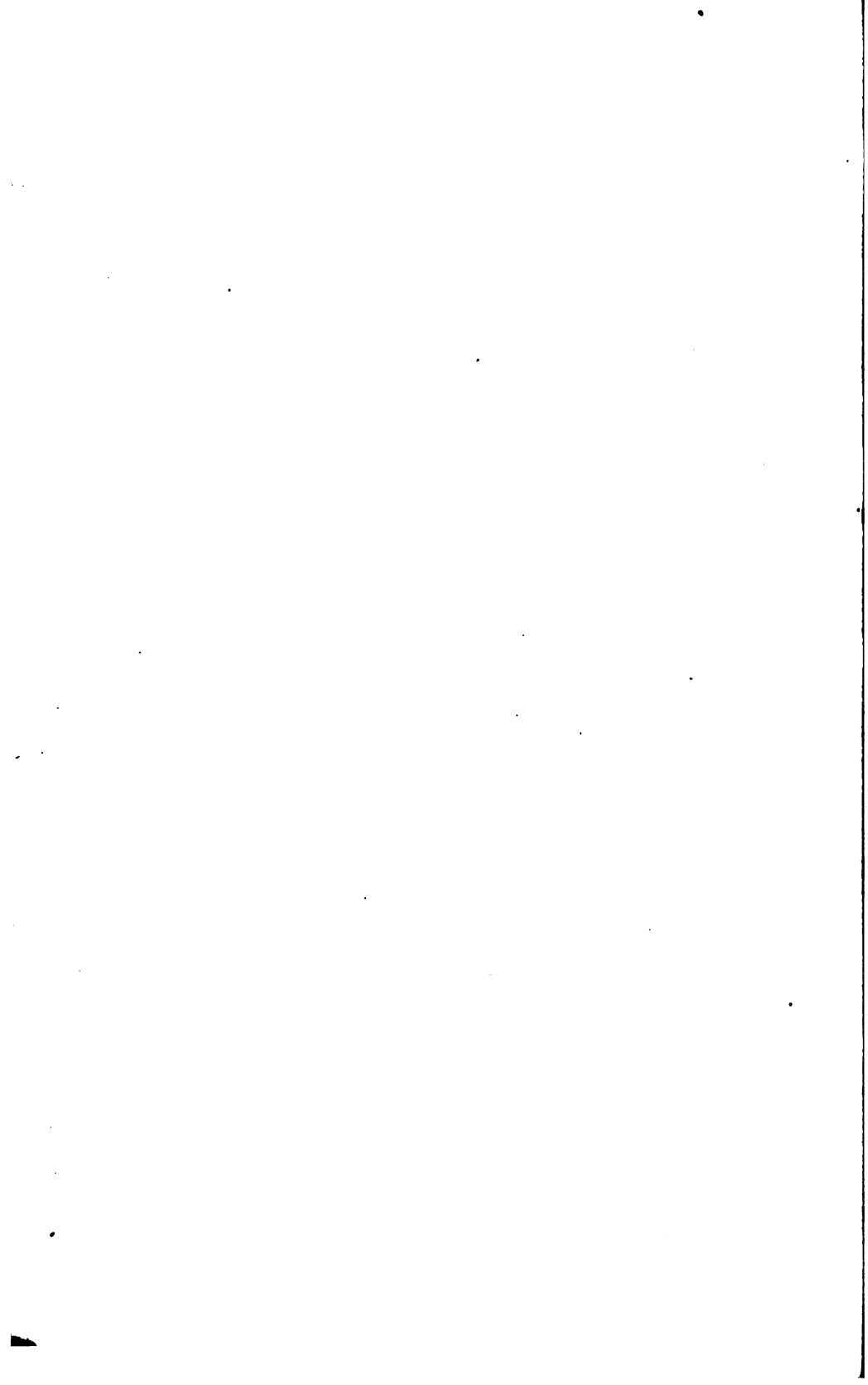
THE scene of this poem, which is in the form of a Monologue, and is supposed to give the thoughts and feelings of Booth, before, at, and after the murder of the President, is laid in the barn amidst the swamps of Maryland, to which Booth made his escape after the assassination. I have striven to make available for poetical composition the most conspicuous events in the history of the conspiracy, down to the night when Booth and his associates set out on their errands of murder. Except in a few inconsiderable matters, necessary for the creation of a poem of this length, I have adhered to the same survey of the conspiracy as that taken by the government. My idea of Booth's character is founded on the descriptions given of him, by those who seem to have been best acquainted with him, and who represent him as a man high in his own conceit, proud, rash, boastful and prone to be quarrelsome, with little heed for anything except the gratification of his own whims and desires.

The title of this work, "Præsidicide," is a word of my own coining, taken from the Latin præsidens, a president, and cædo, to kill, and is not to be found in any dictionary published up to this date.

PALMYRA, NEW JERSEY.

*November, 1865.*

(3)



## THE PRÆSIDICIDE.

### I.

Dark, dark the night is closing in,  
Fast falls the pelting rain,  
And o'er the moors terrific roars  
The driving hurricane.  
And through the forests bleak and bare,  
The tempests howl and moan,  
As if the dead of the past were there,  
Burst from earth with yell and groan.  
A horrid, horrid, ghastly shriek  
Of strange, unearthly tone,  
Or wild infernal laugh, that thrills  
Through nerve, and vein, and bone.  
And comes a fierce tumultuous sound,  
As is that mighty roar,  
When foamy billows boil and bound,  
Upon a hollow shore—  
But the ocean coast is far aloof,  
A hundred miles or more.  
Aha! a lightning bolt has thrown,  
Yon oak to earth amain.  
And like a fallen king it lies,  
Its limbs athwart the plain.  
Like Titan of primeval growth,  
In battle overthrown—  
It falls, though storm, and fiery bolt,  
A thousand years had known.  
Ay, ay, like mortal man himself,  
Slain on the lightning's path  
Or panym Idol tumbled prone  
Beneath Jehovah's wrath,  
All with lurid fire girdled,  
And with a crashing sound,  
In all its giant bulk and length,  
'Tis thrown along the ground.  
Deep and fast night's mirky mantle,  
With tomb-like darkness falls,  
While eagle unto eagle screams,  
To vulture vulture calls.  
The sheep within the far off fold

Raise oft a mournful cry,  
And oft I hear the night hawks' scream  
As round and round they fly,  
Amidst the crashing reeling groves  
I hear the croaking owl;  
The ravens shriek, and far away  
I hear the watch-dogs howl.  
Ho! the demons of the tempest  
Now ride abroad sublime—  
In all their wildest terrors clothed,  
As in some tropic clime.  
Now flash the forked lightning bolts,  
And loud the thunders boom,  
The world a moment's light they give,  
Then tumult and dense gloom.  
There's a moment's pause, a silence  
Awful, deep and dread,  
As though the warring elements  
Were now benumbed or dead.  
They pause like fierce contending hosts  
Upon a bloody heath,  
When night has hidden shield and helm,  
And spear, and sword, and sheath,  
And all in moody silence halt  
To catch a moment's breath,  
Ere the columns close for aye—  
In the awful grasp of death.  
Now comes a trembling o'er the world,  
As though the teeming earth  
Were labouring with volcanic throes,  
O'er some stupendous birth!  
And lightnings flash and peal, as though  
To rend earth's giant frame,  
And strove to make the heavens wear  
A zone of gleamy flame.  
The tempests shriek, the torrents roar  
In headlong fury by,  
Oh, there is madness on the earth,  
And anger in the sky!  
And there is madness in my soul,  
And horror in my mind,  
Sorrow, Remorse and grim Despair,  
All visit me combined.  
For gnawing Hunger, Want and Pain,  
Like coiling adders cling  
Round all my throbbing, vital parts,  
And pierce, and tear, and sting.  
Despised and lone and trodden down,  
Dark with the clouds of sin—



Savage and fierce and low and vile  
 Is all the soul within—  
 Nor can it e'er from grief and woe  
 A moment's respite win.  
 Ah, yes, I ever more must be  
 As at this cursed time—  
 A wreck cast on the shore of woe  
 By blasts and waves of crime!  
 Deep, deep each sound strikes in my soul  
 That booms upon my ear,  
 As though this awful night some fiend  
 Would dash me down with fear.  
 Was it a spirit of the dead,  
 Or but the howling storm  
 That shakes this damp and dismal bield—  
 That just now touched my form?  
 I felt fingers passing through my hair,  
 A hand upon my brow,  
 A breath breathe on my burning cheek,—  
 Aha, I feel them now!  
 If you are indeed a spirit  
 In form, and face like man—  
 I will defy you to the last,  
 So do the worst you can.  
 Come, if you will, and do your worst  
 While here I lie alone,  
 While no mortal is nigh to hear  
 My sad and frequent groan.  
 Come, fiend or devil, what you are  
 Your terrors round me cast;  
 Bring all hell's ghastly spectres near,  
 And call up all my past.  
 But think not while on earth I stay,  
 Though racked with mad despair—  
 You have power to stay my thoughts,  
 Or make me quail with fear.

## II.

Ho! Ho! what form was that I saw,  
 All clad in robes of white!  
 That just now crossed this dismal floor—  
 When came yon flash of light?  
 Was it indeed a human form,  
 Or spirit of the dead?  
 His stature was tall and stately,  
 And wide his shoulders spread,  
 And his eyes they shone like fire,  
 Yet noiseless was his tread.  
 But I have seen that form before,  
 And that bold open stare,  
 Yea, a hundred times and more—

Just as I saw them there.  
 They're the features and the form  
 Of the noblest man on earth,  
 More than Washington and Cæsar  
 In glory and in worth.  
 As noble and as good a man,  
 As free from lust and crime,  
 As ever trod this world of woe  
 Through all the tide of time.  
 A soul that no mean thought can touch  
 Through joy, or sorrow dun,  
 More than the lightning's fearful bolt  
 Can strike the glowing sun.  
 The man who never shunned a friend,  
 Who felt for others woe,  
 And ever ready to forgive  
 His most inveterate foe.  
 Yea, the generous and the kind,  
 The bountious and the free,  
 The open heart and hand, in joy,  
 Or dark adversity,  
 The man of all mankind—least  
 Has ever injured me.  
 His like the land shall see no more,  
 He the wisest, noblest, best,  
 Who stood midst the wise men of the land  
 King-like, high o'er the rest.  
 He whose constant prayer was peace,  
 And for it strove like man—  
 When Treason's hideous trumpet blared,  
 And when the war began,  
 He who held to the rebels all  
 The olive branch in view,  
 Who only sought to pardon them—  
 Not force the vengeance due;  
 Hail them with open hand and heart,  
 With friendship warm and true,  
 Bid war and desolation cease,  
 And yet that man I slew.

## III.

Ah! had I died long, long ago  
 While in my early prime,  
 Ah! wherefore was I ever born  
 To grow so deep in crime?  
 Why did I ne'er fall in battle  
 When rushing with the brave,  
 Or when a ship boy, in the deep  
 Ne'er find an early grave?  
 Why was I ne'er hurl'd off the mast?  
 For there I loved to go

When thunders bellow'd over head,  
 And billows roar'd below,  
 Ay, then I'd sit and sing and laugh  
 Till pass'd the storm away,  
 While all the trembling crew below  
 Had kneel'd in fear to pray.  
 Oh! had I lived an humble man  
 Within some mountain glen;  
 Oh! had I never roam'd this world  
 And mix'd with sinful men  
 I ne'er had done the horrid deed  
 That causes all my woe,  
 And makes me an outcast and felon,  
 No matter where I go.  
 No matter where on earth I tread  
 Men will pursue my path;  
 And though I 'scape all human laws  
 I can't God's burning wrath.

## IV.

Ho! Ho! what noise is that without,  
 That shakes this dismal field?  
 Lo! 'tis the deepening storm, 's death!  
 How dread that thunder peal'd.  
 Ah would to God! that yonder clouds,  
 That red with lightnings glow,  
 And with their awful thunders seem  
 To rock the world below,  
 Would now but bellow nearer me,  
 And burst upon my head,  
 And all thoughts of the past drive out,  
 And leave me with the dead.  
 Ah! might one fell bolt from heaven,  
 Come crashing through my frame—  
 Send my spirit whirling aloft  
 On wings of dazzling flame.  
 Myself I now would stay with joy,  
 And men forever shun;  
 But then an angry God I'd meet,  
 With twice fold murder done.  
 Oh! could I wander forth alone  
 To some strange savage land—  
 That ne'er was trod by human foot,  
 Or touched by human hand,  
 Yea, thither would I fly with haste,  
 Though racked with mad despair,  
 And shun all human kind for aye,  
 And all I once held dear,  
 I'd hold my still communion  
 Day and night with God alone,  
 And with repentance and with prayer

For all my guilt atone.  
 For I had sooner trust for mercy  
 From the all righteous God—  
 Than unto the kindest mortal,  
 That e'er this world has trod.  
 Nor could I ought of mercy crave  
 From any mortal man,  
 For I have warr'd 'gainst human kind  
 Since first my life began.  
 Ah yes, against my fellow kind  
 My hand has always striven,  
 Till now, when e'er they breathe my name—  
 They quake and shudder at the same,  
 As trees by lightning riven.  
 Nor shall they e'er take me living  
 To judge me for my crime,  
 If but one bare chance be left me  
 To end my earthly time.  
 They ne'er shall try me for the deed  
 By mortal code and rule,  
 Man deals towards man by his own laws  
 And acts just like a fool,  
 And all are just as vile as I,  
 As much the devil's tool.  
 No, God alone shall be my judge,  
 When at His throne on high,  
 The murder'd and the murderer  
 Shall meet before his eye.  
 Ay, there I'll see the man I slew,  
 And once more view his face,  
 There hear my awful doom pronounced,  
 Go to my appointed place.

## V.

Oh God ! 'tis sad to sit and think  
 On awful things like these,  
 And know the soul must some day face  
 The dread realities,  
 The soul must some day give account  
 Of all its deeds on earth,  
 Yea, uncover every secret crime  
 And thoughts that gave it birth.  
 Man we may cheat, but never God,  
 What He has will'd shall stand  
 Through all eternity, upheld  
 By His eternal hand ;  
 And though I 'scape all human laws,  
 And prosper here awhile,  
 What mercy can I crave from God,  
 Would He pardon one so vile ?  
 Ah, it seems hard the soul should mourn.

Through everlasting time—  
 For deeds done in its earthly frame,  
 The body's acts of crime.  
 Say, has the immortal spirit—  
 That thing, we call man's soul,—  
 O'er deeds and actions of his flesh,  
 Such vast divine control?  
 If so, why do we always sin  
 From the hour of birth—  
 'Till we die and the spirit gives  
 The body to the earth?  
 I cannot tell, but this I think,  
 That if the soul of man—  
 When first unto this world it came,  
 And first its course began—  
 Own'd such light and power divine,  
 As priests and preachers say,  
 To keep its earthly form from sin,  
 And o'er it hold its sway  
 Myself had never sinn'd at all,  
 As through this life I trod,  
 And the best of men had held  
 A stricter walk with God.  
 I've done no deed in all my life,  
 That had a taint of sin—  
 But I felt deep remorse, and hoped  
 Forgiveness soon to win.  
 I never doubted from the first,  
 There was a God on high,  
 And if I be by him condemn'd,  
 Woe takes me, when I die.  
 Oft I've felt a something in me,  
 It must have been my soul,  
 Or some unseen divine agent  
 That o'er me held control.  
 I've felt it from the paths of sin,  
 Warn me many a time;  
 But flesh had greater sway, and the  
 Devil urged me on to crime.  
 So when I die, my spirit goes,  
 My God alone knows where,  
 Ah! must it mourn for all the sin,  
 Its mortal frame did here?  
 Ah! must it linger through all time  
 In everlasting woe,  
 Though it warr'd with its wayward flesh,  
 While here on earth below?  
 Will it not rise on wings of light?  
 Soar back to whence it sprung,  
 To whence began its light and life;  
 No more with anguish wrung!

Like the distant wandering comet  
 When its far course is run,  
 That homewards turns with light and joy  
 And mingles with the sun!  
 Yea, when it leaves its earthly home,  
 Rejoicing to be free  
 Aye from sin, is it doom'd alone  
 To endless misery?  
 When it departs and leaves its clay,  
 We mortals see it not,  
 We only know, that life has gone,  
 And then proud man is what?  
 A load of useless clay, that soon  
 Grows hurtful to the view—  
 And smell of all his fellow men—  
 Ay, all he loved and knew.  
 And soon in earth he's hid from sight,  
 Turns to the dust we spurn,  
 For out of dust alone we sprung,  
 And to dust we shall return.  
 And this is nature's mandate o'er us,  
 That none shall shun below,  
 Man from the dust of earth was form'd—  
 And back to dust shall go.  
 And though we cover o'er our dead  
 With massive marble tombs,  
 Heap rock on rock above the grave,  
 Till high to heaven it looms.  
 Yet soon the hand of time will wear  
 The monument away,  
 E'en as the mountains of the world  
 Waste, crumble, and decay.  
 With time each stately monument  
 Shall be to ruin hurl'd,  
 The grave wear down and scatter us  
 Unto the moving world.  
 The dead we cast into the sea,  
 May sink to ocean's floor,  
 But soon the waters carry them  
 Unto some distant shore.  
 There to moulder into dust,  
 As all frail human things,  
 Be scatter'd o'er creation wide  
 Upon the tempest's wings.

## VI.

Such is the end of mortals all—  
 The coward and the brave;  
 Ay, all alike must sink to dust,  
 The peasant, king and slave.  
 It is man's certain destiny,

Yet, when we look at him—  
He seems so like a god in move,  
And thought and form and limb,—  
It seems strange, one so high and grand  
Above all things on earth,  
Should carry out the blackest crimes,  
That e'er all hell gave birth.—  
Look at man, from that mind of his,  
What noble thoughts can shoot,  
Yet he'll glory in deeds, that would  
Disgrace the meanest brute.  
Look at him, who could think but God  
Made so wonderful a thing;  
See the muscles, veins, nerves and bones,  
That together move and spring.  
Most complex, abstruse architecture  
Is this form of man—  
Of all the things, that God has placed  
On earth's diurnal span.  
Look at his orb of sight and see  
How wonderful 'tis form'd,  
How frail the veins by which it with  
Life's crimson tide is warm'd;  
Its arteries display the skill  
Of Him, who made them so,  
And bade the crimson floods send forth  
New vigor as they flow.  
Here, what a world of action moves  
Within so small a span,  
None, but the everlasting God  
So grand a thing could plan,  
And well his nervous system shows  
How wonderful he's framed,  
It through all time, the searching world's  
Astonishment has claimed;  
When harm'd it carries swift as light  
The tidings to the brain—  
From thence, through all his fearful form  
The news is sent amain.  
As lightning the intelligence  
Is borne to every part,  
With all the system swift it blends  
And lifts the throbbing heart,  
That heart whose valves and ventricles  
So small and fragile seem,  
Through which forever night and day  
Flows life's warm crimson stream.  
Look at each ganglia and see  
How skilfully and grand—  
The veins and arteries are placed  
By the Eternal hand

And look on those frail Lacteals  
 That gather in the chyle,  
 From all that passes in their range,  
 A strange unseemly pile,  
 Life's nourishment they there distill  
 Forever and for aye,  
 Which through glands to the thoracic duct  
 Forever wends its way.  
 Help'd by small valves unto a vain  
 Soon sweeps the priceless flood—  
 Which swift within the heart is pour'd  
 And forms the living blood.  
 From thence unto the yielding lungs  
 The dark red torrent flows,  
 Soon cleansed and fill'd with oxygen—  
 Back to the heart it goes.  
 Then it sweeps through arteries  
 Life-sending through his form.  
 Giving vigor to every part—  
 Keeping it strong and warm.  
 Through arteries and capillaries  
 The heart its torrent sends,  
 Throughout his form, then back through veins  
 The living torrent wends.  
 And as the blood is flowing on  
 From and backward to the heart—  
 Both life and death are going on,  
 At every move and start :  
 For cells forever grow and die  
 As the blood rushes through  
 The arteries and veins, as one dies  
 Another forms anew,  
 These, with all atoms of the blood  
 Are downward pour'd amain—  
 To the distant renal realm  
 Through many a winding drain ;  
 And there 'tis purified, the good  
 Unto the heart returns,  
 While all the foul unhealthy part  
 A spacious vault inurns.  
 So through some fair fertile realm  
 The waters sweep amain,  
 Forever flowing on and on  
 Eternal through each drain  
 Their virtues to the lands they give,  
 The forests bloom and grow,  
 Then others come while they rush on  
 To some abyss below.

## VII.

Hell and devils ! what thoughts are these



For one so steep'd in crime ?  
 One who must bear the curse of man  
 Until the end of time.  
 Hell and fiends, what strange thoughts to fill  
 The mind of one so low,  
 What care I for spirit or for man  
 In this my hour of woe ?  
 What care I if his arteries,  
 Capillaries and veins,  
 Be countless as the panting streams  
 Of Basra's spacious plains ?  
 What care I how the crimson tide  
 Throughout their winding flows ?  
 Or for its maker's fearful skill  
 Each thew and sinew shows ?  
 For I have slain the noblest man  
 That e'er the sun beam'd on,  
 He, who in worth and honor's path  
 A guiding meteor shone.  
 Oh could I bring him back to life !  
 Make him breathe and speak again—  
 I'd die ten thousand deaths and  
 Suffer years of woe and pain.  
 Devil, why didst thou urge me on  
 To deal the mortal blow ?  
 By God and man I now am cursed,  
 Thou laughs at all my woe.  
 Could the cry of lamentation  
 Arouse him from his sleep,  
 Would it set his pulse abounding  
 'Twere mine to wail and weep.  
 Oh ! could I see him start to life  
 And walk once more on earth,  
 Ay, move as he was ever wont  
 In light and joy and mirth.  
 Oh God ! it is an awful thing  
 To shed life's sacred stream,  
 To take the life God has given—  
 What horror more extreme ?  
 Yet I have done the demon act,  
 And did it foul and fell,  
 Done it as reckless and as stern  
 As fiercest fiend in hell.

## VIII.

Men say the smallest planets of  
 Creation's endless round,  
 Are those that nearest to the sun  
 Are ever to be found ;  
 And that through all revolving time  
 They cling round him the while,

Rejoicing in his light and warmth  
 And glowing in his smile.  
 So it is with little children,  
 They nearer are to God,  
 Than those who live to sterner years  
 On earth's sepulchral clod.  
 And had I died when but a child,  
 A little babe just born,  
 I ne'er had drained sin's bitter cup,  
 Nor worn a crown of thorn .  
 I'd known no mental agony,  
 Nor felt sin's scourging rod,  
 But as I came I had returned—  
 An angel to my God.  
 And those, methinks, that God doth call  
 Unto an early rest,  
 Are those poor children of this world  
 That are most truly blest.  
 For some divine all wise design,  
 He sends them here below  
 But lets their mission cease on earth  
 Ere they have felt its woe.  
 As comets to the sun return,  
 So back again to Him  
 Their spirits go, and form His choir  
 Of purest Seraphim.  
 Holy, holy, grand, harmonious,  
 Blissful, strong, sublime,  
 Around His throne, their songs of praise  
 Forever, ever chime.

## IX.

Blow on ye winds forever blow  
 O'er forest, moor and main,  
 Ay, and howl and moan like demons  
 In everlasting pain.  
 Oh had I wings to mount the storm !  
 And fly to some far isle,  
 That is unknown to man, unknown  
 To sun or morning's smile !  
 There dwell unknown to God and man  
 In everlasting gloom ;  
 Unsought, forgot by both, and shun  
 The murderer's awful doom ;  
 Oh ! there I'd wander forth alone  
 And care not where I go,  
 For the fierce storms that there would moan  
 Might sometimes drown my woe.  
 And on that gloomy isle afar  
 Where hurleys ever roar—  
 Soon 'midst the storm should lie my form

In death to rise no more.  
 Without a thought, without a wish,  
 Without the power to sigh,  
 Unburied on those savage moors  
 This perished heart should lie.  
 And with my form my soul should waste—  
 Yea perish utterly,  
 So that neither God nor man should  
 E'er find a trace of me.

## X.

Ah! wherefore should I longer live  
 Oppress'd with woe and grief?  
 For no power on earth could give  
 My throbbing pains relief.  
 At every weary step I take,  
 At every move and turn,  
 My broken limb is racking me,  
 My temples throb and burn.  
 Oh God! I do not fear to die,  
 But oh! it makes me rave,  
 To think I—the once proud and bold—  
 Must fill a felon's grave.  
 It chills the blood in every vein  
 To think I—once renown'd—  
 Should die a death of infamy,  
 While thousands gaze around.  
 Ah yes! methinks I see it now—  
 The gallows dark and high,  
 Me standing 'neath the hideous drop  
 A felon doom'd to die.  
 I feel the cord round my neck  
 In atonement for my guilt,  
 And hear voices shout, die felon  
 For blood that thou has spilt.  
 Ay, myself I now can fancy  
 Within their grasp and power,  
 Starved and chain'd and prisoned down,  
 Within some dusky tower:  
 And asking God to give me strength  
 To burst my galling chain  
 So I might 'gainst the gloomy walls  
 Dash out my burning brain.  
 Methinks I hear the laugh and shout—  
 And hear the tramp of men,  
 As hangmen come to bring me forth  
 Out from the loathsome den.  
 Ha! they should see no fear in me  
 I'd walk with stalwart tread  
 Upon the scaffold, and smiling  
 Hold high my manly head.

And this all men should say of me  
 When ceased my vital breath,  
 "Though dark his soul with sin and crime  
 'Twas face to face with death."

## XI.

The time that I was born, why did  
 Not death that instant come—  
 With his dread allwhelming power  
 And smite me still and dumb?  
 Why did the earth not 'neath me rend  
 And yawning take me in!  
 Since I was born, alone for woe,  
 And heaven I ne'er shall win?  
 Hark! did I dream? or did I hear  
 A voice speak to me then?  
 Just as that crash of thunder peal'd  
 Throughout yon startled glen?  
 Methinks it said thou fool be still,  
 Why mutter o'er thy past?  
 Cease madman, cease to howl and rave,  
 Thy doom is coming fast.  
 It was no dream, for now I see  
 A form distinct and clear,  
 But 'tis only a hell born fiend  
 That comes to fright me here.  
 And since it is a fiend that now  
 Commands me to be still,  
 I will not cease, and all me thoughts  
 Shall wander as they will.  
 I never fear'd a mortal foe,  
 So shall not couch to him,  
 Though he should rack me soul and form,  
 Or tear me limb by limb.  
 Hence, on your life you mocking fiend  
 And jeer no more at me.  
 Hence, fly to your accursed abode,  
 Where only devils be.  
 No shadowy fiend from hell like you—  
 Hath strength or power to harm  
 A mortal man, not half so much  
 As a wasted cripple's arm.  
 No, you are but vague empty air—  
 A weak and feeble form,  
 Driven from place to place o'er earth  
 By every blast and storm.  
 'Tis on such dreadful times as these  
 At midnight's murky hour—  
 The devil sends ye forth from hell;  
 Think you I quail and cower  
 Beneath your vile hideous stare?

By heaven no, hence, fly,  
 I am mortal man, and all hell  
 And devils I defy.  
 Though you drive men onward to sin  
 At some unguarded time,  
 You mock them in their hour of woe  
 And jeer them for the crime.  
 But you this head and arm I'll lend  
 To work your deeds no more,  
 Stop, Ho! back, devils why in droves  
 Do you now round me pour?  
 Ho! away, leave me here alone,  
 Hark, how they laugh and roar,  
 See how they dance around me now  
 And hold up human gore.  
 Oh God! is it so? or do I dream?  
 Or am I going wild?  
 Upright stands my hair and it seems  
 I tremble like a child.  
 'Sdeath! huge icy drops form fast  
 Upon my burning brow,  
 A chill runs all my marrow through,  
 All hell seems round me now.  
 Is it only imagination  
 That limns yon horrid things?  
 Are they but visions of the night  
 That come on fancy's wings  
 To outcast sinful men like me?  
 When they are rack'd with woe,  
 Ay, torn in body and in mind,  
 While fevers fiercest glow!  
 It must be that, it must be that,  
 At least I'll have it so.  
 And though I hate to view my past  
 My thoughts shall wander free,  
 God has given to mortal man  
 A power call'd memory—  
 And with her I will fearless back  
 And all my life review,  
 Nor care if spectres come around  
 How many or how few.  
 Adown the vista of the past—  
 One sad lingering look I'll cast—  
 Ere I sink into the grave,  
 For sure this night will be the last  
 That I on earth shall rave.  
 So blow ye tempests, howl and blow,  
 This night know no control,  
 And peal ye awful thunders peal,  
 And boom from pole to pole.  
 Be my companions on this night—

No human wretch is near,  
 And while I mutter o'er my past  
 Make music to my ear.

## XII.

I remember, I remember,  
 Though it is long ago,  
 And yet it seems but yesterday  
 Time comes and passes so,  
 When early on one dewy morn  
 With rifle and with hound,  
 To hunt and spend the day in sport—  
 Through mountain paths I wound.  
 For still I've ever loved through life  
 To hunt o'er fell and moor,  
 To track unto his lair the wolf,  
 Or meet the foamy boar.  
 The dangers of the chase I loved  
 Far more than aught on earth,  
 It was my nature's drink and food  
 Its glory and its mirth.  
 What joy to climb the craggy fells,  
 Breathe in the wholesome air,  
 Look around, view those works of God  
 So wondrous, grand and fair.  
 There was the place indeed for man  
 To lift his thoughts to God,  
 See the works of the Almighty Hand  
 No matter where he trod.  
 And oft upon some lofty fell  
 Or in some silent glen,  
 In those days I worshipped God while  
 Apart from other men.  
 Yea, like the first of human kind  
 Upon the grassy sod,  
 Alone, with meek and humble mind  
 I sent my thoughts to God.  
 Perhaps propitious to my prayers  
 He ne'er inclined His ear  
 But that I'll in the future know  
 When I at His throne appear.  
 I yet have hope of mercy there,  
 I'll trust Him for His grace,  
 'Stead of all wrath and gloom, I yet  
 May meet His smiling face.  
 For surely He who made this world,  
 And those that shine through space—  
 Will pardon a repentant soul  
 Not cast it from its race.

## XIII.

Well, it was on that sunny morn

Long, long ago, as through  
Those well-known winding mountain paths  
My eager footsteps drew.  
An aged hoary man I met  
Beneath a cypress tree,  
Care-worn, and sad his features look'd,  
Although he smiled on me.  
But age had withered not his arm,  
Strong was his aged form,  
Though many years he show'd he'd braved  
Life's battle, toil and storm.  
Down o'er his ample swelling breast  
His locks were flowing free,  
And while I gazed on him I thought  
Of "Old Mortality."  
Upon his towering, stately head  
Nor hat, nor scarf he wore,  
And in his hand, all ghastly white  
A human skull he bore.  
Shortly I paused and gazed on him,—  
At length "old man" I said—  
"Wherefore dost thou sit alone, whither  
Have thy companions fled?  
Since they've all gone and left thee here,  
Arise and follow me,  
We'll chase the deer o'er hill and moor,  
And happy we shall be.  
For I always loved from a child  
To go with the gray and old,  
And oft to wend with them I've left  
The sprightly, young and bold.  
Left them in the hour of mirth  
The song and dance and play,  
So come old man and let us hunt,  
Together spend the day."  
The while I spake adown his cheek  
A tear in silence stole,  
He turn'd his head to hide the drop.  
On earth I saw it roll.  
Though since that hour years have pass'd  
I often think of him,  
For ne'er before nor since I've seen  
Such giant thews and limb.

## XIV.

"Alas my son" the old man said,  
"I have no friends on earth,  
Into the grave all those have gone  
Who shared my bliss and mirth.  
They've gone and left me here behind  
A weary sad old man.

I'm left without a friend or foe  
 The last of all my clan,  
 There's not one living in the world  
 I knew when life began.  
 Hast thou ne'er noticed one lone leaf  
 Clinging to its parent stem?  
 Swinging with the branches to and fro  
 When storms are writhing them,  
 Though all the rest are scattered wide  
 Across the moor and lea?  
 Through all winter's storm and shower  
 However rude it be—  
 Still clinging to its parent limb  
 That abandoned leaf we see;  
 And that lone leaf where ever seen  
 An emblem stands of me;  
 'Tis sad indeed to see all die  
 Thou lovest, fondest best,  
 To see them drop off one by one  
 To everlasting rest.  
 And leave thee here, Tithonus-like,  
 Upon life's rugged road,  
 Tottering to a long made grave  
 And eager for that abode,  
 Longing and glad to follow them  
 And cast life's weary load.  
 Orpheus like I roam alone,  
 Oft bitter tears will flow,  
 And there's not one in all the world  
 To ask my cause of woe.  
 See'st thou this frail and hollow skull,  
 That looks so white and beautiful?  
 And yet so calm and cold?  
 Oh! it is dearer far to me  
 Than all earth's shining gold.  
 Once in this hollow cavern dwelt  
 A grand immortal soul,  
 That shall in glory live and glow  
 When earth is but a scroll,  
 Whose each impassion'd thought and wish  
 Had honor for its goal.  
 A soul full of poetic fire—  
 And energy divine,  
 And of bright fancy and romance  
 A rich, exhaustless mine,  
 And here was fair charity  
 And pure religion's shrine.  
 These are the lips whose melody  
 Is with me, round me yet,  
 These are the lips whose sunny smile  
 My heart shall ne'er forget.



These are the lips whose kindest breath  
 Was always breathed for me,  
 As hand in hand we journeyed on  
 Adown life's whirling sea.

These are the lips whose voice was heard  
 Like thunder o'er the world,

When freedom raised a cry of pain ;  
 His hand her flag unfurl'd —

And stemm'd the tyrants of the earth ;  
 Before his gory path

They trembling flew, as sparrows fly  
 The eagle's strength and wrath.

Nor ever yet in peace or shine  
 Or rolling battle tide—

Alone he stood, this stalwart form  
 Was ever at his side.

For we were brothers, and together  
 Into this world we came,

And both alike together grew  
 In spirit and in frame.

When years flew on, and time forced down  
 His body to the tomb,

He seem'd all like a giant still  
 In mind and strength and bloom.

When time and storm had wash'd away  
 The marble and the stones—

And all the mould that wrapt his clay,  
 I took his whiten'd bones

From out their lonely resting place,  
 And placed them in an urn ;

And while I roam upon the world  
 To earth they ne'er return.

And they shall go o'er earth with me  
 Be loved and honor'd still,

For while I have them in my arms  
 He seems those arms to fill.

Child, melancholy looks thy brow,  
 Does care thy spirit haunt ?

Does human sorrow blight and woe  
 Strive thy young soul to daunt ?

Has fortune gone and round thee cast  
 The murky fold of want ?

If so, grieve not, let not vain care  
 Youth's noble spirit tame,

Mourn not thy fate, 'tis mortal's lot,  
 And mine has been the same.

My child did ever woman's charms  
 Thy youthful soul beguile ?

Say, did she ever conquer thee  
 With all her sex's wile ?

Didst thou e'er feel o'er come and lost

Beneath her subtle smile ?  
 And did she make thee think her heart  
 Was wholly thine the while ?

Didst love the very air she breathed  
 And ground on which she trod ?  
 Yea, didst thou love and worship her  
 As thou shouldst only God ?

When she had won thy trusting heart  
 Did she ungrateful prove ?

And cast thee cruelly aside  
 With blighted hope and love ?  
 Ay, leave thee for another's love  
 Not half so warm as thine ?

After lifting all thy hopes so high—  
 Leave thee alone to pine ?

If that's been thy lot, grieve thou not,  
 Thy fate resembles mine.

Cast her forever from thy thoughts,  
 Why shouldst thou mourn for her ?

Turn to her, who will leave thee not,—  
 Be thou Wisdom's worshipper.

She, Goddess with the eye of light,  
 More bright than sun or star,

And brow serenest than the moon  
 Throned in heaven afar.

And more grand and fair than summer  
 With all its sweetest smiles,

When with heavenly charms it bursts  
 O'er Oriental isles.

Fairer than richest summer morns  
 Draped in all their light and bloom,

Where shines that brow are light and bliss—  
 Where it is not, all is gloom.

Her face is fairer than Aurora  
 Issuing from her caves,

And her form is fairer than Venus  
 Emerging from the waves ;

Fairer than the bow of heaven  
 When storms are darkling round,

Radiant as the priceless gem  
 'Midst Ganges' waters found.

With halo of eternal flame—  
 Fill'd with light and purity—

She shines upon her blazing throne  
 With her sister Memory.

Her words are sweeter than the streams  
 That flow from heaven's springs,

Purer than the golden drops of dew  
 That fall from seraph's wings—

When on radiant sabbath morns  
 Around the throne on high—

Their plumage quivers with delight  
Before God's piercing eye.

Her words are everlasting gems  
That glorify man's soul,  
They're as the diamond grains of sand  
That from God's chariot roll.

They are a fount of excellence  
For ever flowing on,  
Crowning hoary heads with lustre,  
Making grand each one.

They win the youth who seeks for them  
Bright glory and renown,

And place upon his youthful brows  
Their everlasting crown.

They're afount of holy essence,  
True source of joy and health,

The rampart of man's sturdy strength,  
His glory and his wealth.

They're sparks of eternity, flashing  
From the windows of the skies,  
Full of sanctity as the fumes  
That from hallow'd incense rise.

Yea, breaths of immortality  
Crowning, blessing man's lips.

And giving them a majesty  
Death, woe, nor time eclipse.

They're chains of living gems, which  
Truth and Memory hold,

Bright as the rays 'neath seraph's wings  
'Midst heaven's suns unroll'd.

More precious are her words than all .  
The rubies of the world,

Than all the sparkling gems that down  
By Goual's floods are hurl'd.

More worth than all the opals that  
In Ophir's mountains glow,

More worth than all the shining pearls  
That all the seas can show.

Strive thou for her, both day and night,  
And do no other seek,

She will give lustre to thine eye,  
And health unto thy cheek.

Strength she will give unto thy form,  
And nerve and brace thine arm,

When thou 'rt tossed 'midst passion's storm,  
She'll keep thee from all harm.

#### XV.

"Go walk with god-like Plato through  
Fair Acedemus' grove;  
With Aristotle, with Xenophon,

And with Seneca rove.  
 Go thou and sit with Socrates  
 Within his prison cell,  
 And hear the wisest of mankind  
 His truths eternal, tell.  
 Ay, talk with Athens' noblest son,  
 And tread the path he trod,  
 Who lived in form and soul a man  
 The image of his God.  
 And on the page of Cicero  
 Both truth and wisdom learn,  
 And Homer read until thy soul  
 With martial deeds shall burn.  
 Go, walk through every path of life  
 The same as Shakespeare trod,  
 And with eternal Milton soar  
 Unto the throne of God.  
 Study the lives of men like these ;  
 The mighty works they wrought,  
 Learn and study them day and night,  
 Drink in each noble thought—  
 Until thy very inmost soul  
 With equal ones is fraught.  
 For they have been, and still shall be  
 The glory of all time,  
 Be honor'd and revered for aye  
 In every age and clime.  
 Their frame shall blaze as noon-day suns  
 In everlasting prime,  
 Like hoary Alps they'll ever stand  
 Firm, solemn and sublime  
 Around no bleeding captive slaves  
 The clanking chains they bind,  
 But everlasting links they tie  
 Around the human mind.  
 They raise the dark and grovelling soul  
 To grand and noble things,  
 Waft it to virtue's realm, refined  
 As though on angel's wings.  
 Learn, and be no whiten'd sepulchre  
 All rottenness within,  
 Lest God should cast thy soul away  
 For infamy and sin  
 Shun Atheist, Idolater,  
 And only worship God,  
 Fear only Him, and humble bow  
 Beneath His chastening rod.  
 Know he who follows God's commands,  
 To Him his spirit weds,  
 Is loved and honor'd through all time,  
 And wisdom's pathway treads.

And he who is a foe to God  
Is to the world a ban,  
He ne'er can act a manly part,  
Or be true friend to man.

XVI.

'Tis strange indeed such thoughts as these  
Should come to haunt me now,  
Should fill the mind of one who did  
The darkest deed I trow—  
That ever yet was plann'd or done  
By any mortal man,  
Since Sol his beams o'er darkness roll'd  
And earth and sea began.  
Yes, I who like a coward crept—  
A coward vile and mean—  
Behind an unarm'd, fenceless man  
Unheard, unknown, unseen—  
And slew him there, oh murder foul!  
The fellest, basest kind,  
Dark as if I'd slain a cripple  
Who was deaf, dumb, and blind.  
Oh cruel and hard hearted beast!  
O dark in mind and soul!  
There is no fiercer fiend than I  
Within all hell's control.  
O memory! oh memory!  
Why this dabbling with the past?  
Oh God! my brain goes spinning round  
As a windmill in the blast.  
Oh lost! forever lost to all  
I once held fond and dear,  
There's not a friend 'mongst all I had  
Now dares to venture near.  
Friend did I say? not one have I,  
Not e'en the vile and low—  
Who help'd me plan and scheme the way  
To deal the mortal blow—  
That slew the noblest in the land,  
And turn'd its joy to woe,  
Ay, they would fly and shun me—  
No matter where I go.  
For there's an instinct felons have  
However steep'd in crime—  
Though they together murder plan  
And fix the awful time,  
Yet he whose heart is hard enough—  
And he whose nerve is strong—  
And takes on him the hellish task—  
The deed of blood and wrong—  
Though they applaud him long and loud—

And hail him dauntless man—  
 And swear a bolder never faced  
 The horrid battle van,  
 Yet when the hellish deed is done,—  
 When he has shed the gore—  
 That instinct makes them fly from him,  
 And shun him ever more.  
 With horror they recoil from him,  
 And tremble at his name,  
 As men start from the anaconda's  
 Jaws of fiery flame,  
 And none need e'er be fools so blind  
 To trust the faith of men—  
 Who are so foul to murder plan,  
 No matter where or when.  
 No quaking moss is less secure,  
 More treacherous, untrue,  
 No huntsman more fell danger runs,  
 Who treads the ice 'neath thawing suns,  
 And unawares goes through.  
 No matter what their rank or power—  
 How high they stand at that dread hour—  
 Or what their wealth or fame,  
 When once the hellish deed is done  
 They'll take no share of blame.  
 Like shadows will they glide away,  
 Nor lend a helping hand  
 To free him from the law, alone  
 He must for all the crime atone,  
 And all the charge must stand.  
 And if by chance the law should find  
 The others in the plot—  
 They'll all combine and falsely swear,  
 Seem to prove innocence so clear—  
 They mostly suffer not.  
 On he who dared to strike the blow  
 At their appointed time,  
 They throw the blame and brand of all,  
 He bears the heinous crime.

## XVII.

I'd sooner trust the leaky bark  
 To bear me safe to land—  
 At midnight on the ocean dark—  
 When storms are blowing loud and stark,  
 Waves sweep towards rocky strand.  
 Ay, sooner trust the tossing seas  
 In a wreck 'midst the fellest breeze,  
 That ever yet did pour,  
 Than trust to any men like these,  
 No matter how they swore

To guard and shield me from all harm—  
 When perils round me roll'd ;  
 Them my arm or ear I'd lend no more  
 For all earth's shining gold.  
 They leave their champion and tool  
 To suffer mourn and rue,  
 And keep, and reap all benefits—  
 If any shall accrue.

## XVIII.

I've heard strange tales in early years—  
 But never held them true,  
 Aye, thought them idle foolish talk  
 Amongst some aged few,  
 'Bout spirits—who in forms of men  
 Wander through this earth—  
 Who often come to visit men  
 In times of joy and mirth ;  
 And talk with them as man with man  
 And seem as man to them,  
 Who strive to warn them 'gainst the paths  
 The godly should contemn,  
 Ay, warn them in a quiet way  
 Against the paths of sin,  
 And bid them strive above all things  
 The love of God to win.  
 And now methinks that strange old man  
 I met beneath the tree,  
 Was of that mysterious kind  
 So strange he looked on me.  
 I thought not then, but have so since  
 He was no mortal man,  
 For none but him I've ever seen  
 Since first my life began—  
 Who looked so noble and so grand,  
 So lofty and serene,  
 So king-like above all other men  
 In action and in mien.  
 And all the while he spake his eyes  
 Were resting full on me,  
 Blue as the azure skies were they  
 And full of brilliancy.  
 Plainly as on that sunny morn  
 Methinks I see him now,  
 As thus he spake to me, his hand  
 Upon the skull's smooth brow.

## XIX.

"Thou heir of immortality,  
 And to a home in heaven,  
 Why wouldst thou waste in sloth and ease,  
 Perchance in foul debaucheries—

Powers thy God has given !  
 Or loan'd to thee His child on earth !  
 Wherefore waste thy precious time  
 In folly's bower ! for folly  
 Ever leadeth unto crime.  
 Does thy spirit soar no higher  
 Than grovelling joys of earth ?  
 Pleasures that waste and die away  
 The moment of their birth !  
 And are not worth a thought from man—  
 Weak, sinful though he be,  
 Child, young and foolish as thou art—  
 I've better thoughts of thee.  
 Be not like him of old who hid  
 His talent in the earth,  
 Improve those, God has given thee,  
 And give to others birth.

## XX.

"Thou heir of immortality,  
 And of a blissful world,  
 From whence all death and woe are far  
 Away forever hurl'd,  
 Where saints and seraphs soar through light  
 On dazzling wing unfurl'd,  
 Where ever round the throne of God  
 In sunny glory rolls—  
 A ceaseless, countless, sainted throng  
 Of everlasting souls,  
 Can man with all his boasted might  
 One grain of matter make ?  
 Can he enlarge the earth one grain ?  
 Or its foundations shake ?  
 The leaf that trembles on the tree—  
 And laughs unto the storm —  
 Could all the energies of man  
 A leaflet like it form ?  
 These bones I hold that once were in  
 A mighty human arm—  
 That snapped the tyrant's chain as heroes  
 Burst a wizard's charm,  
 Are as far beyond the power  
 Of man to make or form,  
 As for him to lift the huge round world  
 Or stop the roaring storm—  
 The earth, the leaf, the bones, the storm,  
 The grass upon the sod,  
 Are all the grand high handy work  
 Of the eternal God  
 Who time created, say can man  
 Take from the rolling year—  
 Or add to it a moment's time ?



Or stop its swift career?  
And yet how many lives of men  
In idleness and sloth—  
Forever waste and glide away;  
I would indeed be loath  
To waste an hour here, I know  
It is an awful crime—  
That God will sorely punish those  
Who waste their earthly time.  
So be thou up and doing, thy brain  
As well as body feed,  
Earth is full of things for man to learn,  
And those who run may read.  
Yea, earth is full of marvels strange,  
Grand study for all men,  
Those who strive to fathom them, God  
Will shape them to their ken.  
Lo! shells are vast on ocean's coast;  
And every shape and hue,  
Some round, some long, some large, some small,  
Some purple, red and blue.  
Yet 'mongst them all but one was found,  
Yea, only one possessed  
The pearl that swelled the merchant's store,  
And glows on beauty's breast.  
Treasures are many in the earth,  
But not in every soil,  
To seek for gold in every mould  
Would be a fruitless toil.  
Energy, courage, self-control,  
True godliness of mind and soul,  
Must be by him possessed—  
Who would from wisdom's mine bring forth  
One gem of such a priceless worth  
That it shall aye be blessed.  
By trials and delays his soul  
Must ne'er be downward borne,  
The gourd that in a night appeared  
Lay dead on earth at morn.  
Yon mountain oak whose sturdy strength  
A thousand tempests proved,  
Nor yet the livid lightning's bolt  
Nor avalanche hath moved,  
That stands like some bold sentinel  
To guard its native clime,  
And heeds no change as years sweep down  
The avenue of time,  
Around it on its parent soil  
Ere it attained its prime  
Ten thousand thousand poisons grew,  
Crowned with blossoms of every hue,

And rotted down like crime.

XXI.

"I told thee that matter could not  
 Be made by mortal man,  
 To make one grain of it was far  
 Beyond his wisdom's span.  
 And now I say, that man cannot  
 Destroy one atom here,  
 Let him pluck yon leaf from its stem.  
 And it to atoms tear.  
 Mash, pound it up, then pass it through  
 The furnace and the blast,  
 Roll, mash the cinders in a bowl,  
 And in the acids cast.  
 Let it pass through fiery blast  
 And mash it as he will,  
 Though he may change it to the eye  
 It is but matter still.  
 And there's no atom on the world  
 However frail and sear—  
 That man can utterly destroy—  
 The ruins still appear.  
 Nor can he banish them from earth,  
 As easy 'twere for him—  
 To drag a comet from the sky,  
 Or its pure brightness dim.  
 Hark ! didst thou hear that cannon roar ?  
 Its sound rung in my ear  
 A moment's space, and now 'tis gone,  
 Though it I no more hear,  
 The sound is not destroyed on earth,  
 As sound 'tisonward hurl'd,  
 And 'twill ring till the end of time,  
 And vibrate o'er the world.  
 The sound of my voice, or the wave  
 That bursts upon the shore—  
 May die to us, but do not die,  
 'Tis sound forever more.  
 The smallest thing that crawls on earth  
 Displays the fearful skill—  
 Of Him who made and fashion'd it  
 To please His holy will,  
 So how dare mortal man stand forth  
 In eye of earth and sky,  
 And say there is no God, hark ! hark !  
 From mountains vast and high,  
 From leaf, and tree and storm, and sea  
 From sun, and starry skies,  
 A strong all pervading voice is heard—  
 Like burst of hoarded thunders is each word—

And tells him, that he lies.

Through all creation's endless round  
The might of God is shown,

He made, and nought can be destroy'd  
But save by Him alone.

And e'en this world on which we move  
That looks so grand and vast,

That is a rocky crust around  
Huge seas of fire cast.

For men say, if forty miles we go—  
Down through the crust we pass,

And there find all the world within  
A molten seething mass.

The volcanos that to heaven  
Their flames and ashes throw,

Are but the lofty chimneys of  
Those burning wastes below.

Through them the roaring lava flies  
In columns tall and fleet,

When the world within becomes surcharged  
With matter and with heat.

And if God but free'd the atmosphere  
That doth surround this globe

For five and forty miles in width,  
(A pure bright azure robe)

Of all elements save oxygen,  
No nitrogen leave there—

Huge earth would flash to flame and in  
A moment disappear.

Yea, blaze and unto nothing go,  
Be utterly destroy'd,

Without one mere slight atom left  
Within the boundless void.

Such is the might of Him to whom  
Nature wafts a ceaseless hymn,

He all created with a breath,  
And all nature bows to Him.

## XXII.

"Inhabitant of earth, go learn  
Thy gracious maker's ways,

Go, look upon His mighty works  
With wonder and with praise.

Go at midnight's solemn hour,  
And gaze on heaven's face,

And look upon the countless stars  
That glitter through all space

Each a world larger far than this  
And fill'd with living souls,

Ever teeming with light and life  
As on through space it rolls.

Long through the flight of ages past  
 Men deem'd those brilliant spheres—  
 But torches lit along the sky,  
 To cheer this world of theirs.  
 Only little petty candles  
 It pleased the gods to light,  
 So fair this world might seem to man  
 Through the hours of night.  
 But science has reveal'd to him  
 What Xenophanes taught—  
 Was but man's pride and ignorance,  
 Without one truthful thought.  
 And now he knows each is a world  
 Far larger than his own,  
 And far more bright and glorious  
 Than mortal yet hath known.  
 And this low world on which he moves,  
 And loves with all his heart,  
 Is a scarcely visible speck  
 On creation's mighty chart.  
 Science shall yet unfold to him  
 Truths mighty and sublime,  
 Truths that shall never fade away  
 From off the sands of time.  
 All experience is an arch  
 Through which gleams that untrod land,  
 Whose marge forever fades, and fades—  
 Though we climb to knowledge grand.  
 Man's mind to egotism tends  
 All through dark ignorance,  
 And the less and less he knows  
 Greater is his arrogance.  
 He thinks he has unravel'd all  
 Mysteries of the world,  
 Yet by science each day he sees  
 New truths from darkness hurl'd.  
 And all the truths he knows as yet  
 However great they be,  
 Are but small drops of water from  
 A rich exhaustless sea.  
 He knows not yet with all the light  
 That science has reveal'd—  
 Half the healing virtues that are in  
 The grasses of the field,  
 Nor half the glorious virtues  
 The trees and flowers yield.  
 Chemistry shall extract from them  
 Balms for all earthly pain,  
 For every fell disease that racks  
 And goads the human strain :  
 'Tis through long patience and through toil

Man will this knowledge gain,  
 Who fathoms hidden truths must work  
 With willing heart and brain.  
 Yon field that waves with golden corn  
 Was once a waste of oaks,  
 And were a gloomy jungle still  
 But for the axe-man's strokes.  
 Those in this world's dark battle field,  
 And bivouac of life,  
 Would not be like dumb beasts toled forth,  
 But heroes in the strife—  
 Must be ever up and doing—  
 With hearts for any fate,  
 For ever moving on and on,  
 Nor ever pause nor wait  
 As slothful grovelling spirits do  
 For hint, and sign, and nod,  
 But aye hark unto the voice  
 Of an onward, urging God.  
 Those who start for human glory,  
 For honor and renown,  
 Must aye make, not wait for chances,  
 Nor quake at fortune's frown  
 And aye keep foremost in their soul  
 This truth, no cross, no crown.  
 They must snatch from Victory's hand  
 The laurels when she's slow,  
 Or hesitating where and when  
 Those laurels to bestow.  
 If a knot be tied so hard, they can't  
 Unravel or undo—  
 Like Alexander of old time  
 They'll cut the knot in two.  
 Like the mettled hounds of Actæon  
 They must pursue the game—  
 Not only where are beaten paths—  
 But through thorns, and flood, and flame.  
 Some there are whose powers of mind  
 And energies of soul—  
 Alone through vast difficulties  
 Develop and unroll.  
 The gold of their character is mixed  
 'Midst quartz and granite vast,—  
 Such an incorrigible growth—  
 Which to release requires both  
 The hammer and the blast.  
 Like that small oceanic marvel  
 Whose phosphorescent glow—  
 Is only seen and cast at dark  
 Upon the floods below—  
 When they are lashed and driven by

The fury of the storm ;  
 Ay, when the blast and hurricane  
 Their tranquil state deform.  
 Oft men have after knowledge sought  
 While paths of woe they trod,  
 While penury and want hung o'er them  
 Like Timour's scourging rod.  
 But who forsook her wholesome laws  
 When smiling Fortune came,  
 Sunk on a level with the brutes  
 'Midst mirth, and folly's train.  
 Like ships that safely ride the waves  
 Through all the tempests shock,  
 That loose their helms when seas are calm  
 And split upon a rock.  
 Had Lais lured Xenocrates  
 To her voluptuous bed—  
 He'd been baser than Demosthenes  
 When he Chæroner fled.  
 But Chalcedon's old sage stood charms  
 Of woman and of gold—  
 As firmly as the rock the waves  
 That round it roar'd and roll'd.  
 He stood sublime in retitude  
 What e'er his trials were,  
 To guide mankind on virtue's path  
 Was all his thought and care.  
 Be thou like him, where'er thou roamst,  
 Where'er thy feeling flow—  
 Be man and brother to the end—  
 Compassionate the low.  
 What mercies God has shown to thee  
 Do thou to others show,  
 Hide follies of thy fellow men  
 And pity all their woe.  
 And envy no man's earthly weal,  
 For it no hate bestow,  
 But let thy heart with love and zeal  
 For other's welfare glow.  
 Be brave as was Bellerophon  
 When 'midst fell dangers tried,  
 Bravely perils meet like him  
 Though they hem thee far and wide,  
 But be not haughty, proud, like him.  
 Lest God hurl down thy pride.

## XXIII.

"Behold, the sun is sinking fast  
 Behind yon mountain grand,  
 But he is only leaving us  
 To light some other land.

And I too now must leave thee here  
For weary thou must be,  
Since I have keep thee here so long  
To listen unto me.  
But where I go thou canst not know  
Perchance thou dost not care,  
Perchance thou thinks, thou ne'er hast spent  
A day like this so drear.  
Unless thy mind is dull and slow  
As Arar's sluggish stream,  
Thou yet may'st live to see the time  
Thou wouldst my voice esteem.  
Farewell, we two shall meet no more  
Beneath yon rolling sun,  
No more on this earth our paths  
Shall e'er together run.  
But when alone thou art, away  
From mirth and folly's smile—  
Then give a thought to this old man  
Who would thy soul beguile  
From sin to virtue's hallow'd bower,  
Think of me a little while!  
Farewell, I will not keep thee more,—  
Though I could tell thee things—  
That would set all thy soul aglow  
With grand imaginings,  
But though we meet no more on earth,  
Perchance in some bright sphere—  
We journeying may meet again,  
Afar from earthly care.  
Then we'll look down on earth our  
Mortal burial ground,  
And smile at all the woes that did  
Once our life surround.  
For there's a cherished ancient creed  
That in some solemn clime—  
Away from sin, and death, and woe,  
And from the grasp of time,  
Soul and body shall unite again  
In everlasting prime,  
And we'll meet and know each other  
Within that realm sublime.  
And I trust when I'm call'd away  
Unto that hallow'd shore—  
Again to view those loved ones smiles  
I see on earth no more.  
And there forever with them dwell  
Free from all taint of woe,  
Fill'd with eternal spotless love  
Nigh ready to o'erflow.  
And hard methinks would be man's fate

Unless he finds it so,  
 And as the alchemists of yore  
 Unto the flames consigned—  
 The heterogeneous ore  
 To make the gold refined,  
 So with sorrow, toil and trials  
 While in this world of sin,  
 God purifies man's soul of dross  
 So it his smile may win.  
 And what's a few short days of grief  
 Here in this world below ?  
 Compared to everlasting bliss  
 All mortals yet shall know.  
 They're not worth a thought and man's a fool  
 To growl and grumble so,  
 His heart to God so good and kind  
 Should ever thankful glow.  
 High on some glowing sphere we'll sit  
 And hear the solemn shock,  
 Loud as the hoarded thunder peals  
 That burst o'er Sinai's rock—  
 When God in awful greatness came—  
 And with such glory shone—  
 That not a mortal eye could look  
 That blazing mount upon ;  
 And see this world to atoms torn—  
 And roll'd in floods of fire,  
 And 'midst the crashing elements  
 Here the Almighty's ire.  
 See it in His eternal hand  
 While fire roars and glows—  
 Crush'd as a little grain of sand,  
 And hear its dying throes.  
 While all the startled worlds on high  
 Shall trembling look below,  
 Shouting hosannas unto God—  
 To whom all praise must flow.  
 Oh ! what a storm of prayer and praise  
 Shall be that day begun,  
 And never cease, but ever flow  
 To the Eternal One.  
 From all the myriad, myriad worlds  
 That live in boundless space,  
 And all the white wing'd sainted souls  
 Of every clime and race.  
 Keep thine eye on yon setting sun,  
 Move not thy gaze from him,  
 Until he sinks behind the hills,  
 Though he make thy vision dim—  
 His rays are nothing to the blaze  
 Thine eye shall yet behold—



When heaven's eternal splendors  
Shall be afore thee roll'd"

## XXIV.

I look'd 'till 'neath the hills the sun  
In all his glory went,  
And far along the startled sky  
His glowing lustres sent.  
Seldom I've seen so sweet an eve,  
Balmy winds were piping shrill,  
And rapidly the waters ran  
Down the gorges of the hill.  
Everything was bright and fair  
And glowing to the eye,  
All nature was basking there  
Beneath the sunset dye.  
But little time had I to gaze  
Upon the scene around,  
Or mark the bright effulgent blaze  
With which the sky was crown'd.  
For suddenly a flood of song  
Came bursting on mine ears,  
Sweet, and soft, and grand as music  
From the eternal spheres.  
Far away in a vale below  
The music seem'd to be,  
"Let's go, let's go," I said "and that  
Enchanting singer see."  
But no word in answer came,  
Nor word, nor sound, nor tone,  
Around in haste I turn'd and look'd  
And found I was alone.  
That mysterious man had gone  
Whither, and when, I knew not,  
Unheard, unseen he'd moved away  
As a phantom from the spot.  
Well I remember how my brain reel'd  
When I found it so,  
It seem'd the blood within my veins  
That moment ceased to flow.  
Up and down every winding gorge  
My eager eyes I bent,  
Viewed all the landscape o'er and o'er  
In fear and wonderment.  
Not one trace of him I saw,  
Then did fear my soul appall,  
For evenings mirky mantle  
O'er the hills began to fall.  
Down, down the craggy fells I rush'd,  
Paused not for flood or linn,  
Panting, throbbing with mortal fear

I strove the vale to win—  
 Whence came those melting tones of song,  
 The sweetest ever yet  
 Where heard since earth and sea began,  
 Or Light and Darkness met.

## XXV.

I reach'd the vale and then I saw  
 A maiden heavenly fair,  
 Dark were her eyes and sheen as stars,  
 And dark her flowing hair.  
 Ne'er before so grand a being  
 Upon this world has trod,  
 Oh! glorious and bright was she  
 As spirit fresh from God.  
 Her brow was fair as ocean's foam  
 When heaving in its pride,  
 Her cheeks were as the northern snows  
 When with a sunset dyed.  
 Adown her heaving breast of snow  
 Her raven tresses stream'd,  
 And 'tween her rosy lips her teeth  
 As purest ivory gleam'd.  
 Her step was soft and easy  
 As the murmur of a song,  
 Light as Flora's when she moves  
 Her choicest flowers among.  
 But how could mortal words essay  
 One half her charms to paint,  
 She queen o'er all in loveliness,  
 In purity a saint.  
 She pure and bright as any yet  
 Who breathed a prayer to God,  
 Sweet, kind and generous as e'er  
 This world of woe have trod.  
 Gentle, candid and serene was she—  
 And knew no craft nor guile,  
 A maiden with a seraph's heart,  
 And with an angel's smile.  
 Oh! years had flown on lightning wings  
 Since last I dared to speak —  
 Or breathe one word to her, although  
 She was as angel meek.  
 For I thought of her as of a star—  
 (So glowing bright she shone)  
 That mortal kind might ne'er approach,  
 But sometimes gaze upon.  
 I never dream'd that I might dare  
 To worship at her shrine,  
 So years had roll'd away since last  
 Her hand was clasped in mine.

I thought to let oblivion roll  
 Its shades eternal o'er my soul,  
 Not with her image shine.  
 But 'gainst her image fair my mind  
 Its doors would never close,  
 And love the while lay sleeping there  
 Like lightning in repose

## XXVI.

She sang in sweet though mournful rhymes,  
 Many sad tales of ancient times,  
 Of love, and war, and woe,  
 She sang of Agandecca's fall—  
 That sunbeam of fierce Starno's hall  
 Whom Fingal worship'd so ;  
 That for her bright transcendent charms—  
 He'd singly braved the world in arms,  
 And died or won her smile ;  
 Ay, braved for her the battle front,  
 And like a rock had stood its brunt  
 On stormy flood or isle.  
 Sang how Leander perils braved  
 'Midst waters wild and grim,  
 And how the lovely Hero mourn'd,  
 And wept and died for him.  
 This is the love for me she cried  
 Pure and for aye sincere,  
 That knows no change what'er betide,  
 All free from guile and fear.  
 That death nor any mortal foe  
 Can sully or divide ;  
 That flows as doth the torrent flow  
 Adown the mountain's side—  
 Defying hottest suns that glow,  
 And scorching, sultry winds that blow,  
 By them unchanged undried ;  
 And when closed o'er with ice and snow  
 It rushes onward deep below—  
 And cuts its channel wide.  
 Love, constant as the polar beam  
 Ever shining on serene—  
 With one undying fadeless gleam,  
 And like the glory rays that stream  
 From Sol, aye warm and sheen,  
 Though clouds awhile obscure their light—  
 From our dim, weak mortal sight—  
 Behind the mirky screen  
 They glow with everlasting glare,  
 Pure, endless and sublime,  
 And feel no death or change what'er  
 Through all the lapse of time.

## XXVII.

So o'er her harp that maiden sang  
 Until the moon's broad beam  
 Arose, and all effulgent shone  
 On hill, and marsh, and stream ;  
 Oh ! beneath that calm silver light  
 Thrice lovely did she seem,  
 And brighter than the brightest star  
 Her large dark eyes did gleam—  
 Full of heavenly light and love,  
 And o'er her snow white brow  
 There pass'd a smile so sweet and calm  
 Methinks I see it now—  
 All holy light and purity—  
 Emblem of the soul within,  
 Free as the purest saint on high  
 From taint of woe and sin.  
 She seem'd like one of those bright Nymphs  
 That in the days of old  
 Were seen by holt and fairy spring,  
 Or on the moonlight wold ;  
 Though ne'er was Nymph or Naiad one half  
 So lovely to behold.

## XXVIII.

Thou fairest maid I thus begun—  
 That yet mine eye hath seen,  
 Of all thou art the brightest one  
 That e'er across my path hath run,  
 Thou glowest like the noonday sun  
 All peerless and serene.  
 There's more of beauty and of grace  
 About thy lovely form and face,  
 Than crown'd the first of woman's race,  
 She, who in Eden fell.  
 If the great Alla once could place  
 Amongst his dark eyed Houri race  
 Thou wouldst their charms excel !  
 Art thou indeed a mortal maid ?  
 Or some bright spirit sent  
 From heaven, to this world below ?  
 For one short season lent  
 To us poor weary mortals here,—  
 To show what charms are blent  
 Within that glowing world on high  
 Where dwells no discontent ?  
 Thus I, she started up and turn'd,  
 Surprised to find me there,  
 Her eyes with anger flash'd and burn'd  
 Without one sign of fear.

With burning eye and panting heart  
 I grasped her snowy hand,  
 And leaning o'er her lovely head  
 I said in accents bland.

## XXIX.

"Glorious being turn awhile,  
 Let me behold again that smile,  
 I greet it as some heavenly show  
 Sent to poor mortal man below,  
 A type of those we yet shall see  
 Beyond this world of misery  
 Enthroned on seraph's brows, who be  
 To God and all the saints above  
 Hereditary heirs of love.

## XXX.

"Thou fairest being of the world,  
 That man hath seen or yet shall view,  
 With lips like morning rose leaves curl'd  
 When sparkling with heavenly dew  
 Beneath the rising sun's bright beam ;  
 And eyes more dazzling bright and fair  
 Than those that around Alla gleam  
 When all the Houris kneel in prayer.  
 And with a face more beautiful  
 Than all the rainbow's glowing hues,  
 Compared to thee how dim and dull  
 Are those grand sprites the poet views,  
 When fill'd with bright imaginings  
 He lies him down to starry dreams,  
 And sees them come on dazzling wings  
 With every ray of beauty's beams.  
 Thy delicious, dream-like harmonies,  
 Thy voice the very soul of song,  
 Have wrapt my heart in extacies,  
 And in it made sweet fancies throng.  
 Oh could I ever gaze on thee !  
 And ever bask beneath thy smile !  
 And listen to such harmony,  
 'Twould every earthly woe beguile.  
 Oh thou gentlest, loveliest one  
 That ever human eye did greet !  
 The frail flowers thou treadst upon  
 Rise up unharm'd from 'neath thy feet,  
 Each seems to smiling rear its head—  
 Rejoicing at thy presence sweet,  
 Courting again thy airy tread  
 They seem to bow thy foot to meet,  
 They know thou art all light and love  
 Fairer than the queen of flowers,

And harmless as the gentlest dove  
 That erst dwelt in Eden's bowers.  
 And I bend the knee before thee  
 With heart as faithful true and fond,  
 As ever roam'd o'er land or sea,  
 Or bound in Hymen's holy bond.  
 Oh! my dear and gentle maiden  
 Could I find words so thou might see—  
 How my heart and soul are laden  
 With pure undying love for thee—  
 Thy smile would ever glow for him,  
 Who humbly bows before thee here,  
 Thou wouldst face perils dark and grim  
 To share his earthly bliss or care.  
 And in my soul that love I'll keep,  
 And though I die 'twill burn on still,  
 Strong as the winds of heaven sweep  
 O'er ocean, forest, moor, and hill.  
 And each glowing smile thou hast shed  
 My memory shall ne'er forget,  
 But dwell in it when ocean's bed  
 No longer with its floods is wet.  
 Start not—I'd harm no hair of thy head,  
 Nor do a thing to make thee fret,  
 We've met before, but years have sped  
 On lightning wings since last we met,  
 If thou'lt recall a time, long since fled,  
 Me perchance, thou mayst remember yet.  
 But oh dear maid! one thing I seek,  
 'Twill bind and soothe life's shatter'd cords,  
 Pardon me, if too plain I speak  
 Nor be thou angry with my words.  
 Thou look'st so gentle good and kind  
 I'll breathe out all my soul to thee,  
 And what I seek, here let me find  
 In her, to whom I bend the knee.

## XXXI.

"I seek a fair and gentle form,  
 A heart from strife and discord free,  
 A spirit loving true and warm  
 To journey on through life with me,  
 I seek a kind and constant friend  
 Who Death alone from me can tear,  
 Who in affliction's hour will lend  
 A helping hand to soothe my care.  
 I seek a friend whose gentle voice  
 Can cheer me through life's vale of tears,  
 By whose side I ever can rejoice  
 Through youth and through all my old years.  
 I seek a friend within whose eye

An ever equal love I'll see,  
 Who can all earthly care defy  
 And ever joyous lean on me.  
 I seek a pure and saintly guide  
 To lead me to that bless'd shore —  
 Where doubt nor death, nor woes abide,  
 And spirits meet to part no more.  
 And thou sweetest, loveliest soul  
 That ever look'd through human eyes,  
 Assume o'er me thy mild control,  
 For thee my inmost being sighs,  
 Ah, be thou my soothing angel!  
 Forever by my side through life,  
 I'll shield thee from all sorrows fell  
 As we journey through this world of strife.  
 Let's hand in hand together go,  
 And be each other's comforter—  
 Down life's dark vale of care and woe,  
 Yea, be each others worshipper."

## XXXII.

Silent and still was she I trow,  
 And gazed on earth the while,  
 But oft upon her snowy brow  
 I mark'd a passing smile.  
 Then rising upward like a queen  
 From off a stately throne,  
 Glowing with majesty serene  
 As earth before had never seen  
 And never but that time hath been  
 Save in heaven alone;  
 All like an angel in her mein  
 (The grandest ever known)  
 Towards me awhile she deign'd to lean  
 Raising her hand as though to screen  
 Those eyes so wondrous dark and sheen,—  
 And with unfaltering tone—  
 Stepping backward on the green,  
 She said "Thou man begone.  
 Begone, haste fly thee hence from me,  
 No more thy nonsense tell,  
 Thou art some madman just set free—  
 Or broke from prison cell."  
 Then swift and graceful as a fawn—  
 Scared by the shadows of the dawn,  
 Or of the close of day—  
 That suddenly 'log its path are drawn,  
 So down the sweet flowery lawn  
 She 'gan to wend her way.

## XXXIII.

Had some angelic spirit come  
 To this vain world below,  
 And borne me up on wings of light  
 From all my care and woe;  
 And placed me on some gaudy throne  
 Where I could look around—  
 As king of ocean, earth and man,  
 Where I could hear the sound—  
 By night and day of ceaseless song—  
 Pour'd forth from many a voice,  
 And told me that they sang my praise,  
 And bade me long rejoice.  
 Told me that I was high above  
 All death and woe and sin,  
 That I had won each peerless wish  
 The soul e'er sought to win;  
 That mine was the priceless dower  
 Of rest and hope within,  
 And when my soul was wrapped in bliss,  
 And extacy divine,  
 While joy tingling ran through every  
 Nerve, pulse, and vein of mine,  
 He had said thou fool, and hurl'd me  
 To the abyss below,  
 And left me with a smile of scorn  
 In agony and woe,  
 I had not felt more deeply grieved  
 Than when I saw her go!

## XXXIV.

"Stay, stay, all hastily I cried—  
 Alone thou shalt not go,  
 With thee sweet maid I'll wend, let  
 Cause me weal or fellest woe.  
 Grasping her snowy hand in mine  
 I gazed into her eyes,  
 That glow'd with grand astonishment,  
 With terror and surprise.  
 Away with all this fear I said,  
 No harm can thee befall,  
 As safely here thou 'bidest with me  
 As in some guarded hall.  
 Maiden hast thou forgotten him,  
 Who on one stormy day  
 Drag'd thee from yon roaring stream, when  
 Thou in it helpless lay?  
 Say rememberest thou not him  
 Who rescued thee from death?  
 Who saved thee from yon flood when thou  
 Wert almost void of breath?  
 And bore thee in his trembling arms



Unto thy hoary sire?  
 And watch'd o'er thee until he saw  
 All signs of death retire.  
 And he who rushed to save thee then  
 From yonder roaring linn,  
 Would any danger brave with joy  
 So he thy smile might win.  
 Nor think thee, he who saved thee once  
 Would dream to harm thee now,  
 So let all fear be gone, let joy  
 Again light up thy brow.  
 And pause one moment more sweet maid,  
 But do not tremble so,  
 I wish to prove that I am he  
 Then thou art free to go.

## XXXV.

"It was beneath yon stately oak  
 That waves its branches there,  
 That overlooks yon torrent strong,  
 Yon waters deep and clear,  
 I sat that day, waiting my hounds  
 To start some fawn or deer;  
 I heard a splashing in the stream,  
 And shriek of wild despair;  
 And turning round my gaze, I saw  
 Upon that torrent strong—  
 A frail slender bark by the tide  
 Borne rapidly along.  
 And in it sat a female child  
 Divinely bright and fair,  
 Who strove against that torrent fierce  
 Her little bark to steer.  
 I watch'd her till the torrent bore  
 Her towards yon waterfall,  
 I saw her bark then driven o'er,  
 That bark so frail and small;  
 And saw the waters round it roar  
 In surges white and tall,  
 Made fierce with rains that then did pour,  
 And by the autumn squall.  
 And, struggling through the froth and foam  
 I saw the maid again,  
 I heard one wild piteous scream  
 That thrill'd my soul with pain.  
 All pass'd before me like a dream  
 That flashes through the brain;  
 I plung'd me in the roaring stream  
 And swam to her again.  
 One arm around her form I cast,  
 And with the other strove

To bear her from those surges vast,—  
 That down like demons drove,  
 Foaming beneath the furious blast  
 Drowning swift that little dove.  
 Oh God ! it seem'd all hope was past  
 Methought I saw her breathe her last,  
 When towards yon shallow cove—  
 One long desperate stroke I made  
 With all that energy—  
 Fell Terror brings the wretch to aid—  
 And some how sets him free—  
 Though dangers be around him laid  
 In maddening agony.  
 Then grasp'd the branches of a tree  
 That did o'er the flood incline,  
 Soon hope revived and bounded free.  
 Through all this frame of mine,  
 For soon upon the solid ground  
 I laid her helpless form,  
 Shield'd her from that blast profound,  
 From all that rain and storm,  
 Until I felt her pulse rebound,  
 And felt her heart grow warm.  
 No more dear maid I need to tell,  
 The rest thou may'st remember well ;  
 From death I saved those charms,  
 And then bore thee adown yon dell  
 Unto thy sire's arms.

## XXXVI.

"But since that half forgotten time,  
 That day of joy and tears,  
 And this eve so lovely and sublime  
 There's a broad span of years.  
 And many changes too have flown  
 O'er earth's diurnal span,  
 Thou hast a lovely maiden grown,  
 And I a bearded man.  
 Never from that hour till this  
 Has thou e'er gazed on me,  
 But it has been my secret bliss  
 To sometimes gaze on thee.  
 And all unseen, unknown by thee  
 I've watch'd thee blooming here,  
 Watch'd thee fond and tenderly,  
 But never ventured near.  
 Watch'd thee as some fair stately tree  
 Within some glowing scene,  
 Aye crown'd with fountains fresh and free,  
 And with eternal green.  
 And like that tree I've seen thee grow

To loveliness sublime,  
 And long I've watch'd thee bloom and glow  
 In fair and glorious prime.  
 But still I've kept aloof from thee,  
 And view'd thee from afar,  
 With all that homage pure and true  
 The Indian pays the star,  
 Watch'd thee fondly as Elisha view'd  
 Elijah's burning car.  
 I deem'd thee best of human kind,  
 And such I know thou art,  
 Yea, thou art far above them all  
 As sun and earth apart.  
 As the flower that blooms beside  
 The crater's burning lips,  
 And beautifies the gloomy waste  
 That down in darkness dips,  
 So on this world thou seemst to me,  
 Nor shall time one charm eclipse.  
 So be not angry with me love  
 When unto thee I say,  
 I loved thee so I could no more  
 From thy sweet presence stay.  
 Thy delicious, dream-like harmonies  
 Enticed me here this eve,  
 And ere we part one pitying smile  
 Let me from thee receive."

## XXXVII.

The while I spake her lovely eyes  
 Were beaming full on me,  
 Oft they flash'd with queenly pride,  
 Then shone mild and tenderly.  
 And when I ceased, with low sweet voice  
 She said—"Art thou indeed  
 That little boy who rescued me,  
 When like a helpless reed—  
 I was dash'd along in yonder stream  
 With all its fearful speed?  
 Who dangers braved for me and saved  
 Me in that time of need?  
 I've wonder'd what became of him,  
 And where on earth he trod,  
 Oft for his welfare have I pray'd  
 When prayers I breathed to God.  
 But I have always pictured him  
 As at that time he seem'd,  
 A beardless, heroic, stalwart boy,  
 Whose eye with courage beam'd.  
 Scarce can I recognize in thee  
 That boy of by gone days,

Save in the easy dauntless air  
 Thou seemst to have always.  
 Since thou art he, who rescued me  
 From drowning when a child,  
 Who peril'd thy own life for me  
 'Midst waters dark and wild,  
 To thee my heart shall always glow  
 With thanks and gratitude,  
 And do whatever time may show  
 For all thy weal and good.  
 And when thou roamest near this spot  
 I will of thee request—  
 That thou wilt call at yonder cot,  
 Thou'lt be a welcomed guest.  
 But timespeedson, the night grows late,  
 And I must move from here,  
 At morn come thou to yonder cot  
 Thou'll find my sire there."

## XXXVIII.

She said and towards her vine-clad cot.  
 With stately step she trod,  
 I mark'd her as she moved along  
 O'er the flower and clod,  
 No step so light and true as hers  
 Has press'd earth's glowing sod,  
 Since all the races of mankind  
 Sprung from the hand of God.  
 I mark'd her in her doorway stand  
 All like a vision bright,  
 But ere she closed the door she smiled,  
 And waved her hand good night,  
 Good night, sweet angel of my heart,  
 I answer'd with a sigh,  
 May God to watch and guard o'er thee  
 Be ever hovering nigh.

## XXXIX.

Ah ! why does that sweet gentle maid  
 Whose bright transcendent smile—  
 Glow'd pure and holy as a saint's  
 All free from every wile—  
 Haunt me in this hour of woe?  
 Of torture and of pain ?  
 Ah ! why comes she to this sad mind  
 With all her smiles again ?  
 Ah ! why does one so pure and grand  
 Haunt my memory still ?  
 Why do her gentle words and looks  
 Now this vile bosom fill ?  
 She comes because while gazing down  
 The corridor of time,  
 From boyhood's wild and tender years

To manhood's sterner prime,  
 She's the sole one I've met that seemed  
 A being all sublime.  
 She's the loveliest Oasis  
 That memory can find—  
 While travelling o'er that arid waste  
 Of years I've left behind.  
 She's ever shrined amongst my thoughts  
 Like some bright star of even,  
 Which sheds its hallowing light across  
 The azure vault of heaven.  
 And aye before my spirit's gaze—  
 Amidst the realm of dreams—  
 Like moonlight glittering on the sea,  
 Her 'witching beauty gleams.  
 Methinks I can recall her now  
 As in those days gone by,  
 Recall each word she spake to me,  
 Yea, every sweet reply.  
 Methinks I hear her speaking now  
 With voice so sweet and low,  
 As erst she spake, and thrills of joy  
 Would through my being go.  
 I see her at her cottage door,  
 Or roaming o'er her lawn,  
 Graceful, queenly in all her ways,  
 And timid as the fawn.  
 But she is dead, not only her—  
 But every one who e'er—  
 Has seemed to love and cherish me,  
 What e'er my follies were  
 Yea, all those who e'er deigned to look  
 With kindness and with love—  
 On all those vast defects and faults  
 That through my nature rove.

## XL.

Ah, my God ! I remember well  
 That dark and stormy night,  
 When from this world of grief and woe  
 Her spirit took its flight.  
 'Twas at midnight's solemn hour  
 A stormy night like this—  
 Her spirit soar'd on wings of light  
 And reach'd the realm of bliss.  
 And left me here on earth alone  
 To ever mourn her loss :—  
 Left me a shatter'd helmless wreck  
 With waves and winds to toss.  
 Had God but left her here with me  
 For one short span of years,  
 She would have made me such a man

As seldom here appears,  
 For none have ever lived on earth  
 Who o'er my mind and soul,  
 Could like her such influence gain,  
 Such thorough, vast control.  
 Her gentle voice had guided me  
 Upon the road to heaven,  
 And for all woe, her sunny smile  
 A healing balm had given.  
 She might have led me if she chose  
 In bonds that would appall—  
 And gall all other men, and I  
 Would ne'er have felt her thrall,—  
 I worshipp'd and I loved her so ;  
 But 'twas not thus to be,  
 Away God took her ere the time,  
 Yea, call'd her far from me.

## XLI.

Away, away ye gloomy thoughts,  
 Bring back that happy day,  
 When her and I stood gazing on  
 The mountain torrent's spray.  
 Her hand all snowy white and small  
 Was gently clasped in mine,  
 And oft I saw her starry eyes  
 Stol'n-wise upon me shine.  
 I never thought that mortal maid  
 Could thrill my being so—  
 With worship, love, and awe, as then  
 I felt within me glow.  
 Before her on the grassy sod  
 I a pleading captive kneel'd,  
 And pour'd out all my soul to her,  
 Yea, all my love reveal'd.  
 Come, be my soul's far dearest part,  
 The angel of my life,  
 And soothe one weary aching heart  
 Amidst this world of strife.  
 Oh, come, and journey by my side  
 As down life's vale I go ;  
 Oh, be my partner, friend and guide,  
 And charmer of all woe !  
 For as the loving mother yearns  
 Towards her only child,  
 So aye, to thee my spirit turns  
 With passion almost wild.  
 I'll shield thee from all storm and care  
 And gladden all thy days,  
 And thou shalt be my guiding star  
 Through all life's checker'd ways,  
 Ah, maiden, say ! oh, let me know !

Nor keep me here so long  
 In doubt and agony, thou knowest  
 My love is deep and strong.  
 I know, nought but love and pity  
 Can touch a soul like thine,  
 More than the lightning's fearful flame  
 Could strike the stars divine.  
 I know thou art all good and kind  
 As angels o'er distress.  
 And thou wilt say one little word  
 That all my life will bless ;  
 I ask thee if thou wilt be mine.  
 And, ah ! now answer Yes !

## XLII.

Glorious day, O, happy day !  
 All grand and bright in every way ;  
 The sweetest ever known  
 Through all the mortal span of years  
 That o'er my head have flown.  
 Sorrow and grim Despair were gone,  
 All but bliss and joy were fled ;  
 Hope warm'd and fill'd my heart, Gladness  
 Flapped its wings above my head.  
 She turn'd her eyes on me, beaming  
 With love, that knows no shame,  
 Through all my inmost being shot  
 Their pure and holy flame.  
 But all the while my heart hung poised  
 'Twixt joy and agony,  
 Till with a voice all low and sweet  
 She smiling spake to me.

## XLIII.

"Had I e'er sought a friend to love,  
 To honor and esteem,  
 Above the rest of human kind,  
 Aye, love with all my soul and mind,  
 And second but to Him alone  
 Who sits on heaven's topmost throne,  
 Do not a moment dream—  
 But I had chosen that bold youth  
 Who on that stormy day—  
 Freely peril'd his own life for me  
 Amidst the torrent's spray.  
 Nor could I e'er do aught to thee  
 To cause thy soul distress,  
 And I will share thy earthly lot  
 If 'twill crown thy happiness.  
 Aye hand in hand whate'er betide  
 Through life with thee I'll go,  
 To bless and comfort thee and share

Thy peril, pain or woe."

XLIV.

There's a time of such joy and bliss  
 Unto all mortals given—  
 They feel as they were lifted up  
 Unto the light of heaven.  
 A time of joy and extacy,  
 Of light and bliss divine,  
 That thrills all the inmost being  
 With rapture pure and fine.  
 As floods of holy light it comes  
 And passes o'er the soul,  
 While it lives and glows years on years  
 Away as moments roll;  
 And all have felt that thrill of bliss  
 That ever lived on earth,  
 Though as lightning in a dark abyss  
 It perished at its birth,  
 And left that heart in gloom profound,  
 Scarr'd with many a bleeding wound,  
 And drearer than before,  
 Yea, left it so that gladness ne'er  
 Within that blighted heart, and sear,  
 Should bloom or blossom more.  
 Here left it all Tithonus-like  
 To ever mourn and pine,  
 And live on in remembrance of  
 That flash of bliss divine.  
 And none e'er felt that thrill of joy  
 'Neath yon o'er-arching sky,  
 None ever trod this world of woe—  
 Nor yet were born to die—  
 Felt it their inmost being thrill  
 More keen and strong than I.  
 Had all the diamonds of the world,  
 And all its mines of gold.  
 And all the pearls on ocean's bed,  
 And wealth of worlds untold,  
 Been sought and gather'd in a pile—  
 And laid before my feet,  
 Not a moment I'd exchanged them for  
 Those feelings bright and sweet—  
 I inward felt while there I knelt  
 Upon the grassy sod—  
 Be'ore that bright heavenly maid,  
 That lovely work of God.  
 And heard her with voice so soft and mild  
 Smiling answer yes,—  
 Say she would aye be mine through life  
 To comfort and to bless.



Then all seem'd bright and heavenly  
 Away all but gladness pass'd,  
 I was whelm'd with floods of extacy—  
 As the waters cover o'er the sea,  
 But ah, doom'd short to last!

## XLV.

Oh, God! must I again recall  
 That mournful scene to view?  
 Must that last dark trying hour  
 Now visit me anew?  
 Must I again feel all that woe  
 That then I felt and knew?  
 Such grief as yet by mortal kind  
 Was only known to few.  
 Or if felt by many, few survived  
 To tell what woe and pain—  
 The human heart can bear and feel  
 Ere it is rent in twain.  
 Yet all such grief was felt by me  
 The night her spirit flew—  
 To everlasting joy and bliss,  
 And far from me withdrew.

## XLVI.

'Twas night, dark night like this,  
 The rain as now did pour,  
 And from their mountain heights I heard  
 The swollen torrents roar.  
 And through the window panes I saw  
 Terrific lightnings glow,  
 And booming over head I heard  
 The thunders come and go.  
 I stood that night beside her bed—  
 With anguish riven soul,  
 Oh, all her friends were weeping round  
 In utter pain and dole.  
 Death's ghastly hue was on her brow,  
 I felt her pulse, God, I feel it now!  
 It all too plainly show'd,  
 That she was sinking, dying fast,  
 That every hope was gone and past  
 Of her recovery, so vast,  
 So keen her fever glow'd.  
 As o'er that much loved dying one  
 My eager eyes I kept—  
 Dark sorrow gather'd round my soul  
 And as a child I wept.  
 I wept, I wept, I who can boast  
 A heart to terror steel'd,  
 A heart as stern as ever went

To any battle field.

Ah, yes! above that much loved one  
My bitter tears did flow,

I felt that sorrow dark and wild—  
That unutterable woe,

That always leaves the spirit cast  
In agony and gloom,

And though it lives for ages here  
It ne'er again can bloom.

Ah, my God! ghastly grew her face,  
Her eyes around did swim,

Delirious with the fever's pain  
She writhed in every limb.

But soon her agony was o'er,  
No more we felt her breath,

And with a sweet and placid smile  
She lay in silent death.

#### XLVII.

Had an earthquake shook the ground,  
And stirr'd it to its depths profound,

And bade its awful death knell sound;  
Had all the world in one dread blast

Before me to destruction past,

And all the fires of hell and woe  
Burst forth and round me 'gan to flow

With all their scorching maddening glow,  
I had not felt more deeply riven

With anguish fell and keen—

Than when the shades of deaths were driven  
Around, and closed the scene.

All griefs and sorrows of the soul  
Swell'd up in me beyond control,

I strove but could not speak.

In silent consternation drown'd,

And lethargy of woe profound,

All mournfully we gazed around,

While tears ran down each cheek.

#### XLVIII.

There lay in ghastly silent death

The fairest maid that time

Through all his flight has seen, cut down

In grand and glowing prime,

Like some fair flower that has grown

To loveliness sublime—

That falls beneath the reaper's scythe,

Or winter's blast and rime.

Yea, she who was my promised bride,

And would have been mine soon,

Who would have cheer'd me as the sun

Illumes the world at noon;

Who would have ever been to me  
 God noblest, kindest boon.  
 As the Pharos on the mountain's side  
 That lends its kindly ray—  
 The storm beat mariner to guide  
 At night upon his way,  
 So he may safely steer his craft  
 By whirlpools fierce and dark,  
 And awful rocks that round him frown,  
 Though storms are howling stark,  
 So she adown the stream of time  
 Had safely guided me,  
 Kept me from all those treacherous rocks  
 That lie amidst life's sea.

## XLIX.

Blow on ye tempests ever blow,  
 Ay, howl on fierce as now—  
 O'er all the startled sea and land  
 And cool my burning brow.  
 For my blood like liquid fire  
 Is sweeping through my form,  
 Grief and remorse tear through my soul  
 Like a relentless storm.  
 Each pain of body and of mind,  
 All woe and agony—  
 E'er felt or known by human kind  
 Now racks and tortures me.  
 For dark sin and crime, here on earth  
 My God has cast me low,  
 Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with all  
 Unutterable woe ;  
 I'm as some goaded beast of old  
 Kept in a cage for show,  
 So that the gaping crowds may see  
 How fierce his rage would glow.  
 Oh, my God ! I cannot bear this pain  
 That darts through form and limb and brain,  
 Have mercy, mercy now,  
 Oh, take away yon spectre grim !  
 And ease, oh ease my broken limb !  
 And cool my burning brow !  
 And oh ! have mercy on my soul  
 When summon'd to Thy throne  
 Let this unutterable woe  
 For all my guilt atone.  
 If I'm to find no mercy there  
 For deeds done in this world,  
 Then may my spirit ever be  
 To dark oblivion hurl'd.  
 But not cast 'midst fiery flames,

And everlasting pain,  
 But aye in some lone quiet spot  
 From Thy dread sight remain.  
 And when that awful day arrives  
 That all the seas and earth—  
 Shall render up their dead, and man  
 Receive another birth.  
 When that last trumpet blast shall sound  
 Through every sea and clime—  
 In notes far louder than the hoard'd  
 Thunders of all time,  
 When all the floods and lands shall quail  
 Beneath those peals sublime,  
 And render up their dead to life  
 And everlasting prime,  
 Ay, when all the countless millions  
 That on this earth have trod,  
 Shall burst from death and move before  
 Thy judg ment throne, Oh, God!  
 To render up account to Thee  
 For all their deeds on earth,  
 Who knows each secret, hidden crime,  
 And thought, that gave it birth,  
 Ah, may this cruel guilty wretch  
 Remain unsummon'd there!  
 Be hid forever from Thy sight,  
 Nor meet Thy angry stare!  
 Or if I must be summon'd there  
 Amongst that countless train—  
 And see the one I loved on earth—  
 With all my soul again,  
 Let her not know I'm dyed so dark  
 With foul dishonor's stain.

## L.

Methinks I can recall the scene  
 That melancholy day,  
 When from her cot the funeral train  
 Amidst the mist and autumn rain,  
 Stretch'd out in long array  
 Far down the narrow vale we wound  
 With solemn step and slow,  
 'Till we reached the burial ground,  
 Where mortals all must go.  
 But oh! no words can e'er portray  
 The horror and the gloom—  
 I felt while she was lower'd down  
 Into her narrow room.  
 For I had ne'er one moment's thought  
 As by her side I trod—  
 That God had destined her to lie

Beneath the silent sod.  
 Though she was mortal like us all,  
 I could not deem her so,  
 Although I saw her still in death,  
 And cold and white as snow.  
 I never thought her starry eyes  
 Would ever cease to beam,  
 That they on me would ever cease  
 With looks of love to gleam.  
 I never thought her sunny smile  
 On me should cease to pour,  
 That Death would seal her lips and I  
 Would hear her voice no more.  
 If of Death I thought, I ne'er dreamt  
 He'd visit her so soon  
 That her morning sun which rose so fair  
 Would go down ere noon.  
 Nor has her image left my breast  
 One moment of my life,  
 Though I have mix'd 'midst scenes of mirth  
 Where every joy was rife  
 That earth could boast, though I may've seem'd  
 To every mortal there  
 To 've shared the mirth with equal zest,  
 And seem'd all void of care—  
 Yet grief lay heavy at my heart,  
 Sorrow wrung my breast,—  
 With all her darkest saddest thoughts  
 And phantoms of unrest.

## LI.

Men say the body of the sun  
 Is hollow, hard, and cold and dun,  
 A planet of stupendous size  
 But cheerless and all grim,  
 And that light is but a floating  
 Fluid veiling circling him.  
 So oft alas the heart of man  
 Is like it drear and dim,  
 Despite the full electric light—  
 And bliss untouched by sin—  
 Or woe or want, it lives and breathes  
 And hides forever in.

## LII.

Is it a dream? or do I hear  
 A murmur faint and low?  
 Sadly it comes unto my ear,  
 As though a spirit now were near  
 Lamenting o'er my woe.  
 Thou ever dear and mourn'd for maid

Who slumbers in the tomb,  
'Tis thy sweet spirit sighing near  
O'er all my woe and gloom.  
Oft methink as through life I've trod,  
Since thou wert laid beneath the sod  
Aye, hid from human sight—  
I've heard thy spirit sighing low—  
Just as I've turn'd from weal to woe,  
Felt it strive to keep me right.  
And if 'tis thee, oh come! oh come!  
And this lost spirit save;  
And lead my aching body forth  
Unto its yawning grave  
For thee, my bosom yet inurns  
As fondly as of yore,  
For thee my soul and being burns  
With love unknown before;  
For thee each thought and feeling yearns  
That warms my bosom's core,  
No matter where my footstep turns  
I love thee more and more.  
So come to me, in pity come,  
And if thou hast the power—  
Then take my spirit forth with thee,  
Nor leave it here to cower  
Beneath unutterable woe,  
For it has suffer'd long,  
Borne every agony from woe's  
Deep cutting, burning thong.  
And plead thou for me in heaven  
Before the throne of Light,  
Pray my crimes be all forgiven,  
And keep my spirit right.  
If any love thou hast for me  
Like that thou once didst show,  
I know thou yet will pity me,  
And mourn o'er all my woe.  
Through thy love and that alone  
I fondly hope to win—  
Forgiveness for my deeds on earth,  
For all my crime and sin.  
For thou wilt kneel before thy God,  
And plead forever there  
To Him for me, yes aye to Him  
Thou'lt waft thy fervent prayer.  
And other white wing'd saints thou'lt win  
To plead to Him with thee,  
Till He shall set my weary soul  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Plead till I with thee in heaven  
Shall boundless rapture see.

## LIII.

Ah, my God ! what a strange wild train  
 Of thoughts are sweeping through my brain,  
 As hot blasts that o'er the desert urge—  
 Seeming to howl the funeral dirge  
 Of some lost caravan—  
 That ne'er from sand billows shall emerge ;  
 So they through my soul and being surge,  
 And mind and body warp and scourge  
 With all the force they can,  
 And drive me to the utmost verge  
 Fell Grief could ever span.  
 Ay, each thought of fell woe, and gloom  
 Goes tearing through my brain—  
 As the fiery, red Simoom  
 That sweeps the desert plain,  
 Destroying all that dares to bloom,  
 Or wave in gladness there,  
 Keeping all drearer than the tomb  
 Wrapped in horror and despair.

## LIV.

Ah ! will my spirit ne'er emerge  
 From out this trance of woe ?  
 Will rapture never more within  
 This throbbing bosom glow ?  
 Must I feel all this agony  
 Until my dying hour ?  
 Or will it then burn on as now  
 And keep me 'neath its power ?  
 Oh ! had I but the wine cup now  
 To drink my care away,  
 Then would I drain the burning bowl  
 'Till on the earth I lay—  
 'Neath its deadening power o'erwhelm'd,  
 Ay, thoroughly o'ercome,  
 Yea I'd drink 'till it should every  
 Thought, nerve, and pain benumb,  
 'Till like a clod on earth I lay—  
 As senseless and as dumb,  
 Senseless as the carrion o'er which  
 The flies in summer hum.  
 Then would I count me bless'd indeed,  
 And banish from my breast—  
 All these damn'd, dire thoughts and pains,  
 And phantoms of unrest.

## LV.

Ah ! had I never left those hills  
 But lived beside her tomb,  
 Watch'd the early flowers of spring  
 Above it bud and bloom,

And water'd them with secret tears  
 Till all devouring time—  
 Had bow'd me down, and ta'en my soul  
 To that eternal clime—  
 Where now she dwells in light serene  
 And everlasting prime,  
 Ever rejoicing with her God,  
 A spirit all sublime,  
 I had not lay upon this lair,  
 And mourn'd o'er deeds of crime.  
 Ah, no! I had not been as now  
 The abject low and vile,  
 Without a thought, without a hope,  
 My sorrow to beguile.  
 Nor hail'd with terror and with dread  
 The coming morning's smile.  
 I had been no murderer low,  
 No felon dark and mean,  
 No traitor of the basest kind  
 That yet the earth has seen.

## LVI.

How gladly would I wander o'er  
 Some strange and savage land once more,  
 Such as those hills in youth I trod,  
 Ere yet affliction's scourging rod,  
 And sin and sorrow's blighting frown  
 Had cast me soul and body down.  
 Could I live o'er my life again  
 There, there I'd ever more remain,  
 All free from woe, and want, and pain.  
 With joy I'd view those works of God,  
 And they should aye by me be trod.  
 For what joy 'mongst those wastes to dwell,  
 And gaze at night upon each fell,  
 As lost in air its brow it rears,  
 As though it propped the starry spheres.  
 When dewy morning lights the world,  
 How sweetly round those peaks are curl'd  
 The golden clouds, how sweet to view  
 When Sol bursts forth with glowing hue—  
 Their silent flight through realm of blue.  
 How sweet to view the sun streak'd snow  
 In avalanches downward go.  
 How sweet to hear the torrents roar,  
 And see them down the mountains pour.  
 How sweet to see the countless trees  
 Tossing their branches to the breeze.  
 All things around, above, below,  
 Seem to say, God has made us so.  
 From hill to hill, all wild and grand,



I'd roam my rifle in my hand ;  
 And list with joy unto the howl  
 Of wolves, as o'er those wastes they prowl.  
 Without a wish, or grief or pain,  
 A hunter I would still remain.  
 Ever strong, sanguine, fresh, and free,  
 No thought or care should trouble me.  
 With spirit, joyous, calm, and mild,  
 I'd hunt the terrors of the wild.  
 Each morn and eve the hills around—  
 With yells of my fierce dogs should sound ;  
 With them I'd search each mountain fen,  
 And rout the panther from his den.  
 With them I'd stop the grizzly bear,  
 And drop the wolf beside his lair.  
 I'd start the beaver in the brake,  
 My gun should sound, his hide I'd take.  
 The robe of many a buffalo  
 Should shield me from the winds and snow.  
 My gun should stop the antelope,  
 Upon the mountain's rocky slope ;  
 My hounds and I within my biel  
 On him should make a wholesome meal ;  
 And they should guard me through the night,  
 While I lay down to slumbers light.  
 Ah, yes ! without a want or pain,  
 Would I ever there remain ;  
 Roam like the Indian who treads  
 The desert with a smile,  
 And makes the scenes that nature spreads  
 Around, though it be gloom she sheds,  
 His solitude beguile.  
 Face every danger of the wold—  
 At day, or midnight drear,  
 The angry monster fierce and bold,  
 The tempest dreadful to behold,  
 The torrent fell, and winter cold,  
 Without a pang or fear.  
 Like him with spirit buoyant, mild,  
 I'd live the hermet of the wild,  
 Far from the busy world's dull chime,  
 And die at God's appointed time.

## LVII.

My thoughts were never such as these,  
 When free from woe and agonies,  
 From hunger and despair,  
 I rose on many a happy night,  
 To charm and glad the soul and sight,  
 Of all the young and fair—  
 Who flock'd unto the theatre,

To see me on the stage,  
 If any came with woe oppress'd  
 I could their grief assuage,  
 For I indeed could act my part,  
 Could either storm or rage—  
 Sing, or rant, as well as any  
 Bold actor of my age.  
 Ay, when they came to see me play,  
 No matter what my part  
 That night might be, if sorrow lay  
 In any gazer's heart—  
 Soon smiles would his sad brow array,  
 Mirth o'er his features start,  
 For I could drive his care away,  
 Make rapture through him dart  
 Like electricity, his soul  
 Awhile from sorrow's path would stroll,  
 And sit aglowing there.  
 Ah, yes ! awhile away I'd roll  
 The mirky fold of care.

## LVIII.

And often in the sunny South  
 Ere this fell war arose,  
 Ere with the sword and cannon mouth,  
 The traitors dealt their blows.  
 Ere with keen dagger in their hand,  
 They strove to overthrow the land,  
 And cut in twain that sacred bond  
 Of sisterhood and love,  
 That bound these states as one, all fond,  
 Sworn ne'er apart to rove.  
 Ere they did war and waste proclaim,  
 Bade treason's trumpet swell,  
 Ere wrapped in smoke and scorching flame  
 Proud Sumpter's ramparts fell.  
 Ere the rage and hate that slumber'd  
 Within their bosom's core,  
 Burst in tremendous anger like  
 A fell volcano's roar.  
 Ere war and desolation swept  
 As a tornado on,  
 Bearing desolation o'er the land  
 That erst in glory shone :  
 I often wander'd there to dwell,  
 And gayly spent my time,  
 For on the stage they loved me well  
 Within the Southern clime.  
 They seem'd to love and honor me  
 Far better than elsewhere,  
 Yea, they esteem'd my merits more,

They knew them bright and rare,  
 Or if they saw I had defects  
 For them they did not care ;  
 Though I was shunn'd in other lands,  
 I was aye welcomed there.  
 I always drew a crowded house,  
 Won vast and grand applause,  
 For this I grew to love them so—  
 I sided with their cause.  
 In any way I could what e'er  
 I always took their part,  
 Cared not if they were right or wrong,  
 I gave my hand and heart  
 To act and do and dare for them  
 Even to the verge of death ;  
 I'd fought in any cause for them  
 Unto my latest breath.  
 And when that fanatic old Brown  
 Upon Virginia's soil—  
 Let loose his crazy ruffian band,  
 And raised that wild turmoil,  
 Yea, arm'd and urged them on for war,  
 And horrid scenes of broil ;  
 When he all like a madman came  
 To set from bondage free—  
 The sable hided race of men,  
 Though born for that degree.  
 I was the first who then arose  
 To strike those villains low,  
 Who dared to raise the slaves against  
 Their lawful masters so,  
 And strove their country's sacred laws  
 To warp and overthrow.  
 I led my little band that day  
 As proudly as a king,  
 Who is the bravest of his land,  
 In war or listed ring.  
 And when the day arrived that they  
 By law were doom'd to die  
 There was not one in all the land  
 Took keener part than I.  
 I guarded well those felons vile  
 'Till cords were round them flung,  
 'Till each stark dead was high upon  
 The sable gallows swung.  
 And yet that same old Brown I know  
 Fancied to his very last—  
 Thought just ere his spirit unto  
 Other scenes of action past—  
 That he'd plann'd, and undertaken  
 To do a holy deed,

And that everlasting glory  
 On high would be his meed.  
 He thought it was no shame at all,  
 Nor any act of crime,—  
 But a meritorious deed—  
 All noble and sublime,  
 To wake up strife and murder fell,  
 And breed up discord so,  
 To teach the negro how to strike  
 The foul assassin's blow,  
 At night to urge him on to make  
 The fires of ruin glow,  
 And lay his master's stately home  
 In dust and ashes low.  
 He thought it just that all the whites  
 Within the South should die,  
 So that the negro might arise  
 From bonds of slavery.  
 For this, ay solely for that cause  
 He murder's flag unfurl'd,  
 And swore that he was working good  
 To God and all the world.  
 And so it is with all like him,  
 They always seem to feel,  
 No matter what black crime they do,  
 It is an act of weal.  
 They show no sign of grief or dule,  
 For any deed of theirs,  
 No matter how gross, dark and foul,  
 It to the world appears.  
 And although human law and rule  
 Should their fierce heat for carnage cool,  
 And force them to account,  
 Doom them to suffer and to die  
 A death of shame and infamy—  
 Upon the gallows dark and high,  
 Yet with unflinching nerve and eye—  
 They will the scaffold mount.  
 Feign exuberance of extacy,  
 Swear 'till their latest breath—  
 That mankind carry them to die  
 A noble martyr's death.

## LIX.

Away with thoughts like these, I'll back  
 To that infernal time  
 When I sat with murderers fell  
 And plann'd the cursed crime.  
 That cruel blow that turn'd to woe,  
 And darkness dread and strange,  
 The loyal and the leal throughout

Broad Columbia's range.  
 That made her trembling start, as though  
 An earthquake shook the world,  
 And her high pinnacle of joy  
 To woe and sorrow hurl'd.  
 Ay, all were happy in the land  
 Ere that fatal bullet sped,  
 Ere I the treacherous and vile  
 Laid noble Lincoln dead.  
 For every day throughout the land  
 The joyous tidings peal'd—  
 That same vast army of the foe  
 Upon a bloodless field  
 Had surrendered to the North, and more  
 Without a blow, or drop of gore  
 Were just about to yield,  
 That soon no traitor in the land  
 The bloody sword should wield.  
 All look'd for speedy peace supreme,  
 And rapture unconfined,  
 All hoped that peace right soon again  
 Would o'er the land assume her reign;  
 That the erring states with us amain  
 In loving sisterhood would bind;  
 And nowhere in the land was seen  
 A dark and sorrow stricken mind.  
 When I the blasting Clyclone rose,  
 Wither'd their blooming mirth,  
 Spread gloom like shadow of eclipse  
 That darkens half the earth.  
 As a fire of blight and woe  
 By driving tempests fann'd,  
 The fell tremendous tidings swept  
 Throughout the startled land.  
 And all the nation mourns for him,  
 All mirth has ceased to glow,  
 And from the stately mansions, hangs  
 The drapery of woe.  
 Ah! many a head is bow'd with grief  
 And many an eye is dim,  
 As in the churches o'er the land  
 They sing the funeral hymn.  
 For me each face within the land  
 Is pale with rage and hate,  
 And if they had me in their hands  
 I'd meet a ghastly fate,  
 And nothing in this world shall e'er  
 Their burning fury tame,  
 They curse me for the deed, and wish  
 Me in hell's hissing flame.  
 Each in his mind prepares some death,

And swears that I shall feel  
 A death of pain unknown before,  
 E'en on the torturing wheel.

## LX.

Ah! wherefore lie I on this lair  
 And recall such deeds of wrong?  
 Why let them round my aching brain  
 Like burning Furies throng?  
 Why let them throb within the brain,  
 Till like a writhing storm  
 Of liquid fire—the heated blood  
 Goes rushing through my form!  
 And ghastly phantoms seem to rise  
 And sneer and scoff in glee,  
 And full before my glaring eyes  
 Limn all my infamy.  
 But I must back, and bravely back  
 To that infernal time,  
 When back from Canada I came  
 Big with thoughts of blood and crime.  
 Came as some mirky cloud that looms  
 At noonday on the hill,  
 Surcharged with lightnings dread and fierce,  
 And thunders fell, doom'd soon to pierce,  
 And boom through half the universe,  
 And spread o'er it a blight and curse,  
 When all is bright and still.  
 Ay, destined for an end far worse,  
 To waste, to slay and blast,  
 The happy nation to submerge  
 In Sorrow's ocean vast.  
 To send o'er it a sable hearse,  
 And agonizing thrill,  
 Just as Victory grand and terse,  
 Brought Rapture, as a healing nurse  
 Each aching breast to fill.

## LXI.

Methinks I can recall the day  
 I left the merry shore  
 Of Canada, where heartily  
 I wish myself once more,  
 But where alas I ne'er again  
 May ever hope to tour.  
 Around me on that sunny day  
 Throng'd the plotters of the crime,  
 Ay, they who plann'd and plotted it  
 And fix'd the awful time.  
 Men whose fell spirits only thought  
 Of deeds, of sin and harm,

Deeds that might strike the fiends of hell  
 With terror and alarm,  
 Ay, make them tremble fear and cower,  
 And yet who possess'd the power  
 To draw, and lure, and charm—  
 Some fool like me within their plot  
 Make him their tool and arm.  
 Yea, they were heads of hellish schemes,  
 Fell as those of which a demon dreams,  
 But never once the men—  
 To lift a bold and sturdy hand—  
 To deal a blow in plots they plann'd ;  
 Or face the danger when  
 The spark that into flames they fann'd  
 Swept o'er forest, moor and fan,  
 Making Desolation o'er the land  
 Her blasting sable wings expand,  
 They were always missing then  
 Soon as they dropped the burning brand—  
 They forced some tool of theirs  
 When he the brunt of all should stand,  
 Him drove in traps and snares,  
 While they far off a sneaking scann'd  
 His tortures and his throes ;  
 Nor came with spirit bold and grand  
 To share his griefs and woes.  
 Came not to share with him the crime,  
 Nor help him scape the rack,  
 But aid to damn him through all time—  
 In every age in every clime,  
 And loose hounds upon his track.  
 They think if they should mournful seem  
 Or aught of friendship show,  
 For him who carried out their scheme  
 Of murder vile and low,  
 That every one they met would deem  
 They had a hand in it,  
 And if him they strove to screen  
 From law and justice, suspicion keen  
 Would soon upon them sit,  
 So 'twould be folly most extreme,  
 Foolish as a maniac's dream,  
 All void of sense and wit.  
 So they leave him to his fate  
 Whatever it may be,  
 Ay, to the people's wrath and hate,  
 As they 've abandon'd me.  
 But I remember how they swore  
 To give me help and aid,  
 When ever dangers fell and sore  
 Should be around me laid.

They swore by the eternal God  
 That through all future time—  
 No matter where on earth I trod,  
 Whatever deck or clime,  
 That I should feel no scourging rod,  
 Nor mourn the deed of crime.  
 And wealth they swore that I should have,  
 Yea, such vast piles of gold—  
 That Cræsus' ample coffers  
 The half could never hold,  
 That soon as I the deed should brave,  
 It should to me be told.  
 And where is it? and where are they  
 Upon this woeful night?  
 Far away from me, and perhaps  
 Now laughing at my plight,  
 They would not give now so much  
 As e'en the widow's mite;  
 Nor will they lift a hand to save  
 Me from the gallows and the grave.

## LXII.

Ah, my God! what a fool was I  
 To herd with men so vile,  
 And swallow down each crafty lie  
 They breathed to me the while,  
 Men black with foul dishonor's dye,  
 And steep'd in craft and guile;  
 And yet I loved those devils sly,  
 And doted on their smile.  
 I deem'd their hearts were warm and true,  
 And that they meant to bear me through;  
 They clasped me by the hand—  
 And told me of the plot, and drew  
 Me in the scheme they plann'd.  
 "Now list to us" they thus began,  
 "We know you bold and brave,  
 That ne'er a more courageous man  
 Has ever faced the battle's van,  
 On land or ocean's wave.  
 We know your heart is true as steel,  
 Would ne'er in scenes of danger reel,  
 But be firm as adamant.  
 That you are stalwart brave and leal,  
 And after fame doth pant,  
 And would sooner die than e'er reveal;  
 What so e'er you swear to conceal;  
 Though it caused you more of woe than weal—  
 O'er it you would not rant,  
 But onward press with daring zeal,  
 E'en when all other hearts would feel



That hope was not extant.  
 And so we give to you the task  
 To risk the daring deed,  
 To work the plot, and all we ask—  
 That you o'er it will keep a mask,  
 If it should not succeed,  
 Ne'er use so free the burning bowl  
 That it may e'er mislead  
 Your daring reckless tongue and soul,  
 So others may the plot unroll,  
 And bring us into harm;  
 Do you but act discreet and wise,  
 And we'll take the nation by surprise,  
 And shake it with alarm.  
 Yea, by one bold vigorous blow  
 We will the Northern states o'erthrow,  
 Upset their law and rule,  
 Spread anarchy, and ruin wide,  
 And humble all their strength and pride  
 To weakness, woe and dule!  
 Now list to what we've schemed and plann'd,  
 The foremost of the Federal land  
 We must assassinate.  
 Lincoln, Johnson, Seward, and all  
 The Cabinet both great and small,  
 Alike must share that fate.  
 The task is easy unto one  
 As bold and brave as you,  
 One who was never known to shun  
 A daring deed, nor fear nor run  
 When dangers round him grew  
 Ay, with some dozen men like you  
 Whose souls in danger's hour are true,  
 Whose nerves are sure and strong,  
 Upon some dark and stormy night  
 You might put all their souls to flight,  
 Send them to endless gloom or light,  
 Then arise in power and might,  
 Be themes for tale and song.  
 Such dread confusion and misrule  
 Mix'd with dark horror and with dule,  
 Such strife and anarchy,  
 Such overthrow of all the laws  
 Will then ensue, that none will pause  
 To seek the monsters who did cause  
 The woe and agony.  
 Ay, all so terrible and dread  
 And fell will be the times—  
 That none will ever dare to seek  
 The authors of the crimes.  
 For each will be afraid to trust

His neighbor at his side,  
 Lest he an archfiend traitor be,  
 And murder, rapine, robbery,  
 Will thunder far and wide.  
 And then if you'll be bold and brave,  
 And each one of your fierce conclave  
 Would to yourselves be true—  
 You'll fear no fools who dare to rave,  
 And throw the crime on you,  
 And if you find so bold a fool—  
 Soon have him close confined,  
 Him treat to gallows or the knife,  
 And force in every mind—  
 He was an author of the crime,  
 And that you only strive  
 To guard and shield your native clime,  
 And keep its laws alive.  
 Soon you will scatter in dismay  
 Each secret waspish hive  
 Of men, who aught against you say,  
 Or plots 'gainst you contrive.  
 Do you right fearless seize the helm,  
 And all the reins that guide the realm,  
 Alike of church and state,  
 Nor fear that aught shall you o'erwhelm,  
 Be bold and firm as fate.  
 And soon unto your aid will come  
 The armies of the South,  
 All will be law within the land  
 That issues from your mouth,  
 Those who hate you will be afraid  
 'Gainst you to lift a hand,  
 They will be instantly dismay'd,  
 Soon as they see your friends array'd,  
 And round you take their stand.  
 Thousands will flock unto your aid  
 And keep you in command.  
 All the South will on you confer  
 A blessing through all time,  
 And hail you its deliverer  
 From the strong Northern clime.  
 Though the task be easy, it is true  
 Fell dangers hover round,  
 One miss step in it may make us rue  
 And bring us to the ground.  
 Let prudence, caution, selfcontrol,  
 Be eye at your command,  
 See each be a true and trusty soul  
 Who in it takes a hand.  
 Thus kingdoms have been won by men  
 Who had the soul and nerve

To strike for them, ay, men whom nought  
From high intents could swerve.

Men who shall never be forgot,  
Their aims, nor deeds, nor names,  
But still across the world shall stream  
Bright as the Northern flames.

Be alike the terror and the dread,  
And joy of human kind,  
Their names aye make the tyrant quake,  
And cheer the martyr's mind.

So say you'll undertake the deed  
And win a deathless name,

Win wealth, honor, rank, and power,  
And everlasting fame."

### LXIII.

I've heard that serpents have the power  
To draw, and charm, and lure,  
The lion in their hideous coil  
And hold him there secure.

And that the huntsman far away  
Though strong, and brave, and bold,  
They draw beneath their magic spell  
Within their awful fold.

I've heard the Ignis Fatuus  
Oft deludes and misleads men,  
From off their fair and open path  
Into some loathsome fen.

And that still on they follow it  
As bound by charm or spell,  
Until the moss beneath them breaks,  
And they tread the frightful well.

I've heard Caprea's fatal Sirens  
Far sweeter songs could sing,  
Than those with which the muses made  
The courts of heaven ring.

And that the seaman far away  
Who chanced to hear their strain  
Would needs approach their fatal shore,  
And die a death of pain.

I've heard that poison'd deadly fruit  
Is sweeter to the taste,  
And far more pleasing to the eye,  
Than that which of the fatal dye

Is pure, and clean and chaste.

I've heard there are men who a charm  
And spell and power possess,  
A mysterious influence,  
Which they throw o'er men, and ever hence

Can hold them in duress.  
And then by look, or nod, or sign,

With all power and ease—  
 Can make them do and act for them.  
 Ay, lead them where they please.  
 And I believe those treacherous men  
     Who urged me on to crime,  
 Who plann'd the murder dark and foul,  
     And fix'd its awful time—  
 Possess'd infernal charms and spells—  
     Not own'd by all mankind,  
 Not e'en by all who ever are  
     To deeds of hell inclined,  
 Not e'en by all of those the good  
     And virtuous condemn.  
 For ever since that fatal day  
     That first I met with them—  
 And leagued in their dark schemes of crime,  
     Of horror and of wrath,  
 No power had I to check my course,  
     Or ever shun their path,  
 I lay beneath their will and rule  
     As 'neath a serpent's charm,  
 I could not see they urged me on  
     To future woe and harm.  
 They knew I'd ever court the path  
     Where dangers fell were found,  
 Nor e'er one moment pause to see  
     How vast they hover'd round.  
 They knew that I was easy led  
     By artful men like them,  
 So me they proffer'd boundless wealth,  
     A throne and diadem,  
 To prompt me on to dare their schemes  
     Deeds which they fear'd to do,  
 For which they knew full well that I  
     Would ever mourn and rue.  
 But wherefore should they care for that  
     Just so they gain'd their aims,  
 They knew the crime would rest on me  
     And ne'er would taint their names.  
 They knew I was a thoughtless man,  
     A daring wayward fool,  
 The man for them to choose and make  
     Their champion and their tool.

## LXIV.

Men say the age of this round world  
     Is but six thousand years,  
 But through Geology I swear  
     It older far appears.  
 For rocks around this world abound  
     In every sea and clime,

That would have ta'en to form their growth  
 Two million years of time.  
 And if it is two million years  
 Since earth its course began,  
 Since fresh from God's own hand it sprung  
 All molded to His plan—  
 Oh! what countless, countless millions  
 Of us frail human kind,  
 Must then have lived and died on earth  
 And been to dust consigned.  
 They 've been countless as the grains of sand  
 That lie on ocean's shore,  
 And those that lie in desert wastes  
 O'er which the Simooms roar,  
 More countless than the drops of rain  
 That now from heaven fall,  
 Numberless as the yearly leaves  
 That crown the forests tall.  
 They've been so vast there's no blade of grass  
 That waves unto the storm,  
 But springs from atoms that erst made up  
 A living human form,  
 And yet I verily believe  
 'Mongst all those millions vast  
 That through this trying world of woe  
 From life to death have past—  
 There never breathed a blinder fool  
 Than me in every way,  
 Nor men more steep'd in craft and guile  
 And treacherous than they.

## LXV.

By Heaven, I exclaimed! I swear  
 To do the thing proposed,  
 If I fail may these eyes of mine  
 Right swift in death be closed.  
 Ay, let me die, torn in a cloud  
 By angry ghosts of men,  
 So that I never pine or die  
 Within a dungeon den.  
 But if I fail 'twill be because  
 The hand of God was near,  
 Opposed the deed, and smote me down  
 With palsy and with fear.  
 A fitter champion than I  
 Ye never could have found,  
 Had ye travel'd o'er all the world,  
 And search'd it round and round.  
 I swear that back I'll never come  
 Till I have braved the deed,  
 And me ye ne'er again shall see

If I should not succeed.  
 Yea, never more in Montreal  
 My foot shall tread, my shadow fall,  
 My voice again be heard.  
 And cursed be he within the plot,  
 Yes whether it succeed or not,  
 Who is so void of soul and wit  
 As to betray one leagued in it,  
 By hint, or deed, or word.  
 And if it ever be my fate  
 To meet him once again,  
 Right face to face in tavern hall,  
 In street or open plain,  
 His life shall answer for the deed,  
 And none will ever know—  
 I gave the servile prating wretch  
 The swift and fatal blow.  
 If I succeed in this emprise,  
 For by my soul I will,  
 Yea truly as the sun now sinks  
 Behind yon sombre hill,  
 To every one who gives me aid  
 And shields me from the crime,  
 And will uphold what'er I do  
 At any place or time,  
 I will reward his services,  
 And all his toils repay—  
 With posts of honor, wealth, and power,  
 Give him a broad and ample dower,  
 Dominion and wide sway.  
 I will forget no friend nor foe  
 Who breathes this vital air,  
 So let all a fair warning take  
 And of their deeds beware.  
 And now I go to deal the blow,  
 Empire is mine aim,  
 And ere a year goes round, wide o'er  
 The world shall stream my name.  
 Soon as we spring to rank and power,  
 And fix ourselves secure,  
 When we our might establish  
 So it shall aye endure—  
 High times we'll have for sport and mirth,  
 And pleasures that allure.  
 And charm the soul of mortal man.  
 And if we chance to find  
 The people do not like our rule  
 And 'gainst us set their mind,  
 Then instantly we will declare  
 War 'gainst some foreign land,  
 And send off our enemies

To fight upon that strand.

England is aye ready for war,  
'Gainst her the strife we'll wage,

By doing it we will avert  
The rabble's hate and rage

A war with her would last so long  
'Twould give us ample time—

To fix our selves secure,  
And free ourselves of crime.

No matter how the war might end  
One thing is true and plain,

By it we'll thin out those who hate  
The way we rule and reign.

And then meanwhile we'll rise so high  
In wealth, and rank, and power,

That all our foes beneath our frown  
Will tremble quail and cower.

And then not one within the land  
Would venture or would dare—

Ay, think so little of his neck  
As throw at us a sneer.

Or whisper we were guilty of  
The crime in any way,

Or even hint we had no right  
The realm to rule and sway.

And in the eyes of all the world  
I'll stand so grand and high,

That no foreign power will blend  
My name with infamy.

But yield to me the homage due  
My rank and power will claim,

They'll seek my love, and shun my rage,  
And glory in my name.

For those whose souls Ambition stirs  
To posts of high renown,

If Fortune standeth by their side,  
Success their aims should crown,

No matter by what ends they're gain'd—  
Though it be deadly sin,

They're counted heroes by the world  
Soon as their points they win.

But he who Fortune casts aside,  
Nor aids to gain his aims,

Though keenest honor guides him on  
And all his soul inflames,

He wins the curses of the world,  
Its hatred and its frown,

Yea, all his fellowmen combine  
To crush and hurl him down.

Thief, villain, traitor, wretch and fool,  
These are the mildest names—

For those whom Fortune favors not,  
 Though high and grand their aims.  
 And now I'll strike with all my might  
 For rank, and wealth, and fame,  
 I'll win or die in the attempt  
 An everlasting name,  
 So farewell, and once more farewell,  
 Let's feel each grasp again,  
 Haste, be quick and swift as lightning,  
 For yonder comes the Train.  
 There, there, 'tis done,—and now I go,  
 E'en though I wend in vain  
 E'en though it brings me less of weal,  
 Than woe and ghastly pain.

## LXVI.

I leap'd upon the Railway Train,  
 And as it steam'd away  
 I cast one anxious look behind,  
 And took my last survey—  
 Of those fell villains who combined  
 As with one heart and with one mind—  
 To make me their victim and their tool,  
 Because I was a reckless fool,  
 As wayward and as bold a man—  
 As e'er midst scenes of horror ran  
 Since earth and sea their course began.  
 And they sly and sharp as any c'ique—  
 That ever aim'd themselves to pique  
 As masters of all guile;  
 Yea as ever sought to stand unique  
 In art of subtlest wile!  
 Whilst gazing on that cunning league  
 Of exiled traitors there,  
 Those basest villains of intrigue  
 That ever trod this sphere;  
 I saw upon their features play  
 A bright and lively smile,  
 And I was such a thoughtless fool  
 To fancy all the while—  
 They smiled in admiration of  
 My courage prompt and true,  
 That in their souls they revered me,  
 With all the homage due—  
 To some bold warrior of old time,  
 Who with sword, shield, and helm,  
 Singly fought the Paynim hosts  
 And did their hordes o'erwhelm.  
 But now I know full well it must  
 Have been a smile of scorn,  
 Of hate, derision and contempt



That did their brows adorn.  
 It was that cunning subtle smile  
 That almost looks sublime,  
 Known to none but mortals of their style,  
 Men who are steeped in craft and guile,  
 Yea, who are alchemists in wile,  
 And every heinous crime,  
 Men sprung from hell's own teeming school  
 Of sin and infamy,  
 Men who can look all mild and cool  
 Whilst plotting felony.  
 And quickly coax some brainless fool  
 To be their champion and their tool,  
 When'er they wish a priceless pool  
 Of blood and carnage spilt,  
 Charm them by some power or spell,  
 To dark malicious deeds of hell,  
 Deeds foul and horrible and fell,  
 And throw a charm o'er guilt.  
 Hell how they must have laugh'd and chuckled  
 In full contempt at me,  
 And ridiculed the brainless wretch  
 Who had not eyes to see—  
 How he was gull'd and humbugged on  
 To be their butt and tool,  
 Great God! they must have look'd on me  
 As the most rash brain'd fool,  
 The most egregious senseless knave  
 That ever trod on earth,  
 Or fill'd a lone unhonor'd grave  
 Since this wide world had birth.  
 Now part of the foul plot is done,  
 And that part done by me,  
 They must curse me for its failure  
 And sneer in raillery.  
 If there's one galling thing on earth  
 Beyond all other dule,—  
 'Tis to become the sport and mirth,  
 The jest and ridicule,  
 The serf, the servant, and the slave,  
 The victim and the tool,  
 The butt, the scullion, and the knave,  
 The dupe, and ass, and fool  
 Of surreptitious fiends like these,  
 Men school'd in every crime,  
 That yet the devil taught to man  
 Through all revolving time.  
 Oh, cursed be all their days on earth!  
 Ay, every hour they live,  
 May they ne'er feel one ray of mirth,  
 Nor hope one solace give.

Cursed be the very air they breathe  
 Through life, and when they die  
 May flames of woe around them wreath  
 With tenfold agony.  
 'Twas they who plann'd and schemed the way  
 To shed the priceless blood,  
 Take the life of the noblest man  
 That ever since the world began  
 Has gazed on land or flood.  
 Yea, they devised the felon plot,  
 The dark malicious crime,  
 By God and man they shall be cursed  
 Through all revolving time,  
 Hark ! hark ! a voice rings in my ear,  
 I hear it whisper loud and clear,  
 "Fell devil hold thy curse,  
 Wretch, traitor, villain, murderer,  
 Thy curses to thyself transfer,  
 For Felon thou art worse—  
 Than all that base malicious throng—  
 That plann'd the deed of sin and wrong,  
 Of horror and of gloom,  
 That sent the valiant and the strong  
 Unto the silent tomb,  
 Thine was the arm that dealt the blow,  
 Thine was the hand that laid him low,  
 All cowardly and fell,  
 More cowardly in every wise  
 Than any demon could devise,  
 That ever roam'd through hell.  
 For it thou shall be damn'd and cursed  
 Through all the flight of time,  
 Be deem'd the fiercest fiend and worst,  
 That e'er through hell's barriers burst,  
 And came to practice crime  
 Amongst the sons of men, yes thou  
 With willing heart and smiling brow,  
 Aim'd the fatal bullet at his head,  
 And laid our best and noblest dead,  
 'Cause he strove to keep the nation free  
 Of dark misrule and anarchy,  
 And laid rebellion low ;  
 Because he never injured thee,  
 Nor caused thee aught of woe !  
 The noble land that gave thee birth,  
 Which above all things on earth—  
 Thou shouldst have loved with heart and soul,  
 Let nought on earth that love control,  
 Thou strovest to crush and overthrow,  
 To ruin and despoil,  
 To hurl in anarchy and woe,

And bloody fierce turmoil.  
 In Danger's deepest, darkest gurge,  
 And sea, thou wouldst engulf her,  
 Make Tumult o'er her howl and surge  
 With storms of flame and sulphur.  
 For it by her thou shalt be cursed.  
 While her existence runs,  
 Be deem'd the basest and the worst  
 Of all her erring sons.  
 So groan amidst the midnight gloom  
 With anguish fell and vast,  
 Rave, howl above thy empty tomb  
 Unto the roaring blast,  
 For thou shalt meet thy awful doom  
 That is approaching fast."

## LXVII.

O! that this bitter agony  
 Of body and of mind—  
 Would snap in twain the cord of life  
 That binds them in this world of strife,  
 And let them seek and find  
 That rest and respite in the grave,  
 Which death alone can bring,  
 For I would fain believe that creed,  
 That wild imagining,  
 That when the human body dies,  
 Its immortal soul remains  
 Forever where the carcass lies,  
 Free alike of joys and pains.  
 Without a thrill of joy or weal,  
 Or pang of grim despair,  
 Without a thought of heavenly bliss,  
 Or earthly woe or care,  
 It sits forever gazing on  
 Its carcass 'neath the sod,  
 Or 'neath the wave, unseen of all  
 Except the eye of God.  
 And when His awful trumpet sounds  
 Through seas and earth's remotest bounds,  
 Calls the dead to life again  
 Yea, all who molder on the world,  
 All who from place to place are hurl'd  
 Within the howling main,  
 Their souls and forms again unite,  
 In serene and endless prime,  
 Then soar to rapture and delight,  
 Freed of all their earthly crime.  
 Forgiven all their deeds on earth,  
 And every thought that gave them birth,  
 Through the eternal love of Him

Who died on Calvery,  
 Who sits between the Cheruhim,  
 And ever there shall be—  
 To plead for guilty man, and all  
 The children of this world,  
 So that their spirits may not be  
 To utter darkness hurl'd.

## LXVIII.

Oh ! that I'd been born a Hindoo chief,  
 Reard 'mongst the Imaus fells,  
 Where the rapid Indus plunges,  
 Bellows through the flinty dells.  
 And where the blasts and hurricanes  
 In endless fury blow—  
 O'er the terrific avalanche,  
 And everlasting snow,  
 Yea, where those enormous masses  
 To heaven their foreheads throw,  
 And vast eternal shadows fling  
 Across the vales below.  
 Above whose grand stupendous peaks  
 And adamantine walls—  
 Aye eagle unto eagle screams,  
 To vulture vulture calls.  
 Where o'er the torrent broad and deep,  
 And grim, unfathomed gulf,  
 The panther and the tiger leap,  
 And ever howling wulf.  
 I'd wander'd where Jamootri stands  
 Wrapt in his icy shrouds,  
 And where tall Dhaiboon frowns  
 Amidst a night of clouds.  
 Where Kunchinginga's brows are  
 Heights on heights stupendous hurl'd,  
 Where Brama sits with wrathful eye  
 And views the erring world.  
 With meteor standard there he sits  
 Wide waves his flowing robe.  
 And never moves his eager eye  
 From off the rolling globe.  
 Like the Hindoo I had gazed with awe  
 On the cloudcapped height, thought I saw  
 His sublime and awful form  
 And fancied that I heard his voice  
 'Midst torrent and the flood rejoice,  
 The lightning and the storm.  
 Fancied no matter what I did  
 Let it been good or ill—  
 That it was Brama urged me on  
 And that I worked his will.

Oh ! had I been born a Hindoo,  
 And cradled in their creed,  
 Rocked in superstition's bower,  
 Then I'd been bless'd in deed  
 My mind like theirs would have been train'd  
 To fancy, think and feel,  
 All those I loathed within this world  
 Should perish by my steel.  
 Taught to think every one I loathed  
 Was Brama's mortal foe,  
 And that for Brama's sake and mine  
 I should aye strike him low.  
 That if I chanced to let him live  
 And prosper in this world,  
 If in a dark untimely grave  
 He ne'er by me was hurl'd,  
 That Brama's burning wrath and hate  
 Would ever glow for me,  
 His eternal bowers of bliss  
 Mine eye should never see.  
 Had I been tutored in that creed,  
 I had not felt as now,  
 Dark sorrow had not torn my soul,  
 Nor anguish gloom'd my brow.  
 Instead of seeming base and foul  
 To make a good man bleed—  
 It would have then appear'd to me  
 A just and righteous deed.  
 And I had gloried in the act  
 At every move and turn,  
 For it my breast had ever been  
 Bright joy and rapture's urn.  
 And I had callous grown to crime  
 As the flinty rocks that sleep—  
 'Neath everlasting snow upon  
 Himalaya's frozen steep.  
 Oh ! I had never felt remorse  
 For any deed of crime,  
 Conscience would ne'er have smitten me  
 As at this awful time.  
 Curse on these thoughts, I know not why  
 They cleave around me so,  
 I strive to drive them from my mind,  
 But still they come and go,  
 As blasts that o'er the desert waste  
 Are sweeping to and fro.

## LXIX.

When I arrived in Washington  
 Gayly I spent my time,  
 For 'twas an easy task to find,

Men who immediately combined  
 With me to work the crime.  
 The very hour I arrived  
 Within the fatal town  
 Though it was night, and wild with storms,  
 And rain was pouring down,  
 Right straight to Dame Surratt's I went  
 And told her of the scheme,  
 And how I sought to make the realm  
 With gore and carnage stream.  
 Madame, I said, if I could find  
 Some bold and venturous men,  
 To aid me in the plot, the whole  
 Were sure to prosper then.  
 Nothing would then be left undone  
 In any shape or way,  
 If they were only prompt and true,  
 And did what e'er they swore to do,  
 And would my words obey.  
 For I would fix the time for them  
 To move and strike with me,  
 I to each one will give his task  
 No matter what it be.  
 And we all at the self same time  
 Upon some mirky night,  
 When no one dreams of harm or crime  
 Will put their souls to flight.  
 The plot is far too large for me  
 To work out right alone,  
 But if thou'll help me gain some help  
 I soon will mount a throne.  
 And then thy fortune will be made  
 As sure as we are here,  
 Thy services be well repaid  
 As ever mortal's were.  
 "By heaven" she exclaim'd "I swear  
 Thy plot 's a noble thing,  
 And all the aid that thou shalt need  
 Unto thy side I'll bring.  
 I'll work for thee in storm and shine  
 Let weal or woe betide,  
 Thy glorious goal I'll aid thee win  
 Or perish by thy side.  
 Ah, Booth! oft in thine infancy,  
 I have rejoiced the while  
 I've held and rocked thee on my knee,  
 And watch'd thy infant smile.  
 I've often said the day would come  
 If to the age of man—  
 It should please the Almighty's will  
 Thy days on earth should span,

Thou wouldst rise and tower above  
 The common herd of men ;  
 I see those words are coming true  
 I chanced to utter then.  
 And so let good or ill betide  
 Thy fortune's mine my boy,  
 All I can do or say for thee  
 I will with utmost joy,  
 And all the arts and wiles I own  
 I will for thee employ.  
 And know, long as I live thou art  
 Welcome to my abode ;  
 But thou has journey'd far and long  
 A rough and weary road.  
 And tired, and cold, and hungry,  
 I know thou now must be,  
 So pause 'till I bring food and wine  
 To warm and comfort thee."

## LXX.

She heap'd the board with food and wine,  
 Yea, of the choicest kind,  
 And soon I felt refresh'd and cheer'd  
 In body and in mind  
 Aha ! were such a feast as that  
 But spread before me now,  
 I would forget my broken limb,  
 Nor heed my burning brow.  
 Right long we sat beside the board,  
 And long we talk'd of things,  
 That would have scared the fiend away  
 On more than lightning wings  
 In thought a hundred times and more  
 We did assassinate—  
 All those the cruel plot had doom'd  
 To an untimely fate,  
 And we gloried in the deed  
 As the devil and his mate—  
 Might with vast rapture glow o'er scenes  
 Of horror and of hate.  
 In thought dominion far and near,  
 And wealth were all my own,  
 In thought I wore a kingly crown,  
 And sat upon a throne,  
 With trusty nobles at my side,  
 And armies at my hand,  
 And I was owned by all the world  
 As monarch of the land.  
 Ah ! thus we talked and thus we thought  
 And down the wine we pour'd,  
 Till I from toil and drunkenness

Roll'd down beneath the board.  
 These were the last sounds of that night  
 That in mine ear did ring,  
 "Good night thou brave and sturdy chief  
 Columbia's future king."

## LXXI.

'Tis strange what awful visions crawl  
 Across the minds of men—  
 When sleep has wrapped the senses all  
 In her dark mysterious pall,  
 And how they haunt them then.  
 How those visions seem to torture them,  
 Round them cast a fiery hem,  
 And awful gulfs of woe,  
 O'er which it seems they needs must pass,  
 And face the scorching glow.  
 Keenly we feel the pangs of pain  
 Through all our being go,  
 It seems to pass before the mind  
 As though 'twere really so.  
 That night as o'erpowered with wine  
 I slept upon the floor,  
 Fell tremendous scenes of horror  
 Pass'd all my mind before,  
 Which chill'd the blood within my veins  
 And rack'd my spirit sore.  
 Methought I sat upon a hill—  
 The day was bright and cold,  
 Far away in a gulf below  
 Potomac's waters roll'd,  
 Lost in thought I gazed on the spray  
 'Twas glorious to behold,  
 For 'neath the glowing beams of day  
 It almost looked like gold.  
 When lo! I heard a distant sound  
 As horse hoofs on the frozen ground,  
 And instantly I turn'd around,  
 Saw a horseman coming on,  
 As up the rocky hill he wound  
 Like gold his armor shone,  
 For sheathed was he from head to heel  
 In glorious panoply of steel,  
 High upon his glittering helm  
 He wore a snow white plume,  
 His steed was swift as sands that drift  
 Before the red Simoom,  
 And huge and strong in form and limb,  
 And whiter than the foam  
 That clothes the Caribbean seas  
 When forth the tempests roam.



While I gazed upon that rider  
 I shook with deadly awe,  
 Although such men in ancient days  
 With joy the people saw.  
 I thought of Bayard of old time,  
 Of godlike Charlemagne,  
 And of mighty Cœur de Lion  
 Whose armor shone like flame.  
 I thought of valiant Ivanhoe  
 Whose helmet gleam'd afar—  
 'Midst the wreck and whirl of battle  
 Like some transcendent star.  
 And he who won famed Ivy's field  
 Bold Henry of Navarre.  
 And thought of Alfred afore whose wrath  
 The Dane as chaff were hurl'd,  
 When at Eddington their magic flag  
 Was to the winds unfurl'd.  
 "Arise and come with me" he said  
 With voice as thunder loud,  
 "Arise and mount and ride with me  
 On whirlwind and on cloud.  
 We'll ride o'er earthquake, war and storm  
 Through fire, light and gloom,  
 And o'er the bellowing oceans,  
 All wrapped in clouds of spume."

## LXXII.

Trembling I rose at his command,  
 And vaulted on his steed,  
 Then up through the liquid ether  
 We rode with lightning speed.  
 At every stride his courser took  
 It seem'd a thousand miles,  
 We rode o'er kingdoms and dominions,  
 O'er continents and isles.  
 "See yonder" said the deep toned voice,  
 "Now with a single glance—  
 Thou canst espy fair Italy,  
 And fields of sunny France.  
 And yonder o'er yon little mere  
 Stands proud Britannia's clime,  
 Where I was born, cradled, and rear'd  
 To manhood's glowing prime,  
 And for whose glory and renown  
 I warr'd in ancient time.  
 Come open thine eyes and gaze around  
 And look upon the world,  
 Beheld, how Etna's smoke and flame  
 In waving peaks are curl'd,  
 And how Vesuvius' flames

Unto the skies are hurl'd.  
 Lo! thou canst view all Europe's range,  
 And that vast flood that lies—  
 Between it and those hills that stand  
 'Neath Asia's sunny skies.  
 There are the Himalaya fells  
 Heights on heights stupendous hurl'd,  
 Like the pillows of the heavens  
 Like the bulwarks of the world.  
 Those enormous heights through earthquakes  
 And volcanoes had their birth,  
 They are but vast upheavals from  
 The bowels of the earth.  
 Lo! there are Arabia's wilds,  
 The land of Ishmael's race,  
 The land of bold and hardy chiefs  
 In battle or in chase,  
 And yonder is wide Africa  
 Where roaring Niger runs,  
 Behold her waste and fertile plains,  
 And see her sable sons."

## LXXIII.

He ceased and o'er the spacious world  
 A sudden storm arose,  
 The waves of ocean lashed the skies,  
 Earth groan'd with awful throes.  
 The sun was hid within the sky,  
 And darkness fell around—  
 Darkness far drearer than the tomb,  
 And horror most profound  
 By earthquakes far within the sea  
 Ponderous rocks were hurl'd,  
 And with tumultuous thunders crashed  
 The mountains of the world.  
 I lay within that warrior's arms  
 As lifeless as a stone,  
 For fell tremendous horror thrill'd  
 Through nerve, and vein, and bone,  
 A death like palsy seized my frame,  
 I strove to cry, no murmur came,  
 All power of voice was gone.  
 Proudly midst blast and hurricane  
 He rear'd his steel clad form,  
 His charger neigh'd, and paw'd the clouds,  
 And galloped on the storm.  
 "Mortal, the strong voice said," fear nought;  
 No harm shall you befall,—  
 As safe upon this charger's form  
 You ride with me o'er blast and storm,  
 O'er oceans fierce, volcanoes warm,

And o'er the earthquake's brawl,  
 As when you sit in sloth and ease  
 Surrounded with earth's luxuries,  
 And fann'd by summer's balmy breeze,  
 Within some peaceful hall."

## LXXIV.

Then from the crashing elements  
 Around, above, below,  
 I heard a song of prayer and praise  
 To the Almighty flow.  
 Strong, exultant, grand, harmonious,  
 And blissful pure sublime,  
 It rose, and swell'd, and roar'd, and roll'd,  
 From every sea and clime.  
 Glory to God Almighty !  
 They sang with one accord,  
 Who form'd, and made and fashion'd us  
 And shall be aye adored.  
 Father Almighty ! we are Thine—  
 By Thy will we live and move,  
 And all our glory is—Thy  
 Wondrous power to prove.  
 Pity, and mercy have on us  
 When comes Thy day of wrath,  
 Forever guide and keep us on  
 Thy bless'd and righteous path.  
 Oh, may we ne'er too deeply feel  
 Thy anger and Thy rod,  
 For we're but as a grain of sand  
 Within Thy strong eternal hand  
 Thou just and holy God !  
 Oh, Thou who form'd the earth and seas,  
 And all the stars and heaven,  
 Let not the meanest thing Thou'st form'd  
 To utter night be driven,  
 Let mercy unto it be shown,  
 And Thy kind succor given."

## LXXV.

While thus they sang o'er land and flood  
 With lightning speed we past,  
 Our charger pawed the swarthy cloud,  
 And snuff'd the storm and blast.  
 We pass'd o'er nations wrapp'd in bloom,  
 And winter's snowy robe,  
 We rode o'er every land and flood  
 Upon the spacious globe.  
 We rode o'er nations rent with war,  
 And heard their battles roar,  
 We saw their armies meet in strife,

We saw the awful waste of life,  
 The fields piled high with carnage rife,  
 And drenched with reeking gore.  
 Saw standards reeling to and fro,  
 Heard trumpets blare and bugles blow,  
 Heard the drums beating foe on foe,  
 Heard the victor's shouts, and groans of woe  
 Of those poor wretches trampled low  
 By chargers in the moor.  
 These sounds and sights I saw and heard  
 And terror thrill'd my frame,  
 I could not stir, I could not speak,  
 Though tears ran down my pallid cheek ;  
 Soon burst a flash of flame—  
 So sudden and so swift 'twas sent  
 Across the cloudy firmament,  
 And all its robe of darkness rent,  
 That o'er my vision came—  
 A deep impenetrable night,  
 All was blank vacancy,  
 I heard no sound, I saw no sight,  
 I could not hear nor see.  
 A sickness crept upon my heart,  
 And dizzy swam my brain,  
 I felt an icy chillness sweep  
 Through nerve, and pulse, and vein ;  
 Methough those terrors vast and fell  
 Soon froze my senses o'er,  
 And wrapt my mind in death-like sleep,  
 And that I thought no more.

## LXXVI.

How long in that deep trance I lay—  
 That swoon so strange and fell,  
 Or where that horseman carried me  
 No clue have I to tell.  
 At length the gradual light of life  
 Came dawning o'er my soul,  
 Huge, cold, death-like drops of sweat I felt  
 Adown my forehead roll.  
 On—on—still on—I plainly felt  
 That horseman held his course—  
 With more than lightning speed and more  
 Than mountain torrent's force.  
 Plainly one moment o'er oceans vast  
 Although I could not see, he past  
 Full well I felt and knew,  
 The next o'er burning drifting sands  
 Where Simooms roar'd, or forest lands,  
 Or dizzy heights we flew.  
 "Mortal awake" the deep voice spake,

And shook my rigid form,  
 Then blood went bounding through my veins  
 And soon my heart grew warm.  
 "Now Mortal ope thine eyes and look  
 Around with joy and mirth,  
 Fear not for thou art back again  
 Upon thy mother earth,  
 Yea, and on the glorious realm  
 That deigned to give thee birth.  
 Since thou hast pass'd o'er every land  
 O'er which proud Phœbus smiles,  
 See, if there's a fairer one than this  
 'Mongst continents and isles."

## LXXVII.

'Twas on a flowery mountain  
 That almost touch'd the skies,  
 Where then I found myself, when I  
 Ope'd my wandering eyes.  
 Heights upon heights stupendous piled,  
 Masses on masses hurl'd  
 That mountain rose, with verdure smiled  
 Like some bright fairy world.  
 The day was beautiful and bright,  
 The breeze was blowing free,  
 O'er forest, ocean, fell, and moor,  
 Right plain mine eye could see.  
 Though never yet save in a dream  
 Could eye of mortal man—  
 See o'er one ten thousandeth part  
 Of that bright shining span—  
 That lay between that mountain's brow  
 Where we then stood upon—  
 And those vast fertile plains below—  
 That in the distance shone.  
 But some power unseen, unknown  
 Did so my sight enhance—  
 I gazed as o'er a mirror small  
 Across that vast expanse.  
 While I gazed, then sounded in mine ear,  
 "Mortal thou canst now behold,  
 The fairest, mightiest realm o'er which  
 The beams of Sol have roll'd.  
 This is the land that shall be loved,  
 And sought from age to age—  
 By every race, and creed, and hue,  
 By scholar, bard, and sage.  
 This is the land, whose blooming charms  
 All hearts of men shall win,  
 This is the land of moor and fell,  
 Of roaring flood and linn.

Of waving forests, fertile fields  
 Of hill-sides crown'd with vines,  
 The land of corn, and wine, and fruit,  
 Of rich and boundless mines.  
 The land where nature ever laugh s  
 In happy ecstasy,  
 And what's more precious far than all—  
 The land of Liberty.  
 And where soe'er thy lot be cast,  
 What ever be thy fate.—  
 Ne'er do a deed, that shall her fame  
 Sully or denigrate,  
 But be like me, by day or night  
 I am through woe or weal—  
 Columbia's guardian knight,  
 For her I draw the steel,  
 For her alone I war and fight,  
 Against the world I hold her right,  
 And will uphold her power and might  
 Till time shall cease her onward flight—  
 With fearless heart and leal."

## LXXVIII.

He ceased then gently laid me down  
 Upon the mountain's flowery crown,  
 Then came a tawny cloud  
 That circled all the hill, flashing  
 With lightnings grand and bright, crashing  
 With thunders long and loud,  
 On which his mighty charger sprung,  
 And bore his giant form  
 Far, far away beyond my sight  
 Swift as the mountain storm.  
 As he flew his shining armor  
 Cast a glorious glow  
 Bright as that of India's sun  
 Upon the world below.

## LXXIX.

With a chill'd and aching form,  
 And forehead cold and wet—  
 I started from that frightful dream,  
 It was not morning yet.  
 Not long I ponder'd o'er that dream,  
 Nor let it trouble me,  
 For soon again I fill'd my soul  
 With rapture and with glee,  
 For mighty draughts of blood red wine  
 I pour'd down fast and free,  
 They drove all gloomy thoughts away,  
 All dull monotony.

They cheer'd my body through and through,  
 Warm'd marrow, pulse and vein,  
 Soon my cold and chilly body felt  
 Refreshed and strong again.

## LXXX.

There came a knocking at my door,  
 And Dame Surratt walk'd in—  
 All blooming like a morning rose  
 That in some well water'd garden blows,  
 And every eye might win.  
 She was a hearty buxom dame  
 As ever trod on earth,  
 As full of spirit, wit and game—  
 As any yet who smiling came  
 From scenes of sport and mirth.  
 She was that stamp of woman kind  
 That seldom in this land we find,  
 Who wear their youthful bloom  
 E'en when they grow old in years,  
 And are not crown'd with hoary hairs  
 When verging on the tomb.  
 The very stamp for which old men  
 Grow young, and warm, and frisk agen,  
 And burn with guilty love,  
 Fired with passions wild and keen—  
 Like those old twain who once were seen  
 Emerging from the grove,  
 Lusting for fair Susannah's charms ;  
 Burning to clasp her in their arms  
 Though weak with age they strove.

## LXXXI.

"Ho ! John Booth ! good morning sir, I heard  
 You up an hour ago,  
 But thought I'd not rise until I saw  
 The beams of morning glow !  
 But have risen for without you  
 Time slides too dull and slow."  
 "Welcome madam, I never saw  
 You look so well before,  
 I was just thinking to myself  
 That you were worth a score  
 Of pale faced damsels of these times.  
 Such as we see and meet,  
 No matter where we chance to go,  
 In bower, hall or street.  
 Madam since I awoke I've drank  
 A dozen times and more,  
 But come I'll drain a health to you  
 For I have ne'er before—

Tasted such fine delicious wine  
 It warms my very core.  
 → So here's to your hale rosy cheeks,  
 And to your sunny eyes,  
 And may your body ne'er grow less  
 But still increase in size,  
 And may Dame Fortune favor you  
 For ever more likewise.  
 May joy and bliss your soul attend,  
 Ay, every kind of mirth,  
 No matter where your footsteps tend  
 Upon this spacious earth.  
 And may you never need a friend,  
 Nor ever find a foe,  
 To you may all with homage bend,  
 The high, the proud, the low."  
 "John Booth, now pause, I know not why  
 But o'er my soul I feel—  
 Most wild and strange foreshadowings  
 Of future sorrow steal.  
 There's something in my breast that bids  
 Me take no hand at all—  
 In the foul murder of these men,  
 Or it will work my fall  
 Thrice have I lull'd myself to sleep,  
 And thrice have woke again.  
 With the same mysterious dream  
 Fix'd fast within my brain.  
 Thrice have I fancied that I dwelt  
 Within a house of gold,  
 With all things round me far and near  
 Most gladsome to behold.  
 I thought that boundless wealth was mine  
 My cup crown'd full of joy,  
 And that in doing deeds of good  
 I did my life employ.  
 I dream'd, that I relieved the woes  
 Of lame, and dumb and blind,  
 And all the hungry came to me,  
 They knew that I was kind,  
 And that I gave them food and drink  
 With open heart and hand,  
 That I ne'er drove them from my door,  
 Nor spurn'd them from my land.  
 All this I dream'd, then suddenly  
 Methought that I became  
 All poor, and destitute, and lone,  
 Without a friend, without a home,  
 With tortured mind and frame  
 Methought mine was a horrid fate,  
 And that the people's wrath and hate



Upon me fell like flame,  
 And I was left all desolate  
 Whelm'd o'er with scorn and shame.  
 Now Booth thrice have I dreamt this dream,  
 And frankly will I say  
 I think it is a warning sent  
 Just in a quiet way—  
 To keep me from the awful sin,  
 And endless infamy—  
 To which that plot would lead, if I,  
 In it an actor be.  
 So I'll withdraw my name from it,  
 And now I firmly think  
 If you are bless'd with common wit  
 You too from it will shrink,  
 And not like some rash huntsman sit  
 Near the slippery brink  
 Of a deep and awful chasm,  
 Who suddenly doth go  
 And feel his last dying spasm  
 Within the gulf below."

## LXXXII.

The while she spake around the room  
 With trembling step I trod,  
 And can it be I thought the while  
 That dreams descend from God—  
 As warnings unto mortal men  
 Of coming woe and harm,  
 So they may prepare to shun it,  
 And 'gainst the devil arm.  
 It seems ours have really come  
 To warn us in full time,  
 Bid us keep from the awful brink  
 And precipice of crime.  
 For it seems strange, yea, strange indeed  
 That while this night we slept,  
 Such wild visions in forms of dreams  
 Should o'er our minds have crept,  
 And rack'd and tortured mind and form  
 As though we were awake.  
 And like Cranmer bound and chain'd unto  
 The red hot burning stake.  
 What of that? though they be warnings  
 As plain as ever were,  
 They shall not claim a thought from me,  
 For them I will not care.  
 Nor dream nor omen of any kind  
 Shall turn my heart and hand  
 At all from the tremendous deed  
 That I have schemed and plann'd,

E'en if bright angels came to earth  
 And took me by the arm,  
 And told me that the deed would bring  
 Eternal woe and harm,  
 On all my kin and friends and me  
 In every shape and way,  
 And we for it should ever mourn  
 I would not pause nor stay,  
 But work with all my strength and zeal  
 As though they cheer'd me on,  
 And smiling Fortune favor'd me,  
 And right before me shone.

## LXXXIII.

Madam, I laughing thus began,  
 Although I know my cheek  
 Must have look'd all pale and wan,  
 For feebly did I speak;  
 But I thought by feigning a laugh  
 My feelings I'd disguise,  
 And make e'en her forget her fears,  
 And all such thoughts despise.  
 Madam, cast all such thoughts aside,  
 Let naught your spirit fright,  
 For you with me shall safely ride  
 To wealth and glory's height.  
 Let no vague dreams alarm your soul  
 Nor visions of the night,  
 From your mind make such darkness roll—  
 And keep it warm and bright;  
 For ever since the world began  
 Dreams have disturbed the sleep of man,  
 And there's no being on the earth  
 That cares one little straw  
 For all their scenes of boundless mirth,  
 Of sorrow or of awe.  
 So Madam come and brace your nerves  
 With this cool glass of wine,  
 Nor let me think your spirit swerves  
 From that bold plot of mine.  
 Naught but success can it betide,  
 That certain, sure, and clear,  
 So Madam do not fret nor chide,  
 Nor doubts against it rear,  
 From you I would no dangers hide  
 If any did appear,  
 I hold you a friend that's proved and tried,  
 Whose fortune's mine I swear  
 Your task shall be an easy one,  
 For it will only be—  
 To give to each of us a home,

Till we shall all agree  
 What each one is to do, and when  
 The deed is to be done,  
 'Tis all you need to do, and then  
 Your fortune you have won.  
 You may aid me now and then 'tis true  
 Just by putting in a word or two  
 In favour of my schemes  
 When ever here I chance to bring  
 One who'll his life and fortune fling  
 With mine, in this tremendous thing,  
 Who well my plot esteems.  
 This you need only do you know  
 When ever you may see  
 Occasion a fair chance doth show—  
 For you to sanction me.  
 You know this tongue and brain of mine  
 Right often when I drink—  
 Gets so o'ercome and dull with wine  
 I cannot speak nor think.  
 Then will be your chance if all are not  
 Dead drunk upon the floor,  
 For you that instant in their ears  
 Some cunning speech to pour,  
 That'll nerve and cheer them on, and make  
 Them pant for gold and gore.  
 Business may often call me forth,  
 For I have much to do,  
 But when I'm east, or west or north,  
 I will rely on you  
 To keep them all in time and tune,  
 And eager for the plot  
 To get in action sure and soon,  
 Without a balk nor blot.  
 Do you but strive and make each one  
 With what I say agree,  
 And mind, when e'er you talk with them  
 Your speech be bold and free.  
 Madam you're worth a dozen men  
 To me in this emprise,  
 And you I know will aid me through,  
 I see it in your eyes  
 Come do not let me beg and sue,  
 Nor gaze at me so still,  
 But with a firm and willing mind  
 Now answer that you will.  
 For it shall bring you weal not as,  
 You fancy — woe and ill.  
 "John Booth give me your hand, I swear  
 By all that we hold fond and dear,  
 And by yon holy cross

That hangs and glitters on the wall,  
That whether good or ill befall,  
Let it be gain or loss.

That I will back and aid you through,  
Help you to strike and dare and do

With willing hand and heart—

In every shape and way I can  
Till death shall bid us part,

I know not why, but I am fain  
To follow you, let woe and pain

In the end, alone for us remain.

There—let me feel that grasp again ;

It's stalwart, frank, and warm,

With it, and your sweet voice I'd face  
Scenes of fell horror, and disgrace,

Flood or fiery storm."

#### LXXXIV.

So she spake and then we parted,

Warm and gay and gladsome hearted,

No two lovers bound in Hymen's bond

Have e'er parted more warm and fond,

Though we'd no thought nor wish beyond

Those that the plot would soon reveal—

The slaughter of those men,

And the eternal woe' or weal

That would betide us then

#### LXXXV.

That very hour we parted

Off to Baltimore I started,

Full of wine and blithesome hearted,

Soon along its streets I pass'd

Upon the Railway Train,

Cold blew the winds, clouds the sky o'er cast,

The tree tops reel'd before the blast—

And bow'd like fiends in pain.

From the roofs unto the streets below

Beat down the drifting sleet and snow,

Wrapping all things the eye might meet

In a cold and icy winding sheet ;

Making it slippery for the feet,

And painful for the tread,—

Paths through the drifted piles to beat—

That all around were spread.

As on that day so bleak and cold

Along the snowy wynds I stroll'd,

I met a well known face,

But pale and wan he look'd the while,

He strode towards me, a feeble smile

I on his brow could trace.

Strong was his build, his bearing bold,

Though scarcely twenty years had roll'd

Their summers hot and winters cold—  
 O'er ocean, forest, fell and wold—  
 Since he his course on earth began,  
 And yet a braver, sterner man  
 Upon this earth's diurnal span  
 Amidst the battle's horrid van  
 Had seldom trod I ween.  
 And though his cheeks were pale and wan  
 His eyes were sharp and sheen;  
 And full on mine he made them gleam  
 While thus he spake to me,  
 "Booth my hunger is so extreme  
 I am in agony."  
 "Payne I'm about to do a thing  
 That will make all the nations ring  
 With the echo of my name,  
 And I will give you drink and food,  
 Yea, freely ease your hungry mood,  
 And warmly clothe your frame,  
 I'll give you wealth and all things fine,  
 And crown your life with fame,  
 If you will stand by me and mine  
 Through horror or through shame.  
 Here is a bible, swear you will  
 Aye follow me through good or ill—  
 With faithful heart and soul,  
 I will all gnawing hunger still,  
 You shall no more feel cold and chill,  
 Be rack'd with want and dole."  
 He swore, he took that fatal oath  
 Which bound his soul to me  
 In doing it, he'd shown more sloth,  
 Yea, I know well he had been loth  
 Had he known the infamy  
 Which there and then he swore to do.  
 Yea, that fell heinous crime  
 Had I but mention'd it to him,  
 Though he was savage, firm, and grim,  
 Strong as a lion in each limb,  
 It would have made his senses swim  
 And shook him for a time  
 With feeling less of joy than fear,  
 I did not feign to tell him there  
 The least thing what my projects were,  
 It had not answer'd then;  
 I watch'd him with a devil's stare,  
 And spirit not of men,  
 And thus I trapped him in the snare  
 One night in Surratt's den.

## LXXXVI.

First a home I pictured unto him  
 Of boundless wealth and ease,  
 A palace in a shady grove  
 Beside the sounding seas,  
 With every thing both far and near  
 The soul to charm and please,  
 And how by the slaughter of one man  
 He might attain all these ;  
 To which he sat all still and mute,  
 But when I 'gan to speak  
 Of Southern woes, and Southern wrongs,  
 I saw a crimson streak  
 Of rising hate and anger flash  
 Along his manly cheek,  
 Bright as Sol's last ray cast upon  
 A mountain's tawny peak.  
 As billows swelling in a cave  
 From whence they soon will burst,  
 As some bright sparks that into flames  
 Are being fann'd and nursed,  
 I marked his rising hate and rage  
 Heave high his manly breast,  
 While I talked of foul wrongs the North  
 Upon the South had press'd,  
 I got him so that in his chair  
 He could no longer rest.  
 Up he sprung, in a storm of words  
 Straight forth his anger burst,  
 And long the North for what she'd done  
 With clenched hand and teeth he cursed,  
 And swore, that till his dying day  
 'Gainst her he'd do his worst.  
 I marked with eagle gaze how keen  
 His mighty anger got  
 Against the North, and for the South's  
 Unhappy mournful lot,  
 Now is my time to strike methought,  
 The steel seems fusing hot,  
 While he is full of rage and wine  
 I'll tell him of the plot.  
 For now I well can judge if he  
 Will fancy it or no,  
 If I can't coax him in my schemes  
 I'll brain him with a blow,  
 He can be a trusty friend,  
 Likewise a dangerous foe,  
 If he refuse, it is not safe  
 For me to let him go!  
 Then I bared all the plot to him,  
 Uncover'd all the crime,  
 And strove to make him fancy it

Would aid the Southern clime  
 And that it was the grandest scheme  
 That ever yet was plann'd—  
 To aid the Southern cause, in this  
 Or any other land.

## LXXXVII.

Silent and still he sat as though  
 My voice he had not heard,  
 As though he had not even deigned  
 To listen to a word.  
 And then he whistled for a while,  
 Then humm'd some listless rhyme—  
 About those who murder'd Cæsar  
 So foul in ancient time,  
 And the retribution that fell  
 Upon them for the crime.  
 Then sang of those who slew the king  
 Of fair Mycensæ's land,  
 And how they died in agony  
 Beneath Oresties' hand.  
 "If thou canst bring a thousand men  
 As partners in thy plot—  
 Men who are stalwart, brave and bold,  
 Who quail and tremble not—  
 When Ruin stares them in the face  
 With all the horrors she can trace;  
 Nor care one little jot  
 If they should end their earthly race  
 With deaths of horror and disgrace,  
 So their ends and aims are got.  
 Then I'd not hesitate at all  
 To link my fate with thine  
 In this emprise, let ruin frown  
 On us, or fortune shine.  
 Have we grown less inured to war?  
 And less to terror steel'd?  
 Than when we drove the Northern hosts  
 From red Manassas' field!  
 Have we forgot the art of war  
 Since Sumpter's cannon peal'd?  
 And those proud old battlements  
 Beneath our thunders reel'd?  
 That we to such foul plots as these  
 For stern revenge should yield?  
 By heaven no; I tell thee Booth  
 Thou'd best be wise in time,  
 And cast forever from thy mind  
 All thoughts of this dark crime.  
 Though every man of them should die  
 The plot has doom'd to death,

And it should ne'er be known at all  
 How ceased their mortal breath,  
 It would not do thee aught of good,  
 Nor help the Southern cause,  
 Most likely it would ruin both,  
 So thou had better pause.  
 All those thou hast in league with thee  
 Their numbers are so few—  
 The half of it they could not do  
 Though they were prompt and true.  
 The Southern States have gone to wreck  
 They never can be free,  
 Nor ever crush the Northern power,  
 In that we all agree.  
 Not but what we have battled well,  
 Done all that men could do,  
 But where we have one man to fight—  
 The North has twenty two.  
 They flock to aid her from all lands,  
 E'en far beyond the seas,  
 Ay, every race, and creed, and hue,  
 But we have none of these  
 To fight and shout for us, and wave  
 Our ensign to the breeze,  
 So we can't fill our wasted ranks  
 Just any time we please.  
 So soon we'll have to yield to  
 Dire, stern necessity,  
 And calmly wait our doom and fate  
 What ever it may be."

## LXXXVIII.

Fierce I exclaimed, by heaven Payne  
 I never dreamt nor thought—  
 That you would fear to rush where fame  
 And glory might be sought.  
 You who have faced the battle brunt  
 On red Antietam's moor,  
 And braved the iron hurricane  
 Round Gettysburg did roar,  
 And many a corpse encumbered field  
 That reek'd with human gore,  
 Would ever shrink from danger when  
 Upon the verge of fame,  
 When Fortune opens wide her arms  
 And calls you by your name.  
 By heaven, Payne, it cannot be,  
 I will not so believe  
 That such a soul is born in you,  
 It cannot so deceive,  
 Belie, your dauntless outward look,



Ho ! ho ! I see it now,  
 That little lass with sunny eyes,  
 And with the smiling brow,  
 And cheeks that with the rainbow vies,  
 In all its varied tints and dyes  
 Has made your spirit bow  
 'Neath Cupid's yoke, but cast it off—  
 Nor let it gall your soul,  
 You yet will blush that e'er you were  
 A slave 'neath his control.  
 Last night I watched you at the ball,  
 And saw that lass of yours  
 Had you completely 'neath her thrall,  
 She'd not let you move from her at all,  
 Nor drink when e'er a toast we'd call,  
 Such things my soul abhors  
 You seem'd to dote upon her smile  
 With all your heart and soul,  
 But cast her from your mind, let Love  
 No more your heart control.  
 Long as you are a slave to Love  
 Your mind will not be free,  
 For Love 's a pest to human kind  
 Both high and low degree.  
 Stealthily it coils round human hearts—  
 As doth the ivy twine  
 Its binding hurtful folds around  
 The tall and stately pine,  
 Ay, it is a treacherous rock  
 Amidst life's whirling stream—  
 On which poor mortals often wreck  
 When all doth hopeful seem,  
 And your's like all mankind's will die,  
 Yea, perish as a dream.  
 For human love however strong—  
 Its life is very short,  
 To one like me who's roam'd the world  
 It seems an idle thought.  
 I hold it frailer than the web  
 That little spiders weave ;  
 Tis fools who nurture up the flame—  
 And o'er lost friendships grieve.  
 I hold it as the simplest thing  
 That any man can do—  
 To build his joy on woman's love,  
 Or deem her vows are true.  
 Woman's love is writ in water ;  
 Her vows are traced on sand,  
 Her heart and soul are far away  
 E'en when she gives her hand.  
 And little cares she whom she has

To torture or to please,  
 So she can gratify her wants,  
 And live in sloth and ease.

Woman must have been placed on earth  
 Man's comfort to destroy,

For ever since she had her birth  
 God turn'd to woe and pain his mirth.

His rapture, and his joy.  
 Instead of bliss, toil, want, and woe.

Must all his life employ  
 She's all his recompense for woe,  
 That peevish, sickening toy.  
 And who slights woman's love cuts deep.

Wakes broods of vipers fell—  
 That lie coil'd up in half repose

'Neath blooming asphodel.  
 If 'tis not true of all the sex,

It is of most I ween,  
 The false and sly we often meet,  
 The true are seldom seen,

At times they shine amongst their sex  
 Grand, glorious and sheen,

Like blazing comets in the sky  
 With mighty voids between.

So follow me, and by my soul  
 Before a year goes round,  
 You shall be rich in gold and lands,  
 Be honor'd and renown'd.

Why fly from Fortune's smile when forth  
 To you she holds her hand?

Why fail to slake your thirst when by  
 The flowing stream you stand?

Now Payne let good or ill betide—  
 Your fortune's mine I swear,

If you will aid me in the plot  
 I solemnly declare—

Your friend I'll be so long as God  
 My life on earth shall spare,

And I'll ne'er sever from your side  
 In danger, woe, nor fear.

And more, I solemnly affirm  
 That every one of ye,

Who back and aid me in the plot  
 Shall ne'er be shunn'd by me.

That is if well they do the thing  
 They undertake to do,

And act like men with sense and thought  
 And courage prompt and true.

Yea, I will aid and comfort them,  
 Betide it weal or woe,

Yea, let us stride to wealth and fame,

Or to the gallows go.  
 What if my numbers be so few ?  
 All vast things on this earth we view,  
 But from little atoms sprung and grew  
 To their gigantic size.  
 From little springs vast oceans flow,  
 From little sparks vast fires glow,  
 From acorns mighty forests grow  
 Through which the whirlwind sighs,  
 And little grains of dust and sand  
 Make up the mountains huge and grand  
 That tower to the skies !  
 And little flakes of fleecy snow  
 That fall upon the mountain's brow—  
 Through heat, and cold, and blast, and storm,  
 The avalanche and glacier form.  
 A little spark explodes the mine,  
 And rocks that some vast mountain line  
 Are from their bases torn.  
 Whole hills by one small spark of flame  
 Igniting with the powder train  
 Are to destruction borne.  
 And one small breath of heat give birth  
 Unto the fierce Simoom,  
 That sweeps along the startled earth  
 Spreading fell blight and gloom.  
 Small rays of light will spread 'till they  
 The whole creation span,  
 And one small microscopic cell  
 Give birth unto a man.  
 Though small the band in which I trust  
 To carry out the deed,  
 Yet surely as we drink this wine  
 It must and will succeed  
 The other day you know you swore  
 Before both God and man,  
 You'd stand by me through good or ill  
 In any scheme I'd plan,  
 So speak out freely now as then—  
 And say you'll do the thing,  
 Nor let us sit like wordy fools  
 All night here arguing.  
 If you intend to move at all—  
 And strike at my command,  
 You'll hesitate no more, but speak,  
 And reach me forth your hand."

## LXXXIX.

Straight forth he stretch'd his hand to clasp  
 Mine own within his stalwart grasp,  
 And thus he spake to me,

"Yea, Booth, let good or ill betide,  
I will not sever from thy side,  
But strike and dare for thee."

## XC.

All was accomplished, Dame Surratt  
Meanwhile the rest had done,  
For she got Harold, Atzerodt,  
Young Arnold and her son,  
To work the fiendish scheme with me,  
And help me drive it through;  
How she made them consent so soon  
To help, I never knew,  
In fact I never cared to know,  
So did not question her,  
I was too busy at that time  
To think that she might err—  
In picking out the sort of men  
That such a plot would need,  
To make it work right surely on,  
And at all points succeed.  
But he who seeks by felon means  
To carry out his aims,  
It matters not how dark and foul  
May be the scheme he frames,  
Some vile woman of her stamp he  
Should always have in league,  
For she'll be quicker than a man  
In cunning sly intrigue.  
She'll have more wile and artifice,  
And more persuasive force,  
More skill in guile and craftiness  
However fair or coarse—  
Than all the fiends in shapes of men  
That roam upon the earth,  
She'll far more foul crime conceive,  
Nor fear to give it birth.  
Let her be fair, or foul, gay or mild,  
Sweet of temper, or rough and wild,  
Her tongue in one short hour,—  
Can coax more of the human race  
To deeds of horror and disgrace,  
Than fiendish man however base  
Could coax in thrice the time and space  
With all his strength and power.  
At least I found it so, for while  
I was persuading one  
To league with me, Mary Surratt  
Got three besides her son,  
In doing it no aid at all  
Did she from me obtain,

Though oft had she not aided me  
With mind and tongue so sharp and sleet,  
I'd fail'd in winning Payne.

## XCI.

Time sped away on lightning wings—  
Yet slow it pass'd I thought,  
Each hour seem'd as though it some  
New doubt and trouble brought,  
For every dreary day and night  
Each sound and sight I caught,  
Seem'd plainly whisper unto me  
The plot would come to naught,  
One constant deadly fear I had,  
Which racked me night and day,  
For it I could not eat nor sleep,  
I could not sport nor play,  
It was that some one in the plot  
Might turn traitor and betray.  
One rainy night I heard a row  
Within the street below,  
Heard the tramp of hurrying feet,  
Saw torches flash and glow,  
With fear I shook from head to heel—  
And sprang from out my bed,  
I caught my dirk and pistol up  
And to the window sped,  
I fancied straight, the plot was known,  
And they were after me,  
Yea, that some one had traitor turn'd.  
Who could the villain be?  
Once, twice, I fancied that I heard  
Them call me by my name,  
A chill ran all my marrow through,  
Blood curdled through my frame.  
Black icy horror smote me dumb—  
Chill'd nerve, and pulse, and vein,  
I cocked my loaded pistol quick  
And put it to my brain.  
I cannot fight them all methought,  
And there's not one bare chance  
For me to fly, escape from them,  
Should they on me advance.  
So ere they shall take me living  
To judge me for the crime,  
And bring me to the gallows grim  
I'll end my earthly time.  
But swift the multitude pass'd on,  
Without a sign of harm  
To me or mine, and soon I ceased  
To tremble with alarm.

They were a throng of firemen—  
 With engines rushing on—  
 To some huge fire that far away  
 Beyond my window shone.  
 I heard the fire bells toll forth  
 Their sullen loud alarm,  
 Back to bed I went, glad 'twas all  
 Imaginary harm.  
 And strove to ease my mind with thoughts  
 That all were firm and true,  
 Who in the plot were leagued with me,  
 Or ought about it knew.

## XCII.

The inauguration day arrived,  
 The day that godlike man—  
 His second term as President  
 O'er this wide realm began,  
 He fairly chosen for that post  
 Of honor, rank, and power,  
 By all his country's truest sons,  
 Her manhood, pride, and flower,  
 Because there was no fitter man  
 To guide her in that hour  
 Of tempest and of storm, within  
 The nation to be found;  
 They knew if he was at the helm  
 All would be safe and sound.  
 They knew him honest and sincere,  
 That they could trust in him,  
 Let the nation's future career  
 Be bright, or dark, and dim.  
 With him they felt as doth the throng  
 Within some noble bark,  
 Though angry billows bellow round,  
 And night is inky dark :  
 And though the furious tempest  
 Shatters masts, shrouds and sail,  
 They feel they need not fear the waves,  
 Nor tremble at the gale,  
 For they have a pilot at the helm  
 Who will not shrink nor quail—  
 How ever fierce the billows toss ;  
 And one who ne'er o'd fail  
 To guide his vessel safely on  
 By clift and dangerous rock,  
 However dark the night, or fierce  
 The waves and tempest's shock.  
 I saw him on that day come forth  
 And on the terrace stand,  
 Swear before the face of heaven,

(I saw him raise his hand)  
That he with faithful heart and soul  
Would guide and rule the land.  
That nothing he would leave undone—  
That God vouchsafed to show—  
How he might bind the land again,  
Make bloodshed cease to flow,  
Yea, soothe the people's frantic rage,  
And heal the wounds of war  
Ease all their misery and woe  
Within the realm afar.  
He really seem'd the while he spake—  
That with all his heart and soul—  
He longed and yearned and prayed for that  
To be the end and goal.  
He looked serene as one whose life  
In God is rooted fast,  
A man who feareth naught but God,  
There faith securely cast.  
As some firm rocky fort that recks  
Not flood nor siege nor storm,  
So arm'd in faith and lofty pride  
He rear'd his kingly form.  
And all of that long while he spake—  
(Methinks I see it now)  
Though men by thousands stood around—  
There was not one I trow—  
But seem'd to hear his words with joy,  
And wore a smiling brow,  
And shouted forth their hearty cheers  
Soon as he made the vow.  
I even look'd in many faces  
Of old friends of mine—  
Who once declared they hated him,  
And swore by all divine  
That it should ever last 'till death,  
But there I fail'd to trace  
One sign of hate, or yet a sneer,  
Upon their brow or face.  
They seem'd to shout as hearty cheers,  
As those who from the first  
Had praised, and bless'd that chief, and all  
His fame and glory nursed,  
And sooner would have died right out  
Than e'er his name have cursed.  
Ay, all around both far and near  
Look'd happy, bright and gay,  
Though winds blew cold and fierce and dark  
And rainy was the day.  
And that bright sunshine of the world,  
That best and noblest gift,

Which God in loving kindness sent —  
 The soul of man to lift  
 From the miry swamps of sloth,  
 And make it shine and soar—  
 Midst grand and noble things, as though  
 Some god his soul upbore,  
 And keep it ever glad and bless'd,  
 Yea, she was smiling there,  
 That being we men call woman,  
 That looks so sweet and fair.  
 She who is ever good and kind,  
 And ever on the road  
 To soothe her fellow creature's woes,  
 And ease life's weary load.  
 Who like a soothing angel stands  
 Beside the couch of woe,  
 Couch of contagion, fell disease,  
 Where man would fear to go.  
 Yea, she's the sunshine of the world,  
 Before her sunny smile  
 Afar grief's mirky clouds are hurl'd,  
 And rapture dawns the while.  
 By thousands all around they stood,  
 With eyes so bright and sheen,  
 And like merry laughing angels  
 They gladden'd all the scene.  
 They waved their snowy hands, and join'd  
 In all that wild acclaim—  
 That roar'd from mouths of men to greet  
 That hero as he came.  
 I saw I was the only one  
 Midst all that mighty throng,  
 Who bore towards that grand President  
 One thought of harm or wrong.  
 Only one who could not rejoice,  
 Be happy or be gay,  
 And hail him as the nation's choice  
 On that important day.  
 I could not bear to hear the voice  
 Of one I hated so,  
 And was so soon to vilely slay  
 By foul assassin blow.  
 Afar from that gay throng I drew  
 With dark and sullen soul,  
 For I could scarce my fiendish thoughts  
 Within my breast control.  
 I felt all like the devil felt,  
 The night that he was hurl'd  
 Before the rage and strength of God,  
 From out the blissful world,  
 And flounder'd down amidst the rocks



And yawning gulfs of hell,  
 And saw and felt the fiery hiss  
 Of dragons fierce and fell.  
 While afar above in heaven,  
 Amongst the sainted throng—  
 He heard sweet music rise and fall,  
 And heard the laugh and song—  
 Of pure and spotless, happy souls,  
 Untouched by want or woe,  
 'Mongst whom he ne'er again could mix,  
 Or ever hope to go.

## XCIII.

Oh! had I been born in olden time  
 When chivalry began,  
 When naught but deeds of high renown  
 Could charm the soul of man.  
 When naught but honor, worth and fame,  
 And deeds of manly style,  
 Could ever bring on Beauty's cheek  
 One warm approving smile,  
 Yea, win one loving gaze from her,  
 And charm her soul awhile.  
 Days when any knight the gauntlet  
 Unto the world might fling;  
 When any yeoman of the land  
 Might ride in listed ring,  
 And do strong battle hand to hand  
 With peer, and prince, and king,  
 Ay, meet them in the tourney's whirl,  
 With heart and soul on flame—  
 And win renown, or let some king  
 His knightly ardor tame.  
 Yea, die amidst the rush of spears,  
 Or win a deathless name,  
 Fall or spread o'er wide Christendom  
 His everlasting fame.  
 In those glorious days of old,  
 No king was ever crown'd,  
 But what some steel-clad champion  
 Beside him would be found,  
 Who for valor, strength and courtesy,  
 Was o'er the world renown'd,  
 And whose high office 'twas to throw  
 The gauntlet on the ground—  
 Ere his prince the diadem had ta'en,  
 A challenge unto those  
 That prince's right of sovereignty  
 Dared openly oppose.  
 Yea, fling a challenge to the world,  
 And meet his prince's foes.

Oh! were those grand high offices  
 Of honor and of praise,  
 But fill'd at those important times  
 In these degenerate days,  
 How proudly had I sat upon  
 A charger black as night;  
 My body sheathed from head to heel  
 In armor flashing bright.  
 And strong as the torrent dashing  
 Down an Andean height.  
 Proudly I'd drawn my sword and thrown  
 A challenge unto those,  
 Who dared openly, by thought or deed,  
 That President oppose.  
 Who dared deny his right and claim  
 To sway and rule the land,  
 And I had fiercely met them in  
 Stark battle hand to hand.

## XCIV.

Strange thoughts are these for one like me.  
 Who did so fell a deed—  
 Who strove to blast his native land,  
 And civil discord breed.  
 Who slew his country's noblest son—  
 The first in rank and power—  
 And more, to do it when I did,  
 At that dark trying hour.  
 Oh coward, felon, false and sly!  
 Oh traitor dark and fell!  
 Oh murderer of the basest kind!  
 Oh villain sprung from hell!  
 Oh sharp, and keen, and subtle knave!  
 Oh liar vile and base!  
 Oh well may the hot burning tears  
 Bedew my curs'd face!  
 Well may I writhe in agony,  
 And curse the fatal hour,  
 I willingly became a slave  
 Unto the devil's power.  
 Well may I curse my awful deeds,  
 And like a madman rave  
 With pain of body and of mind,  
 Above my yawning grave.

## XCV.

The night arrived—that awful night  
 The bloody work was done—  
 At Dame Surratt's we all convened,  
 For fitter place was none.  
 And there we ate, laugh'd, sang and swore,  
 And pour'd down floods of wine,  
 Until the clock upon the wall

Aroused this soul of mine  
 From that wild scene of revelry.  
 I instantly arose,  
 And told to each his fearful task,  
 And how to deal his blows ;  
 But ere I ceased, thus Payne began  
 With solemn voice to speak—  
 The wine was flashing in his eyes,  
 And flaming on his cheek :  
 "Booth, I can't see what good 'twill be  
 For us to do this thing;  
 Sure every one of us unto  
 The gallows it will bring.  
 It is as foul and awful plot  
 As e'er was framed by man,  
 Or e'er was conjured in the brain  
 Since earth and sea began.  
 Torture I'd bear like Ravallac,  
 And be as firm and brave  
 As him, at the stake or ghastly rack,  
 The gallows or the grave.  
 I fear no woe or pain with which  
 Man can torment my form,  
 My soul would brave it as the rock  
 The lightning and the storm.  
 But 'tis a horrid thing, I swear,  
 For us to sneak forth thus,  
 And vilely slay and murder men  
 Who never injured us."  
 Fierce on his speech I broke with eyes  
 Like flaming coals of fire,  
 The blood went boiling through my veins,  
 And shook my form with ire.  
 First with curses on his fears I broke  
 With all my voice's strength,  
 Pour'd forth a volley of foul oaths  
 A half a rood in length.  
 "By heaven Payne then can it be  
 You are so frail in mind?  
 Why you are unstable as water,  
 Inconstant as the wind.  
 'Twas but the other day you swore  
 (I deem'd your vow was true)  
 You would aid me heart and hand  
 To drive this business through.  
 Yea, help me slay and butcher those  
 Who drove the South to shame,  
 Who pour'd forth armies on her soil  
 And wrapt her towns in flame,  
 Who tore her blooming vineyards down,  
 Left them desolate and lone,

Made her a howling wilderness  
 Bare as the arid Zone,  
 Made many a stately mansion  
 That once looked bright and fair,  
 And where once merry laughter rung  
 Upon the evening air—  
 A sad and lonely, ruin'd pile,  
 O'er which the grasses wave,  
 Its owners exiled from the land,  
 Treated as the meanest slave,  
 Or thrown in dungeons dark as night,  
 Damp, gloomy as the grave."  
 "Ay, but Booth every one that you  
 This night would doom to death—  
 Of this are innocent, so why  
 Stop off their vital breath?  
 This bloody war had long began  
 Ere they arose to power,  
 We insatiate for war, arose  
 To slaughter and devour.  
 Had the North not stemm'd the Southern tide,  
 And down its pride have ta'en,  
 Then every town the North could boast  
 Had ere this in ashes lain.  
 And base indeed had been those men,  
 And lost to sense of shame—  
 When they assumed the nation's rule,  
 And unto power came.  
 Had they not strove with heart and hand  
 To quell rebellion in the land,  
 And trample out its flame,  
 They had been cursed for ever more  
 Throughout the land, from shore to shore,  
 Had they stood mute and tame,—  
 Until their haughty greedy foe  
 Had ta'en or ruin'd all,  
 Had split the realm, and wrapped the North  
 In shame and sorrow's pall.  
 So well trimm'd armies to their aid  
 As swift as light they brought—  
 To crush the fierce rebellion low,  
 Ay, bring it unto naught;  
 And they have said and done no more  
 Than just the thing they ought.  
 This war arose like all that yet  
 Within the world have been—  
 And all that e'er will roar and ring  
 Upon this Globe I ween.  
 It grew through lying tongues of those  
 Who in the pulpit preach,  
 Whose proper business 'tis—good will

And love, mongst men to teach.  
 Yea, they who feign to teach God's laws  
 Unto their fellow men,  
 And scatter blessings like the dews  
 That fall on field and fen.  
 But instead of acting like God's  
 Vicegerents on the world,  
 And spreading peace and love 'mongst men  
 They war's red flag unfurl'd.  
 Long naught but war and politics  
 They've from the pulpit hurl'd,  
 Savage and wild the preachers shriek  
 Their bloody doctrines forth—  
 Unto their gaping congregations,  
 Alike o'er South and North,  
 Loud every day the pulpit roars  
 With words, but not like those  
 Christ our Saviour taught alike  
 To all his friends and foes.  
 Pour forth blood as water, cut down,  
 Burn, massacre, and slay,  
 Show no quarter to a foe.  
 Is the gospel of the day.  
 Through them alone this war to its  
 Fell magnitude did grow,  
 They are alone responsible  
 For all the nation's woe.  
 Instead of rushing unto arms  
 And making discord ring,  
 We should have heed them as the rock  
 Doth the scorpion's sting.  
 Some ones are really good I trove  
 Amongst the gospel crew,  
 Who strive to worship God, and do  
 As well as flesh can do.  
 Though good or ill to them betide  
 To mammon ne'er are true,  
 Who strive to hide their neighbour's faults,  
 Not point them out to view.  
 Who ne'er foam'd forth vile politics  
 Within the house of God,  
 Nor pray'd for war to waste the land  
 Like Timour's scourging rod,  
 But breathing peace and love to men  
 The sacred pulpit trod.  
 And these shine 'mongst the gospel crew  
 All glorious and sheen,  
 Like blazing comets in the sky  
 With mighty voids between."

## XCVI.

A blood red flush came o'er my face—  
 I felt it burning there,  
 Nor could I speak an ample space  
 For rage, surprise and care.  
 First I thought, straight to rush on him  
 And brain him at a blow,  
 Hold no more parley with a man  
 Who could desert me so.  
 At length I calmly said, "Tis true  
 Some preachers have had much to do  
 In breeding up this cruel strife,  
 That had cost so much blood and life,  
 For they have made the pulpits groan  
 With things they should have left alone,  
 Ay, every day the pulpit roars  
 With naught but politics and wars,  
 And lying tales from them;  
 They preach up murder, blood and death,  
 Applaud it with their fiendish breath  
 Though 'twere a gospel gem.  
 They wish for cities wrapped in fire,  
 Cities sacked, and horrors dire,  
 And things they should condemn.  
 They have maliciously stirr'd up  
 The people's hate and ire,  
 Set South 'gainst North, and North 'gainst South  
 In battle fierce and dire.  
 But trust to me and soon as we  
 Arise to rank and power,  
 For by my soul I swear we will,  
 If ye'll not fear to slay and kill  
 At the appointed hour;  
 Then every preacher in the land  
 Who e'er the pulpit trod,  
 Dared preach forth themes of blood and war  
 Within the house of God,  
 We soon will bring unto account,  
 And send them to their graves,  
 Or make such ranters ever be  
 The meanest quarry slaves.  
 But time speeds on, I must be gone,  
 And ere I go know this—  
 He who dares betray the plot  
 Instant death can never miss.  
 Ye all may fail to act with me  
 Through cowardice of heart,  
 Yet, nathless slaughter there shall be,  
 For I shall do my part.  
 And if ye fail to help me drive  
 The plot through thoroughly,  
 If only part of it be done,

It will be worse for every one  
Who's leagued in it with me—  
Though if it all were done complete;  
Ay, if it fail you all will meet  
The gallows and the grave  
As sure as fate, so pause and wait  
Like fools until it be too late  
Your necks from hemp to save  
With you I hold no more debate,  
I go my part to brave.  
Curse on your coward stagnant souls,  
How ghast'y ye appear,  
Ye tremble now like aspen leaves,  
Ye putrefy with fear;  
Ye look like very statues of  
Fell Terror and Despair.  
Homer's Irus was a coward—  
But ye are worse by far,  
Gone is all your manly-hood  
Fear doth all your spirits mar.  
Ye all would cower ere the sword  
Flash'd from its shining sheath,  
Nor could ye as Irus stand till some  
Ulysses touch'd your teeth.  
Aha! ye all are trembling still,  
As sheep in mountain fold  
Ye quake with fear, when suddenly  
They in their midst behold  
The howling wolves and tigers come,  
Or lions fierce and grim,  
Ay, ay, like them ye quake with fear,  
With fear your eyes grow dim.  
Quake on, fear on, poor coward fools,  
Ye little know as yet  
How vast a bill ye owe the laws,  
But ye shall pay the debt.  
To night I do a deed that shall  
All human senses rock—  
As if the earth were rent in twain  
By some fell earthquake shock.  
I'll do it, though full well I know  
That dire, hate and wrath,  
And Vengeance fell, like dragons grim  
Will aye pursue my path.  
And all of ye, that e'er were seen  
In company with me,  
Will then be seized, deem'd privy to  
The deed of felony.  
No utter chance there'll be for you  
To 'scape the felon's tomb,

As true as night now shades the land—  
The gallows is your doom.

For know, my plot is as some tree  
That is complete and whole,

Ye are the branches of that tree,  
And I the root and bole.

One branch remove, it injures not  
The stable trunk, nor root,

Awhile the sap may flow, but soon  
Springs forth another shoot.

But let the livid lightning rend  
Its stately bole, or wound,

And blast the vital roots, then all  
The branches kiss the ground.

Ho! ho! what trembling still? if thus  
Ye quake with mortal dread

To hear me speak, oh, how ye'll quake,  
When ye on the gallows tread.

Vile worthless lumps of dirt, without  
A soul to do or dare,

'Tis but thoughts of corporeal pain  
That makes ye quail with fear,

And for your soul's eternal doom  
Ye have no thought nor care,

Only death and mortal man ye dread,  
Of God ye have no fear.

Poor lads how pale ye look, the fiends  
Of Fear must in ye dwell,

If thus to hear me speak ye quake,  
How will ye face the fiery lake?

The fusing flames of hell?

Ha! what will ye then do? when round

Ye vast and grim and tall,

The flames of hell as ocean's waves

'Neath tempests leap and fall.

Fear on poor terror stricken lads,

Ay, tremble while ye may,

Cowards your days are number'd and soon

Your memory 'll decay,

Yea, from all thoughts of mortal men

Ye soon will pass away,

As the water'd lilies reck not of

The drought of yesterday.

Payne, Payne, farewell faint-hearted man,

I lavished love on you,

Like water pour'd upon the sand

Beyond the reach of mortal hand

To gather up anew.

No mother ever loved her child

As I have cherished you,

It grew to passion almost wild,



Would yours were half as true  
 Oh, could I forget you ever !  
 But 'twould be a vain endeavour  
 To cast you from my mind,  
 No power on earth could sever  
 My warm soul from you, no, never,  
 You there shall live unshrined  
 Through all eternity, and burn  
 Within this spirit's core ;  
 But farewell you faint-hearted man  
 Farewell forever more.  
 Farewell, my love is strong as death ;  
 My hatred savage as the grave :  
 The coals thereof are coals of fire,  
 Whose flame shall ever glow and rave."

## XCVII.

Burning with rage, remorse and shame,  
 I darted like a flash of flame  
 From out the dusky room,  
 My name I thought I heard them call  
 As I departed through the hall,  
 I paused not 'till I reached the stall,  
 And found my horse and groom,  
 Already saddled was my steed,  
 I sprung on him with lightning speed,  
 And through the mist and gloom  
 I rode upon my errand fell—  
 Glowing like demon hot from hell ;  
 I reached the fatal place  
 I glided in the Theatre,  
 Upon the mirth, uproar and stir—  
 I gazed a little space ;  
 Oh all the place was crowded full !  
 Although the play was dry and dull—  
 The actors just the same,  
 Though poor the play, the actors rude,  
 Forth from that lively multitude  
 Oft hearty cheerings came.  
 But what enlivened so the night,  
 And gave that audience delight,  
 Ay, so their rapture fann'd,  
 Was he—who sat in silence there,  
 The good, the noble, and sincere,  
 The loved, the honor'd, and the dear,  
 The ruler of the land.  
 I saw—and gazed a little space  
 Upon his open, candid face,  
 I saw a passing smile  
 Upon his noble visage play,  
 As sunbeams at the close of day ;

Great God, in fear I turn'd away—  
 It seem'd its bright and kindly ray  
 Dawn'd full on me the while.  
 Yea, full on me it fell and beam'd  
 With all its warmth serene;  
 I know not why, but oh! it seem'd  
 His eyes on mine forever gleam'd  
 With all their glowing sheen!  
 Oh, oft I turn'd my gaze away  
 And stol'n-wise look'd at him!  
 But still I found their kindly ray  
 Did still unswerving on me play,  
 It made my senses swim.  
 A low dull sound rung in mine ear  
 All the while I was standing there,  
 A sullen, mournful sound, and drear,  
 It smote my soul and sense with fear,  
 And made me pant for breath.  
 Deep, deeper came those murmurs low—  
 As though a spirit wail'd in woe  
 Above the coming death.  
 My breast could scarce my thoughts contain  
 All hell was flashing in my brain  
 And surging in my soul,  
 Swift towards the outer door I sped,  
 Trembling with more than mortal dread—  
 And keen anxiety, my head  
 Hot as a burning coal.  
 And as I pass'd from out the door  
 I turn'd and looked at him once more,  
 Still beam'd his eye on me,  
 And still that bright celestial smile  
 Was beaming down on me the while  
 With sunny brilliancy.  
 'Sdeath! I could not slay that man  
 For all the gold on earth's broad span—  
 Nor do him aught of harm—  
 While his keen gaze was fix'd on me,  
 He look'd so kind and fatherly  
 I could not raise my arm  
 To point my pistol to his head,  
 It seem'd my purpose dark and dread,  
 And all my rage and hate had fled,  
 Before that kindly smile he shed,  
 As at a mighty charm,  
 Yea, awhile all fell vengeance sped,  
 And left a love for him instead.

## XCVIII.

I read strange tales long, long ago  
 Of murder, crime, and woe,

Of valiant men and good who died  
By the assassin's blow.  
In all it seem'd those men would feel  
By instinct, swift as light,  
The presence of their mortal foe  
Ere he approach'd their sight,  
Ay, long ere they had cause to fear  
The coming woe and harm,  
Or cause to fancy they should die  
By any human arm.  
But when'er he who did the deed—  
Though it was years ahead—  
Chanced to come within their presence—  
Or when they heard his tread  
A sudden feeling wild and strange  
Would through their being go,  
Their eyes by instinct turn'd on him—  
With keener sharper glow  
Than they were ever known to shine  
On aught on earth before.  
This may but be the phantasy,  
Or lies and nothing more,  
Of those who penn'd those thrilling tales  
Of horror, crime and gore.  
I cannot tell, but this I know,  
In haste three times I went  
Within that merry Theatre  
To slay the President;  
And every time I enter'd there—  
Just ere I reached the spot  
Where I could take a steady aim,  
Make certain that my shot—  
Would send him to his long account  
His eyes would turn on me,  
Ay, gaze on me all kind and sheen  
Just as his face I'd see.  
And every time I met his stare—  
Smiles his visage wore, frank as e'er  
On mortal face we'll find,  
The while from head to heel I shook,  
For in his open candid look  
I read as from a seraph's book  
Good will to all mankind.  
Three times I strode with hasty pace  
That Theatre within,  
Resolved to let a bullet fly—  
And do the deed of sin,  
And three times did I retire  
From out that fatal place—  
With panting heart, and reeling step  
And brain, and burning face.

Had I but mark'd a frown or sneer  
 Across his features crawl  
 The while I gazed upon him there  
 I'd felt no fear at all  
 In taking sure and steady aim,  
 And doing the fell deed,  
 Yea, I'd paused not but done it  
 With all the devil's speed.  
 Each time I gazed on him, he looked  
 All kindly and sincere,  
 Though he ne'er harbored thought nor wish  
 But what the world might hear.  
 Upon his face I failed to trace  
 Aught but universal love  
 To all his fellow men on earth,  
 And trust in God above.  
 And so I could not slay the man  
 While thus he gazed on me,  
 I could not find it in my heart  
 To act so cruelly;  
 'Twould been as parricide done with  
 A fiend's ferocity.

## XCIX.

There was a tavern close at hand  
 To which I hied with speed,  
 There I poured down wine as water  
 To steel me to the deed.  
 Soon I felt it fire my brain,  
 And with it vengeance came,  
 My blood went bounding through each vein  
 Like rushing liquid flame.  
 For hate was in me strong as death,  
 And cruel as the grave,  
 Fiery as the Simooms' breaths  
 That o'er Sahara rave;  
 And jealousy as fierce and fell  
 As ocean's angry wave—  
 That draws the ship-wreck'd seaman towards  
 The Maelstrom's dread abyss,  
 Where ghastly green-eyed monsters war,  
 And long-tongued dragons hiss.  
 And where 'midst racing roaring brine  
 The bones of men are toss'd,  
 The bones of ship-wrecked mariners  
 Through countless ages lost.  
 Headlong it spins him round and round,  
 Rejoicing at his doom,  
 Still narrowing at every bound,  
 To that dread brim still closer wound,  
 That rim of spray and spume,  
 Then whirls him in that gulf profound

To everlasting gloom.  
 While high above that sparkling foam,  
 And ever roaring gurge—  
 To the blasts the seagulls moan,  
 And shriek his funeral dirge.  
 Yea, jealousy and hate were mine  
 As savage and as fell  
 As Scylla and Charybdis' jaws,  
 Grasping as their hideous claws,  
 Insatiate as their horrid maws.  
 Each a grim raging hell.  
 Yea, both were fierce and foul as the  
 Chimæra's grisly frame  
 That horrid beast that had her den  
 In some dark rocky mountain glen,  
 That wasted fields, and slaughter'd men,  
 And belched forth fetid flame,  
 And made the world with terror groan ;  
 Which by Minerva's aid alone  
 Bellerophon o'ercame.  
 Now the deed I do methought, though  
 All hell stands in the way,  
 Yea, naught shall turn me from the deed,  
 All fears I hold at bay.  
 I'll find some other way or chance  
 To deal the mortal blow,  
 Instead of facing him again—  
 Unto his back I'll go.  
 Then up the winding stairs I went,  
 That led unto the place  
 Where sat the stately President,  
 I gazed a little space  
 At him, through a crack in the door,  
 His back was turn'd to me,  
 He gazed upon the stage below,  
 On actors flying to and fro  
 All wild and hastily,  
 And list unto the music's flow,  
 So did all his company.

## C.

But as I 'gan to ope the door  
 I shook with mortal dread,  
 Shook as the coward thief who goes  
 At night to rob the dead,  
 Who fears the corpse may yet arise  
 From off the sable bier—  
 And his accursed form and soul  
 To shreds and atoms tear.  
 I felt some unseen demon's fingers  
 Passing through my hair,

I felt his breath upon my cheek  
'Twas fetid arid air—  
Like that supposed to issue from  
Dread hell's most foul abyss;  
An unseen serpent coil'd around  
My arm, I heard it hiss.  
Swift, noiseless as the devil moves  
When on some errand dread,  
I drew my pistol from my breast  
And aim'd it at his head.  
Forth went the bullet through his brain  
With sad and sullen roar,  
I saw the crimson blood stream forth,  
And rush upon the floor.  
Oh then great God the deed was done !  
The blackest deed that earth—  
Has known or witness'd since the fiends  
And devil had their birth.  
I drew my dagger from its sheath  
And leaped upon the stage,  
For I was wild and frantic then  
With demon fear and rage,  
And Terror strung each thew and nerve  
With more than human force,  
With strength that is not of this world ;  
I was strong as the torrent hurl'd  
Adown its Alpine course.  
Fear joined with crime more daring owns  
By far than courage hath,  
Courage is not strong nor fierce as Fear,  
Nor half its strength has Wrath,  
And had some flame or yawning gulf,  
Or danger cross'd my path,  
I'd leapt o'er them, nor paused to think  
Of any shock nor scath !  
So agile and so strong I felt,  
So desperate and fell,  
I would have braved the jaws of Death  
And all the fiends of hell—  
To clear me but one hour from  
That dread infernal place,  
So I might gaze no longer on  
That slaughtered Chieftain's face  
And had a thousand sturdy men  
All armed with sword and spear  
But strove to block my passage then,  
Or stop my fierce career.  
I do most verily believe  
I had not stood at bay,  
But through and through their hostile ranks  
Have hewn my gory way ;

Yea, as the reaper cuts right through  
The yellow ripened grain  
And spreads it all in even swaths  
Along the harvest plain.

Or made them fly like ocean's spray  
When the black squall doth blow,  
Or like reeds that in the flood-time  
Spin down the whirling Po.

My brain was red-hot liquid flame  
Like that which seethes in hell,

When I leaped forth upon the stage  
With panther spring and yell.

That dread moment I seem'd endowed  
With strength and terror fell,  
Crazed and nerved beyond the power  
Of human voice to tell.

For some one I know was hired  
To out the lights around—

Just soon as my pistol fired,  
Ay, at the very sound,  
So outward I might safely rush  
Amidst the gloom profound.

But while I rushed across the stage  
The place was bright as day,

No one had dimmed the lights, it seem'd  
They shone with brighter ray.

Then through the rearward door I went  
With more than lightning's speed,

Then down the narrow street I rushed  
And vaulted on my steed

All had been done as swift as thought,  
Yea, like a flash of flame

I flew in the place, did the deed,  
Then outward shouting came.

'Twas done so quick, so rapidly,  
So swift, so sudden, and so free,

It even seem'd to me—  
To be a passing flying dream,  
And not reality.

And when I sprung upon the stage

Not one knew what it meant,  
Not e'en the ones who sat around

The slaughtered President,  
So swift I sprung upon the stage,

So swift from it I went,  
That all that multitude around

Sat gaping with surprise,  
All dumb and mute they sat with

Parted lips and straining eyes,  
Wrapt in such vast astonishment  
Not one of them could rise.

## CI.

Deep, deep and fast my rowels sank  
 Within my charger's foamy flank,  
 O'er ditch, and fence, and clift, and meed,  
 He thunder'd on with billow's speed  
 When tempests are abroad ;  
 He flew as though he well could heed  
 The danger of his lord.  
 With spur and rein his flight I cheer'd  
 'Till morning in the sky appear'd,  
 Then towards a lonely wood I steer'd  
 That stood a mile before  
 There, in his rapid flight I rear'd,  
 And sprung to earth once more.  
 But oh the pain, that smote me then !  
 The keen and bitter pain,  
 It sent a thrill through all my form,  
 I felt it in my brain.  
 When I that fearful leap had made  
 That night unto the stage—  
 Although I did not feel it then  
 Through fear, and haste, and rage,  
 A slender bone within my leg  
 Broke as I touched the floor,  
 And now the points pierced through the skin  
 A half an inch and more.  
 I strove to soothe my broken limb,  
 But all my toil was vain,  
 And Terror mated with Despair  
 Made all my pain more pain.  
 Soon Harold journey'd up to me,  
 Then off to Mudd's we went,  
 Though at each move I made, my wound  
 Pains through my body sent.

## CII.

We went to Mudd's, for well knew he  
 About the dark Conspiracy,  
 We met him at his door,  
 We told him of the murder grim ;  
 He strove to set my broken limb,  
 And fix it right once more.  
 But all the while he bent o'er me,  
 He trembled like an aspen tree,  
 And ghastly looked his brow,  
 Nor has he set the bone aright,  
 Perhaps he could not for his fright,  
 Perhaps he knew not how.

## CIII.

On, on, I flew o'er field and fen



With Harold by my side,  
 He swore to aid me in my flight  
 And be my friend and guide,  
 And lead me through these lonely swamps  
 No matter what betide.  
 And in this damp and lonely bield  
 Just ere the night closed in—  
 Just ere this driving storm with all  
 Its fury did begin—  
 Alone he left me here, while he  
 Went forth with trembling tread—  
 To seek among the sons of men  
 One little piece of bread,  
 To ease that craving agony  
 Which at our vitals gnaws.  
 For fell hunger will drive mankind  
 Within the lion's jaws  
 And ah, they must have captured him !  
 Or else he's gone astray,  
 I know he would not willingly  
 Have stay'd so long away.  
 Ah me ! he must have fallen in  
 The clutches of the law ;  
 And that crowd of flying horsemen  
 That just ere dusk I saw—  
 Scouring along by yonder wood  
 Perchance have taken him,  
 Perchance this very night he hangs  
 Upon some gallows grim.  
 If they have captured him, oh God !  
 They soon will have me too,  
 For he's not over firm of mind,  
 Nor yet the bravest of mankind,  
 And he may give some clue—  
 To them, so me they may easy find,  
 And me for aye undo.

## CIV.

Oh God ! perchance those horsemen—  
 Or spies are around me now,  
 Hark ! a strange moving then I heard  
 Upon yon maple bough.  
 Men by thousands will be after me  
 And seek me far and near,  
 For a price is set upon my head,  
 Those who capture me alive or dead  
 Will ample fortunes share.  
 Harold I should not have sent for food,  
 Better to starve and die  
 Alone in woe and agony,  
 Than die a death of infamy

Upon the scaffold high.  
 But to no gallows shall I go,  
 Lost and wretched as I am  
 No such vile disgrace and shame  
 My latest hour shall damn.  
 My soul shall leave its mortal form  
 Midst scenes of strife and battle storm;  
 While blood flows round me red and warm,  
 Midst scenes of smoke and flame,  
 I'll die as doth the lion die—  
 When his young round him slaughter'd lie,  
 Whose courage and ferocity  
 No earthly force can tame,  
 Who fears not when he sees his foes  
 Surround his bloody den,  
 Who dies while biting, tearing hard  
 'Mongst dying hounds and men,  
 My soul shall leave its earthly frame  
 As doth the huge volcano's flame  
 Quit the crater with a roar,  
 That sends one sudden blaze of light  
 Across the land, then sinks to night  
 And gloom forever more.

## CV.

But ere I sink into the grave  
 Right gladly would I know—  
 If any other in the plot  
 Did dare to strike a blow  
 That night save me, I fain would know  
 Who was murder'd on that night,  
 And where the rest who leagued with me  
 Have hid or ta'en their flight,  
 For Harold is the only one  
 That I have fix'd my eyes upon—  
 Ever since that tremendous time  
 I went to perpetrate the crime,  
 And left them gaping one and all  
 At me in Dame Surratt's old hall,  
 Half drunk, and ready for a brawl.  
 But they were cowards all at heart,  
 Not much they did I trow,  
 For when I left them there, I saw  
 Fear, stamp'd upon each brow.  
 If aught that night was done by them  
 In shape of felony,  
 'Twas Dame Surratt who urged them on,  
 They would not strike for me.  
 She may have spurr'd them to the deed,  
 For she was sly and keen,  
 Knew well the way to lead astray  
 Such wretches low and mean.

## CVI.

Away, away with thoughts like these,  
 Why think of dogs like them?  
 They are not worthy e'en to touch  
 The devil's garment hem,  
 Not one of them shall die like me,  
 They are too vile and low—  
 And far too cowardly to fall  
 With face unto their foe.  
 They'll all upon the gallows swing—  
 The scorn of human kind,  
 The hate, derision, and contempt,  
 Of e'en the dark in mind.  
 But my fell earthly race shall end,  
 My spirit from its body wend  
 Midst scenes of blood and fire,  
 Amidst the clash and crash of steel,  
 And combat fierce and dire.  
 My hands are on my carbine now,  
 My dagger 'tween my teeth,  
 And they who dare to venture near,  
 A bullet through each heart shall tear,  
 Be each my dagger's sheath.  
 I'll die as doth befit the slayer  
 Of so great a man,  
 Though sorely now I rue the deed  
 As any mortal can.  
 And though I acted cowardly  
 And low and mean, and vile,  
 By sneaking up behind the man  
 And killing in that style,  
 Such cowardice shall not disgrace  
 My latest hour on earth,  
 Ah no! I shall not so besmirch  
 The land that gave me birth!  
 His dark, untimely, cruel death  
 The world shall ever mourn,  
 And bards shall sing his worth and fame  
 To ages yet unborn.  
 And they shall tell of him who did  
 The dark atrocious crime,  
 Through it my name shall ever live  
 Through all revolving time.  
 Good men and brave may be forgot,  
 Oblivion aye hide the spot  
 Their dust and fame are nursed,  
 But while men breathe on earth they'll hear  
 With shudders of revenge and fear  
 Of me, the fell, accurs'd.  
 This generation of mankind  
 May seek to hide my name,

The next that comes will seek to know  
 Who dealt the fierce tremendous blow,  
 And wrought the deed of shame.  
 My name like Eratostratus—  
 Though wrapt in blood and crime,  
 Shall live in spite of man and fiend  
 Through all the tide of time.

## CVII.

'Sdeath! how fierce the lightnings flash,  
 How dread the thunders boom—  
 The world, a moment's light they give,  
 Then tumult and dence gloom.  
 The tempests howl, the torrents roar  
 In headlong fury by,  
 Oh there is madness on the earth!  
 And anger in the sky.  
 And there is madness in my soul,  
 And horror in my mind,  
 Sorrow, Remorse, and grim Despair,  
 All visit me combined.  
 As lightning bolts my aching soul  
 They blast, and wound, and tear,  
 Yea, fierce lightning bolts self forged  
 In intramundane air.  
 Ah! pain and fear and every ill  
 Hold form and soul in thrall,  
 Yea, every ill that e'er was born  
 On this terrestrial ball—  
 Since first it sprung in airy space  
 'Midst creation's mighty plan—  
 And there before the sun's bright disk  
 Its revolving course began.  
 'Tis by the sun's magnetic force  
 This world in space is held,  
 By it, earth lives in air, by it  
 From other worlds repeld.  
 And if that empyreal sphere  
 Should wither from the sky—  
 Earth would bolt through space—and in dark  
 Primeval chaos die.  
 So by Faith alone the spirit lives  
 And hopes and trusts in God,  
 If not for Faith dark man's soul would be  
 In its corporeal clod.  
 Faith like the sun that holds and guides  
 And keeps this world aright—  
 Illumes and cheers the soul of man—  
 Else all were hell and night.  
 Earth weighed in God's vast universe  
 But one mere atom lies—

As one of its small grains of sand  
 Placed in a scale with a world more grand  
 And billion times earth's size  
 So every deathless soul of man  
 Though in itself a world, and 'gan  
 Ere earth's sepulchral clod—  
 Is but a mere slight atom of  
 The all pervading God.  
 He is the centre source and life  
 Of every earth bound soul—  
 All are but mere parts of Him,  
 He's the vast stupendous whole.  
 All atoms, souls, suns, stars, and worlds  
 Are His to sway and rule,  
 He's all wise, benign, beneficent,  
 And man is but a fool.  
 Shall He who from nothing formed  
 All vast ethereal globes—  
 Fill'd them with life, and deck'd them all  
 With grand and glowing robes !  
 Not cleanse a death ess soul from crime !  
 Yea, make it pure again—  
 As first it sprung from His own hand  
 All free from every stain ?  
 Yea Him to whom no mortal yet  
 Has ever call'd in vain ?

## CVIII.

Blow, blow ye winds forever blow  
 O'er forest, hill and plain,  
 Ay, howl and groan like angry fiends  
 In everlasting pain.  
 And flash ye streams of lightning flash,  
 And roll ye thunders roll,  
 For nothing else this awful night  
 Can cheer my madden'd soul.  
 All my blood like heated lava  
 Is rushing through each vein,  
 And a fell volcano's fire  
 Is pent within my brain.  
 Ten thousand dreadful forms come round—  
 They beckon me away,  
 "Fly, fly, and hide thyself in hell"  
 Each spectre seems to say.  
 A long, dark, sad funeral train  
 Aye moves before my eye and brain,  
 Strange sounds ring in mine ear.  
 I see a corpse all pale and white,  
 Whose's eyes still open glare  
 In wrath and rage at me, Oh God !—  
 I cannot stand their stare !

Ah! who art thou beside me now!  
With sunken cheeks and ghastly brow?  
And thin and frightful form?  
Art thou Death to whom mortals bow  
In war, peace, shine and storm?  
Who summons to another sphere  
The children of this earth?  
Who o'er men and beasts holds sway  
From hour of their birth?  
If thou art he whom all men fear,  
Then bid this mortal dark and drear,  
Rise and mount his funeral bier.  
Ah, Death I welcome thee!  
For here I would no longer live,  
All hell no deeper woes can give  
Than my past agony.  
Why leave a wretched cripple here  
Rack'd with Hunger, Want, and Woe?  
Fell Horror, Terror, and Despair?  
Mated with Anguish dark and drear?  
Ah, take me forth! I care not where  
With thee I have to go,  
Take me forth thou dreadful power,  
Let this be my dying hour.  
Come to a lost and maddened soul,  
That pants, that struggles for repose,  
Ah! bid me haste and reach the goal  
Where earthly pains and sorrows close!  
Aha! the last dim morn has come,—  
My flame of life burns feebly now!  
Death, come Death, all my pains benumb,  
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.  
My sands of life are almost run,  
And grain by grain I feel them go;  
Let me not view yon rising sun,  
'Twould treble all my ghastly woe!  
How dim all things around me grow!

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## THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

### *A Ballad for the Soldier.*

BY J. DUNBAR HYLTON.

#### I.

Now all ye good men of the Union,  
With loyal hearts and brave,  
Who still stand by the gay old flag  
That still o'er ye doth wave.  
All ye who for your country's right,  
And for her Liberty,  
Would meet the strongest foe that breathes,  
And die or still be free.  
Come and make a circle round me,  
A story I would tell,  
How we at dread Antietam fought,  
How gallantly we fell.  
For I am a war-worn soldier  
All seamed with grisly scars,  
A wreck tossed on the shore of peace  
By raging surge of wars.  
I've told you how on many a field  
We've nobly fought and bled,  
How hot, and grim, with blood and dust  
We've stalked o'er fields of dead.  
I've told you how on bank and stream  
In seasons warm and cold,  
Northern hosts and Southern legions  
Joined in their battles bold,  
'Till the dark cold waves were flowing  
Red, thick and warm with blood,  
Ha, dauntless sons of North and South  
How we've choked the crimson flood!  
I've told you of the fame and glory  
That gleamed so bright and pure  
Upon the crests of those who fell  
On Shilo's cumbered moor.  
But now your eyes shall open wide  
As at a trumpet's call,  
I'll tell you of the fellest fight,  
And sternest deed of all.  
I'm a war-worn soldier, in whom  
Stern woe with triumph blends;  
For I've sought 'mongst the wasted ranks  
And missed my dearest friends.  
They all are hushed in death's repose,  
'Midst streams of clotted gore,

For them, Ruin lay behind us,  
 And Vengeance stalked before.  
 For they were martyrs, those who died  
 Amidst the smoke and flame—  
 And ghastly thunders of the fray,  
 'Twas for Country's trust and fame;  
 And honored through all coming time  
 Shall be each hero's name.  
 All ye who live in quiet homes  
 In luxury and ease;  
 Who never faced the front of war  
 On land or rolling seas;  
 Little ye think how terribly  
 That day the cannon roar'd,  
 How on the ranks of horse and foot  
 The shot and shell was pour'd.  
 Little ye think how fiercely  
 That day the war-horns peal'd,  
 How in the reeking swamps of gore  
 The furious squadron's reel'd;  
 How thick the ghastly limbs of men  
 Were scattered o'er the field.  
 There was no heart in either host,  
 But was to pity steel'd,  
 And well did the chiefs of either host  
 That day their armies wield.  
 For all that skill or force could do  
 To win the ghastly fray,  
 By gallant Lee and brave McClellan  
 Was done that bloody day.

## II.

Oh! fell and goriest battle  
 That with ruin all outshines,  
 Far surpassing Shilo dread,  
 And Battle of the Pines.  
 How thick the dead lay scattered  
 Along the mountain side,  
 How fast adown the gullies ran  
 The dark red crimson tide,  
 Until Antietam's rolling flood  
 With human gore was dyed.  
 For columns with columns mingled fast  
 'Mid storms of grape and shell  
 And lost forever more, in one  
 Promiscuous carnage fell.

## III.

Oh! well can I recall the scene  
 That dark and starless night,  
 When by ten thousands round we lay  
 Awaiting for the fight.



There from all climes beneath the sun  
Were warriors fierce and strong,  
Ay, men from every distant isle  
Had gathered in that throng.  
But chiefly from our own dear land  
The gallant squadrons came,  
To crush the raging civil war,  
And trample out its flame.  
They came from where Atlantic billows  
Thunder, leap and roar,  
From where the Pacific's waters  
Lave the proud rocky shore.  
They came from all the States that boast  
The red, the white and blue,  
All those who to the good old flag,  
Bear loyal hearts and true.  
And far away o'er hill and valley  
The Southern host was spread,  
And with their countless camp fires  
The cloudy sky was red.

## IV.

Right glad were we when o'er the gloom  
The rays of morning reign,  
And saw Aurora robe in light  
The hills, and stream and plain.  
Then beat of drums and cannons roar  
The grave-like stillness broke,  
And with one start, and with one shout,  
The Northern army woke.  
And far away to left and right  
Where'er the vision came,  
So dazzling shone bayonet, sword and lance,  
The armies seemed on flame.  
And far away o'er Southern hills  
Well could the Northmen spy  
Long moving clouds of swarthy dust  
Loom up along the sky.  
And nearer still, and nearer,  
We saw the black whirlwind come,  
With loud, glorious trumpet clang,  
And stormy roll of drum.  
But little time had we to gaze,  
On the storm, or Aurora's rays,  
And mark her beams on armor shine,  
For we were ordered into line.  
Right swift each leader drew his brand  
While eyes like lightnings glow,  
And shouted forth his stern command—  
"Advance upon the foe."

## V.

Now, with banners spread and clamors dread,  
Either host to gory slaughter sped;  
Like a mighty torrent, broad and strong,  
The Northern army roll'd along

With glorious trumpet peal.  
Like the roar of the sullen deep,  
When o'er her howling tempests sweep,  
And on the shores her billows leap,  
'Till huge rocks groan and reel.  
And thunders the while their revel keep

With the fell storm below;  
So with awful tumult vast and deep,  
Adown the mountains dark and steep  
Rushed on the foaming foe,  
By thousands, horse and foot, they came,  
With brandished steel and hearts on flame,  
To the ghastly work of death;  
And their loud savage wild acclaim,  
E'en drown'd the trumpet's breath.

## VI.

The furious armies met like clouds,  
Driven by contending storms,  
When they come surcharged with thunder,  
And lightnings robe their forms.

Columns of smoke hid plain and hill,

No eye the sun could scan,  
And like rivers beneath their feet

The gory torrents ran  
But onward, onward, still they rushed,  
And wilder grew the din  
Of hissing shot and bursting shell,  
And roaring culverin.

And awful was the clash of steel,  
And fierce the war-horns peal'd,  
And fast in hellish tumult

To and fro the armies reel'd.

As before contending tempests

Is toss'd the howling ocean,

So to and fro the battle rock'd

In dire, fierce commotion.

And thicker still, and thicker,

Came down the iron rain,  
Screaming, bursting, down it came,

And hid the field with slain.

And fast o'er their slaughter'd comrades

The hinder columns flow'd,

'Mid sulphurous gloom they rushed,

Save when the mortars glow'd.

And louder than the cannons' roar,

And horrid burst of shell,  
And armor's clang and horses' tramp  
Was heard the dying yell.

## VII.

As down the mountains bleak and hoar  
Impetuous torrents leap and roar,  
Increased by a thousand rushing rills,  
They thunder down the echoing hills  
To the vales below, then o'er the plain  
Rush foaming to the raging main,  
So battalion on battalion came,

With promiscuous sound  
Still rushing 'mid the awful gloom  
Of that affray profound.

As when fell Boreas blows and brings  
The winter on his icy wings;  
Fast from the clouds the sheets of snow  
Descend, and hide the fields below,  
So thick, so fast the batteries round  
Pour'd shot and shell with horrid sound,  
So thick were driven o'er the crowds,  
The screeching, burning iron clouds,  
And as autumnal leaves are strew'd  
Before the tempest wild and rude,  
As snow beside the mountain dun  
Is wasted by the summer sun,  
So thick, so fast the squadrons fell  
Before each fatal roar,  
And whole ranks were hurl'd to atoms  
Amid a sea of gore.

## VIII.

But deeper still the combat grew  
Along the hill and vale;  
And faster still the showers flew  
Of burning iron hail.  
Our ranks were backward driven  
Before the Southern tide,  
Like chaff before the winds of heaven  
We flew on every side.  
As ocean's foaming waves are whirl'd  
From the strong swarthy coast,  
So we were broken, backward hurl'd  
Before the Southern host.  
Like wolves upon a flying fold  
The foes came howling on;  
Ay, hard upon our broken rear  
The Southern bayonet shone.  
"All, alas, is lost," each soldier said,  
And shrieking, panting flew,  
As in one seething mass we fled.

The horrors rose anew.  
Beneath the strong the weak were thrown,  
Bruised by their comrades' tread,  
And far along the field was strown  
With dying and with dead.

## IX.

It is a dread and awful hour  
When all by dust conceal'd,  
Two armies meet to try their power  
On fair and open field.  
It is a dreadful thing to hear,  
The first dread shock of war;  
E'en earth doth seem to groan with fear,  
And rock beneath the jar.  
Like tempests on the armies go,  
And burn with one desire,  
Though cannon roar and mortars pour  
Their blast of steel and fire;  
The horses neigh, the trumpets bray,  
And rolls the stormy drum;  
While with banners spread to ghastly death,  
The frantic thousands come.  
Oft doth the soldier hear the groan,  
And sighs, as 'neath his heel,  
He treads some comrade of his own,  
Pierced by the foeman's steel  
All, all around is carnage drear,  
Is horror and dismay,  
And there's a dim, infernal glare,  
And dire yells in upper air,  
As though the hosts of hell were there,  
Waging a ghastly fray.

## X.

Ay, awful is the hour of fight,  
And terrible to see,  
Yet still more awful is the flight,  
Greater far the horrors be  
When from a ruthless victor foe,  
The vanquished thousands fly:  
All crowded in a mass they go,  
And groan, and bleed and die.  
Then not a hand is stretched to save,  
One toil-worn mortal from the grave,  
For all around is fear.  
Like the frail reed borne down the wave,  
That rushes to a darksome cave.  
Is each poor mortal there.  
In vain for mercy thousands call,  
As on the gory earth they fall,

And there all trampled lie.  
 In vain the thousands shriek for aid,  
 For them no comrade's step is stay'd,  
 To succor is to die.  
 Terror and discord lead the van,  
 And ruin stalks behind,  
 And on their rear their cause of fear,  
 Comes like a burning wind,  
 Yes, let the shock of battle come,  
 With all its clash of steel;  
 Ay, sound the fife, and beat the drum,  
 Let all the war-horns peal;  
 Let not a cannon's mouth be dumb,  
 And swift their strength reveal.  
 Let all the noise of battle rise,  
 And blend in one great roar,  
 And thicker far than driving hail  
 Let bullets round us pour;  
 And we are safer 'mid the storm,  
 However stern the fight,  
 Than 'mid the wild terrors that deform  
 Such an unearthly fight.

## XI.

Onward we went in dreadful race,  
 By all the foes pursued;  
 Onward swept the flight and chase,  
 Through glen and mountain wood,  
 Till 'mid the host, a voice was heard—  
 A voice as trumpet loud—  
 And on a steed a form was seen,  
 High o'er the flying crowd.  
 No voice, among the sons of men,  
 But his could stop that flight;  
 Like magic through the ranks it ran,  
 Through that wild ghastly sight.  
 "Ho! back, ye cowards! back!" he cried;  
 "What, flying from the foe  
 While on the verge of victory?  
 Turn, and smite them low!  
 Back, for the land that gave you birth,  
 Your children and your wives,  
 And those dear ones who suckled ye,  
 And give away your lives!  
 Take no quarter, and give none;  
 Rush like a burning wind;  
 Terror shall fly before your path  
 And ruin stalk behind!  
 Let the winds that pass o'er your graves  
 Tell other climes and years:  
 Freemen ye lived and died—and love

Shall wet your tomb with tears !"  
 From man to man, from rank to rank,  
 His words like lightning flew ;  
 They nerved the meanest coward's soul  
 And woke the war anew.  
 McClellan comes ! McClellan comes !  
 The army shouted round,  
 And far away, the rocky hills  
 Returned the joyous sound.  
 Then like a fell destroying storm,  
 Back on the foes we bore,  
 And gave three cheers, which stunn'd Lee's ears,  
 And drown'd the battle's roar.  
 Like a meteor, from rank to rank,  
 Our gallant leader flew ;  
 Where'er the dauntless hero went  
 Right fierce the onslaught grew,  
 Where'er the hottest battle raged,  
 The gallant chief was seen,  
 His visage pale as is the corpse,  
 His eyes as lightning sheen,  
 His words fell like the dews of heaven  
 Upon a parching land ;  
 They urged the strong to deathless deeds,  
 And nerved the weakest hand ;  
 On ! gallant Ricketts. On ! he cried,  
 And take yon mountain ridge ;  
 And Burnside—fight on, fight on,  
 And keep the gory Bridge,  
 At every order that he gave,  
 At every burning word  
 From all his fighting host around,  
 A mighty shout was heard.

## XII.

Then loudly fierce Magruder swore,  
 And fiery Jackson storm'd,  
 And on like devils to the fray  
 The Southern cohorts swarm'd.  
 In their midst, on a snow-white steed,  
 Their sturdy Lee was seen ;  
 His voice was like the rising gale  
 That stirs the forest green.  
 And like a flashing meteor,  
 That shines through night afar,  
 His flaming sword was waving high,  
 Amid the clud of war.  
 His soul was a lion clad with wings ;  
 He drank joy in with the breath  
 Of fierce, tumultuous battle,  
 And the gloomy dust of death.  
 "On ! on ! to glory, or the tomb !"  
 He cried—" Ye true and brave ;

On, for Liberty and Laws,  
 Or fill a freeman's grave.  
 Press on ! press on ! till every man  
 Lies piled amidst the slaughter,  
 And none are left to bury us,  
 Save mother, wife or daughter."  
 From band to band that stark command,  
 Like forked lightning passed ;  
 And then lance, and bayonet, and sword,  
 Rushed on in numbers vast.  
 And then a mighty shout arouse  
 From the Southern multitude,  
 Like the noise of fell blasts that drive  
 Through some wild ancient wood.  
 On Hill and Longstreet roaring flew,  
 'Mid shrouds of smoke and iron rain,  
 And with ten thousand snorting steeds,  
 Fierce Stuart dashed amain.  
 Though on they came like a heaving flood,  
 Proudly we met the shock ;  
 Aye, still with bristling front we stood,  
 As solid as a rock.  
 But faster still the mortars round  
 Belched forth their awful thunder ;  
 Peal on peal they crashing roar'd,  
 'Till earth seem'd rent asunder.  
 And thick, like burning, driving clouds,  
 The bullets sped through air ;  
 From host to host they hissing flew  
 Upon their dread career.  
 The hoarded thunders of all time,  
 Pealing old Earth's decay,  
 Will but a low, faint whisper be  
 To the roaring of that fray.

## XIII.

Now to the right of the Southern might,  
 Before a narrow pass,  
 A strong and mighty battery stood—  
 Long rows of hollow brass ;  
 Tier upon tier, tube behind tube,  
 The ghastly entrance kept  
 Of that dark vale, and in their wombs  
 A thousand thunders slept  
 But we paused not here our columns,  
 To catch a moment's breath ;  
 Though the road before was leading o'er  
 To the grisly jaws of death.  
 For naught could daunt the Northern soul !  
 Like a river red and large,  
 Upon that Southern battery  
 We made a furious charge.

Onward we rushed to take the mound,  
Though all its cannon roar'd,  
And red hot iron on our ranks  
Down like a deluge pour'd.  
Still pressing onward to the mound  
The Northern squadrons came,  
Through wasting storms of shot and shell,  
And through sulphurous flame.  
Aye, in vain the mortars pour'd  
Their floods of steel and fire;  
Still, onward to the mound we drew,  
Nigher still, and nigher,  
Until slaughter'd battalions fill'd  
The ghastly trenches round,  
And bore their stern avengers o'er  
To the hated Southern mound;  
Then hand to hand, in mortal fray,  
The Northmen met their foes,  
Blood stream'd for blood, death came for death,  
And blows were heap'd on blows.  
Fast heads, trunks, and quivering limbs,  
Splashed in the crimson tide,  
And many a strong soldier fell  
His foeman's corse beside.

## XIV.

As the swollen flood of Nile,  
That overflows its banks,  
So, o'er the bristling battlement,  
Poured in the Northern ranks;  
And fast besiegers and besieged  
Were ming'ling in a mass,  
When in fell rout the Southern bands  
Went flying up the pass.  
Fast up the gloomy winding vale  
Their horrid flight they poured,  
While at their heels the Northmen flew,  
With gory, dripping sword.  
But as we flew, alas! we drew  
Within the jaws of hell,  
For the foes had batteries on hills  
That overlooked the dell,  
And suddenly upon us came  
An awful storm of shell,  
Such a roar and blaze of lightning  
From off those mountains came,  
They seem'd like fell volcanos wrapt  
In one stupendous flame.  
It seemed, as though the demons  
Had risen against us then,  
And brought the guns of hell to bear



Upon the march of men.  
 Upon us fast a hundred guns  
   Belched forth their iron rain ;  
 The vale was dyed with human gore,  
   And piled with heaps of slain.  
 Born away on the battle cloud  
   That path their spirits trod,  
 That dark and awful path that leads  
   To the judg ment-seat of God.  
 Unceasing the fell vollies roared,  
   And fast the iron flew,  
 'Till night o'er that unearthly scene  
   Her sable mantle threw.  
 O'er the world a sullen darkness fell,  
   Dread chaos all conceal'd,  
 Darkness horrible as all hell  
   Hid sky, and hill, and field.

## XV.

And never night so welcome yet  
   E'er came to mortal man,  
 Or came to hide a battle field  
   Since this vast world began.  
 For, from sunrise until sunset,  
   That battle had not ceased,  
 Nor had a warrior paused to rest,  
   Save those whom death released  
 Of that fierce toil, and those, alas !  
   Lay round in numbers vast,  
 Mountains of slain were heaped around  
   All gory and aghast.  
 There piled in common carnage lie,  
   Those whom mothers long shall mourn,  
 Those for whom orphans long shall grieve,  
   And widows weep forlorn.  
 Floating in blood, with slaughter'd steeds,  
   They cumber all the ground,  
 Or lie in the roaring waters,  
   Of red Antietam drown'd.  
 Yes, many a home within the land,  
   Some cherished one has there—  
 Whose form no more again they'll see,  
   Nor voice again they'll hear.  
 Nor can the news of victory,  
   One little hour beguile  
 The grief they bear, for those who sleep  
   On Antietam's carnage pile.

## XVI.

Now comrades has a soldier told,  
   In numbers weak and slow,

How we at dread Antietam fought,  
To crush rebellion low.  
Had I a muse like that of yore  
Who sung of Hector's fall,  
Then would I wake a tune and take,  
And hold your hearts in thrall.  
Then would I tell how Rickett's storm'd,  
And won the mountain ridge,  
And how intrepid Burnside fought,  
And kept the gory bridge.  
Tell how they in triumph rear'd the flag,  
The flag that oft had stood,  
Waving o'er piles of foemen dead,  
And fields of streaming blood.  
Like a fire my song should roar,  
Through the wild stubborn fray,  
And paint McClellan 'midst the scenes  
Of horror and dismay.  
How he led each dire assault  
And roll'd the war along  
Should be my theme; all his cannon  
Thundering in my song.  
Amidst the mighty works of war,  
I'd paint the hero then  
Such as he was; a being shining  
High o'er all other men;  
In the fierce battle's foremost line,  
Should the bold hero stand,  
Wrath and destruction in his look,  
And lightning in his hand;  
Like Homer's Achilles when he rose  
To meet the Trojan ire,  
And rushed amidst ten thousand foes,  
And made all Troy retire.

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### MY ELLENORE.

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The rain pours down, the sky is dark,  
Save when the lightnings flash,  
The thunders roll, the billows stark,  
Oft upon our plunging bark,  
Come with a mighty dash.

My comrades all have gone to sleep,  
And I am left alone,  
To guide her through the raging deep,

And brave the storms that round me sweep  
With sad and sullen moan.

But one thing here, amid this storm,  
Has force to soothe my care,  
Hath power to keep my spirit warm,  
And cheer for aye my weary form,  
Upon a night so drear.

'Tis thoughts of thee, thou cherished one,  
My gentle Ellenore;  
God of the tender, frail and lone,  
To whom no prayer is breathed unknown,  
Oh! guard her evermore,

Oh! keep Thou her from every ill  
That doth beset mankind:  
Almighty Father, at whose will,  
The ocean tosses or lies still,  
Keep her, body, soul and mind.

Oh! Thou who formed the trembling land,  
And made the roaring sea,  
Within whose strong eternal hand,  
This world is as a grain of sand,  
Who through all time shall be,

Teach her, through all her joy or pain,  
Thou'rt God of all below;  
And from the distant land or main,  
Can'st bring the wanderer home again,  
And soothe his deepest woe.

Teach her to trust in Thee alone—  
As through life's vale of tears  
She journey's on; let no harsh tone,  
No angry look, disturb or gloom  
The Sabbath of her years.

Father of all, at whose command,  
Empires fall or rise,  
Who hold'st the whirlwind in Thy hand,  
Or bids it waste a trembling land,  
Unknown to whom nought dies—

This night while she kneels before Thy throne,  
May she by Thee be blest;  
And when upon her pillow lone  
Her weary head to sleep hath gone  
Still gladden Thou her rest.

By day, by night, in joy or pain,  
 Whate'er of woe betide,  
 And whether, in this stormy main  
 I sleep, or journey home again,  
 God shield my promised bride.

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 TO IANTHE.
 

---

And so at last the die is cast,  
 And you and I must sever—  
 With all my heart, for my own part,  
 I hope 'twill be forever.

You need not cry, nor heave a sigh,  
 For human love is fickle,  
 And yours and mine, though once divine,  
 Has proved like glass as brittle.

Why shed a tear that's not sincere?  
 Ours are no more beguiling;  
 They do not start from the inward heart,  
 So we shall part a smiling.

Since his race began, too frail was man  
 For constant love and wooing,  
 They will deceive all who believe  
 So has man been ever doing.

Aye, through all time, in every clime,  
 They've been deceivers ever;  
 One hand on gold and one on mold;  
 To one thing constant never.

And women, too, have been untrue,  
 To those who loved them dearly;  
 Many a wife has saddened life,  
 Aye, made it dull and dreary.

And since true love doth seldom move  
 Within this world of ours,  
 We'er not the first to break and burst  
 The vows of bygone hours.

So let us part with gladsome heart,  
 All grief and anguish smother ;  
 Your love is dead, and mine has fled,  
 The love we bore each other.

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## POETS.

Poets are a wild, mysterious race,  
 The world is all their own ;  
 They throw a darkness o'er the brightest place,  
 And make fair the drear and lone ;  
 Their paths are on the bellowing ocean,  
 And by the mountain's side,  
 They give to dead things strength, life and motion,  
 Where others vainly tried.  
 'Tis theirs the power to soothe the saddest soul,  
 And make it smile at woe ;  
 And over joy a mirky cloud to roll,  
 Making tears of pity flow.  
 'Tis theirs the power to raise the grovelling mind  
 To grand and noble things,  
 Waft it to virtue's realm, pure, refined,  
 As though on angel's wings.  
 By them, on glory's glowing deathless page,  
 The warrior lives enshrined,  
 His sorrows and his joys, from age to age,  
 Are sung to human kind.  
 They are a mighty and a godlike race,  
 And mortals own their power ;  
 Their fame and glory outlive time and place  
 And earth's loftiest tower.  
 They are a wandering and a wayward throng,  
 Careless of their weal or woes,  
 Their fancy with the whirlwind sweeps along,  
 Or with the lightning glows.  
 'Tis said the ravens mourn when the war-clad  
 Conqueror yields his breath ;  
 But all mute and living things on earth are sad  
 And mourn the Poet's death.

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## PHTHISIS.

There's a dread and dire disease—  
 A scourge amongst the race of clay ;  
 It rides on every blast and breeze ;  
 O'er all the world it holds its sway.  
 A disease that makes sleep and rest  
 Unrefreshing to the human frame ;

That makes it ever feel oppressed  
With some dull sense it cannot name;  
Which paints with transient bloom the cheeks,  
A beautiful, yet morbid glow—  
Like those red, unnatural streaks,  
The perished leaves of Autumn show;  
And gives, at times, the sunken eye  
Most strange, unearthly gleams of light,  
And spreads pal'or o'er the forehead high,  
Like the corpse's hue of ghastly white;  
But cheerful leaves the mind—no pall  
Dims or clouds its horizon fair;  
It, aye, culls fresh rays of hope from all  
The ghastly causes of despair.  
A dread disease, that so prepares  
Its victim, as it were, for death;  
Its mortal parts of grossness clears,  
Yet thick and heavy makes the breath;  
And round familiar features throws  
Aspects and shades refined and strange—  
Dread, unearthly signs, marks, forms, shows,  
And tokens of the coming change,  
A dread disease, whose strong embrace  
Though twined so tenderly at first—  
Scarce a victim on the earth's broad face  
Can from its fatal bondage burst.  
A dread disease, in which the war  
Between the body and the soul  
Is so gradual, quiet, sure,  
And solemn in its onward roll,  
That day by day, and grain by grain,  
The mortal atoms waste away,  
So that the soul grows light and fain  
To feel its lightening load decay;  
And, feeling immortality  
At hand, with all its glory rife,  
Feels a wild thrill of ecstasy—  
Deems it a new term of mortal life;  
A disease in which life and death, aye,  
So strangely blend, and seem the same,  
That death takes life's glow, and hue, and ray,  
And life, death's gaunt and grisly frame.

